

Destiny's Ghost

Information

Author: Jade L. M. Skywalker

Beta Reader: Cindy Evans

Release Times: Longer than 'The Final Belonging' about two to four weeks on the long side.

Category: AU/Action/Adventure/Angst/Romance/General.

Spoilers: Books 1-5, though this occurs directly after Harry's fourth year it contains information from Book five.

Warnings: Possible OC: Out Of Character

Rating: PG-13 (cause I can't swear THAT much)

Characters: Harry Potter, Evan Knight, Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley, Ginny Weasley, Bill Weasley, Charlie Weasley, Fred and George

Weasley, Molly and Arthur Weasley, Neville Longbottom, Albus Dumbledore, Sirius Black, Minerva McGonagall, Remus Lupin, Destiny

Potter, Jacen Potter, James Potter, Lily Potter, Melissa Malkin, Tom the bartender, Cara the mirror personality, Tom Riddle, Lord Voldemort, Peter Pilgrew, Wormtail, Prongs, Padfoot, Moony, Artoo, Fawkes, Hedwig, Phoenix, and many more.

Summary: What would've happened to the world as we know it if Harry

Potter wasn't the one chosen that Halloween night so long ago. What if it had been Neville Longbottom's destiny, and what if things didn't turn out the same, if something different occurred that night? Join Harry Potter and Gang to see just what did occur, and how even though

it's not their real world, they are just as destined to save this other world.

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Group: I have started my own Yahoo group, if you are interested in joining or at least checking it out SkywalkersStories- . Thank you.

Prologue

Promises Fulfilled

His scary black eyes scan the gruesome scene before him, his face as unreadable as his emotions. His black hair cut short on the top and the sides, buzz style. His black close fitting clothes covered by his black officer's cloak, his visible scar on his forehead for all to see in the slowly setting sun. His six foot two height allowing him greater visibility and oddly enough maneuverability considering his size. His eyes rest on the distance and he can see the mass of people gathered together as they continue their quickly ending struggle against the remaining enemy. An enemy that knows they are losing and have lost. Looking down at the ground before him he sees the form of a person, if you wish to refer to him as that, lying on the ground lifelessly. This form is the cause of such unmentionable pain, for his pain, yet he does not hate the form, he did not want to kill the form. He knew however, if his family was to be happy then he had to. He hears shouts of happiness and he looks up again into the distance to see the remaining enemy either running away or being taken prisoner.

His trained eyes instantly recognize the loudest forms, even if he didn't know them, even if he wasn't trained, he would know them. With their heads of red they are hard to miss. The Weasley family, or

at least those still considered family. Within the grouped mass of red hair, two heads stand out as different, his friends and what he considers being his family. He can see two of his three second in commands running about, he watches as Lieutenant Commander Hermione Granger and Captain Neville Longbottom go from red head to red head hugging them. He instantly knows when Hermione finds his last second in command as she throws herself at him, thus telling him the location of one Captain Ronald Weasley.

Looking around he realizes his eyes have once again changed colors. From the look of everything around him he knows his eyes are no longer black, but have changed to a fire flame color. His surroundings shift in color and contrast allowing him to notice any chance of coming attack. His alert is lower, but he is not fooled. He can sense something about to happen in the air, something important. Something he can't put his finger on. With a sigh he looks down at the lifeless corpse, "I didn't want to kill you Tom, I didn't want to become a murderer like you," he whispers in his soft yet respectful voice. "You just wouldn't let it end any other way," he says in a sad voice as the pictures of those lost to this war flash before his minds eye. His parents, Cedric, his godfather Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, Hagrid, Professor Snape, Professor McGonagall, The Dursleys, Mr. and Mrs. Granger, and most devastatingly Albus Dumbledore. He knows he should look at who they had been able to save rather than those they have lost, but he is unable to look past them.

He watches as the group he calls family turn his way and start walking towards him. He smiles slightly at them as he realizes he was able to keep his promise to Mrs. Weasley, her family did not die. As this thought runs through his mind he remembers another promise made to a man he considered more than an ally, more than a friend, more than a Professor or Headmaster, he in all truth considered the man a grandfather.

"I have fulfilled my destiny," fifteen year old Harry James Potter shouts into the twilight of the setting sun. "I have fulfilled the prophecy," he whispers to the corpse on the ground. As he says this he remembers something Professor Dumbledore had told him before his death. "I have completed this task," he repeats his words aloud, "I am finished here, but I have another task to complete, another

destiny not known to me in this world, transporto etanretla dlrow das sdeen gnivas," he shouts out thus completing his promise to Albus Dumbledore, though he has no idea of what he had just said or what the consequences of these words will be. It doesn't matter to him for he knows Albus would never harm him and wanted only to make him happy.

As the last sound leaves his lips a flash of light blinds him and he instinctively raises his arms to shield himself from the blast. He realizes too late this is what he had sensed a short few moments ago. He hears the shouts from his family as they start to run towards him, one last call of "HARRY!" is heard and then absolute silence and complete and total darkness.

Minutes if not hours slowly creep past, he finds himself strangely aware and yet not. It is as though everything where he is exists and does not exist at the same time. Matter and anti-matter, life and death, air and vacuum, light and dark, past and future, here and there, yet it seems to be nothing, but at the same time everything. He feels awake and asleep though he knows he is neither. He subconsciously shakes his head wondering at these feelings and what he has gotten himself into this time.

As quickly as the light flashed, the darkness recedes causing him to once again shield his eyes against the blinding light. After a moment to prepare himself he slowly drops his arm, his jaw follows shortly after, his eyes widen in shock and disbelief. There before his unbelieving eyes is a sight he had thought he would never see again, for he knew it would never be the same after they rebuilt it, he looks at the sign to his right to make sure he isn't losing it, DIAGON ALLEY, the sign shows. "Oh no," Harry says in shock.

Chapter One

Consequences of a Promise

Harry quickly backs up into the closest wall as he tries to figure out just what has happened and just where he is exactly. He knows he is in Diagon Alley, but he also knows that as of this moment in time it is impossible for the alley has been destroyed during one of Voldemort's attacks some months ago. Looking down at his feet he sees three things he knows was not with him on the battlefield a few sort moments ago. His trunk, a sports bag with the name Evan Knight on it and a note on top of his trunk, a note with his name on it in handwriting he had thought he would never see again.

With a slight wave of his right hand the bag and his trunk shrink and fly to his inside pocket of his Officer's cloak, the note flies to his open and waiting hand. It is then he realizes his two familiars are also here with him, he can feel their presence near him. He looks up to the sky and sees his dear friend Hedwig and to the right of Hedwig is his Phoenix Artoo. A name that reminds him so much of his own forced destiny as that of Luke Skywalker and his two faithful Droids. However much his name reminds him of the Star Wars movies that is not the reason it is his name.

"Come on Harry, that is not your Phoenix," Ron agrees with a laugh.

"Is so," Harry argues back, "my birthday present," he repeats his story trying not to laugh.

"Is not," Ron disagrees again with what Harry has just told the two of them as he starts to pick up a pillow off of the couch at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, "Is not, is not," he calls as he starts to attack his hopefully unsuspecting victim.

Harry instantly moves into action as he jumps up from his own chair, ignoring Hermione as she rolls her eyes at their little game. "Are too," Harry says without thinking and then instantly he starts laughing as he realizes what he has just said. "That's it," he calls out as he dashes away from Ron's reach. "Ron, you're brilliant," he says once he knows he is safely out of reach.

"I know I am," Ron agrees with a confused look on his face. Hermione snorts at this as she shakes her head.

"What would ever give you the idea to call this numskull something like that," Hermione finally asks ignoring the glare thrown her way by Ron.

"He just helped me figure out his name," Harry says as he carefully returns to his seat. He knows he has a lot of things to tell his friends, he has a lot of things to explain but he also knows now isn't the time. He isn't ready just yet and he wants to savor this moment for as long as he can.

"You lost me mate," Ron says sitting back down on the couch.

"That's not hard, however, when Dumbledore gave him to me, he said I had to wait to name him until the name just called out to me. That when you name a Phoenix the name is forever and the name has to mean something important. He told me his father was the one to name Fawkes so he doesn't know the meaning of the name, but that the name is important just the same," Harry says knowing he is babbling but not really caring. He hasn't had occasion to be a normal kid for what seems forever. "So just now I figured his name," he finishes.

It is then Hermione realizes something, "The Phoenix really is yours," she asks shocked beyond belief.

"Yes," Harry agrees with an easy smile.

"Okay," Ron says finally believing as well; knowing if Hermione believes him, then it must be true. He knows Harry could never lie to her; he loves her too much for that. Now him, that's a different matter altogether, they tease not lie, so he wasn't sure if Harry had been teasing him or not. Now he knows. "What's his name again?" he asks wondering if he has missed something.

"Artoo," Harry answers with a smile.

“Well we know he’s yours mate,” Ron says with raised eyebrows.

“That’s his name you twit,” Harry laughs.

“Why would you want to name him that?” Ron asks.

“Because,” Hermione pipes up finally understanding why Harry would be attracted to the name. “Artoo is loyal and trusting, Luke Skywalker always knew he could trust him with his life and never fear betrayal,” she says softly, yet understandingly.

“Right,” Harry says with a proud smile. “It’s a Muggle thing Ron,” he quickly adds as Ron is about to say something. “Artoo will be loyal to me and my family no matter what, that is why Dumbledore gave him to me. He wanted to have someone else there to help protect me, even from myself,” he says with a nod of agreement.

“So your going to name him Are Too,” Ron asks knowing he doesn’t really understand the explanation, but trusting his friends enough to understand it is an important name in the Muggle world.

“Artoo Ron,” Hermione sighs as she shakes her head.

“Right Are Too,” Ron repeats.

It took Ron most of the next week to come to terms on how to pronounce his name, but once he did, he like Hermione and himself were hooked on him. He may have started out as only Harry’s familiar, but he ended up being the three of theirs.

Looking down at his hand he tries to push these memories away. He looks at the parchment addressed to him in Dumbledore’s fine script, he swallows nervously. Slowly undoing it he carefully looks it over from top to bottom making sure there is no surprise waiting. Once he knows it is a true letter he returns his look to the top and slowly begins to read the words left for him by his former Headmaster.

Harry,

If you are reading this it means you have succeeded in fulfilling the Prophecy and are ready for the next step. Since writing this I have made you to promise me to say an incantation upon defeating Tom. An incantation I have not told you anything about.

That is what I am here to do now. I know I cannot fix the errors of my past, the errors that left you in so much pain. I can however try. You see the incantation you said upon our world's victory is a way of transporting you to another universe, an alternate world if you will.

All you have to do is make a home for yourself and be happy. I had you enchant your belongings to always remain with you and they will when this spell is complete. I also arranged for copies of your test scores, Auror status and all of your other registration to automatically appear in this new world under your false and true name.

Take care young Harry and know I love you.

Albus Dumbledore

Harry blinks as he reads this; he quickly rereads it again and then closes his eyes and shakes his head unbelievably. He slowly opens his eyes to look around him and finds it is true. "What did you do," he whispers in question to a man who has been dead for awhile now. "What am I to do now," he whispers to himself this time as he slowly slides down the wall, bringing his knees up to his chest.

Chapter Two

A Place to Crash

Minutes if not hours seem to pass seemingly endlessly before Harry moves from his position. The only reason he moved is because his body started to protest over its abuse. He may have momentarily forgotten about the battle he has just come from, but apparently his body has not. He slowly stands up, and for the first time he looks down at himself and gasps. He is covered in blood, bruises, cuts, and various other wounds. His cloak looks as though it has seen its better days, which unfortunately isn't saying much.

Pushing away from the wall, he heads towards the exit of Diagon Alley so he can get a room at the Leaky Cauldron, he needs rest and it looks like a lot of cleaning up. He hesitantly steps into the bar to see Tom, the old bartender at work. Harry tries to hide a gasp as he sees the older man. "Can I help you," Tom calls out with a weary smile.

"I would like a room please," Harry says softly.

"What kind of room would you like sir," Tom asks in question and Harry knows he is asking for his name.

"Evan," he answers, and Tom nods with a smile. "If the room has a bathroom and a bed it's good enough for me," he says.

Tom turns around and snags a key from the wall as Harry pushes himself up onto the stool, "I'm Tom," he introduces himself as Harry pulls out his money pouch to pay for the room.

"Hello, Tom is it okay if I sign the book in the morning," Harry asks as he counts the exact change for the room which surprises Tom because he hasn't told the young man the cost.

"That would be fine," Tom answers knowing this young man needs his rest, "Would you like a drink Mr. Evan?" Tom asks hopefully because he can see this young man means him no harm. In this day and age it is difficult to trust strangers, it's even difficult to trust friends,

but there is something about this young man that puts him at ease and he hates seeing the pain this young man is obviously going through.

"A Butterbeer would be great if you could please," Harry asks with a smile, it has been too long since the last time he has had a Butterbeer that he doesn't believe he remembers what it tastes like.

"One Butterbeer coming up," Tom calls out with a return smile as he places the room key in front of the young man.

"Thank you Tom," Harry says as Tom places a mug of Butterbeer in front of him. He slowly reaches up and takes it into his hand, lifting it up he takes his first taste of a drink that seems almost foreign to him after so long of not having it.

"You are most welcome Mr. Evan," Tom smiles easily at the weary, tired, and very sore looking young man in front of him, "Mr. Evan," he says. "Are you okay?" he finally asks.

Harry looks up surprised, he looks into the concerned eyes of the older bartender, "I'm okay, just tired," he admits with a small shrug.

"Do you mind if I ask where you just came from," Tom asks as he cleans the top of the bar in front of him and to the right of Harry.

"No, I don't mind," Harry answers softly as he places the drink back down on the bar. "I just came from a place no one should ever have to be," he says in answer. "A place not too far from here, yet it seems as though it is a different world, it's hard to explain," he finishes with a soft shrug.

Tom is surprised by the honesty he sees in the young man's eyes, he knows Evan has just sidetracked his question, but he truly doesn't seem to understand the answer himself. "Why?" Tom asks before he can think about what he is asking. He opens his mouth to apologize, but Evan waves the apology away.

"It's alright Tom," Harry says comfortingly, "I was sent here by a promise," he answers the unasked question. "As for why here

specifically, only one person can answer that question,” Harry says as he too wonders about the answer to this question.

“Who,” Tom asks without thinking and he shakes his head as he realizes too late that he had said it out loud.

“Albus Dumbledore,” Harry answers knowing this works two ways. One, it will tell him if Albus Dumbledore is alive or not. Two, it will tell him if Albus is the Headmaster of Hogwarts or not.

“Professor Dumbledore, the Headmaster of Hogwarts,” Tom asks once again surprised. Harry just nods his head in agreement. “Are you here for the Defense position,” he asks again without thinking.

“I highly doubt the Ministry, School Council or the Professors would like a fifteen year old to teach the students,” Harry comments easily and amused as he picks up his mug once again.

This news surprises Tom more than any of the previous things this night. This young man in front of him is only fifteen years old. This is something he never would have guessed, he never even considered he would or could be that young. Realizing his mouth is hanging open he quickly snaps it shut, he quickly looks over the young man once again and realizes what he has been told is true. Though it is true, Tom knows this young man has seen more than he ever should have, he has seen more than most of the people he has met in all of his years as a bartender. “If you’re just fifteen,” Tom starts, “then why does it look like you have been thru a war?” he asks.

Harry tilts his head slightly, and then looks down at himself more closely, “probably because I have,” he answers truthfully. “Probably because I have,” he whispers again.

“Are you sure you’re okay,” Tom re-asks as he sees the dried blood and torn cloak.

Harry thinks about it before he answers, “nothing a good night’s sleep and some healing potions won’t cure,” he finally answers. He drinks the remaining Butterbeer and places it on the counter; reaching into his cloak he pulls out the money to cover the drink. He places the

money on the counter and snatches up his room key. "I think I best get to my room," Harry says softly, "I need to clean up a bit," he admits.

"Do you want me to wake you for breakfast," Tom asks.

Harry thinks about this for a moment, "Nah, that's alright. I should be up long before then. Lots to do," he says cryptically. "Lots to learn," he adds truthfully.

"Are you going to go to Hogwarts?" Tom asks as Harry slides off the stool.

"Not really sure," Harry answers, "I have to see where destiny leads me," he says with a weary look.

Tom can't help but chuckle at this, "I take it you are not into Divination then," he asks teasingly.

"No," Harry answers with a shake of his head, "Unfortunately it seems it's in me," he teases back. "Good night Tom," Harry answers as he starts to head towards the stairs.

"Good night Mr. Evan," Tom calls to the retreating back of the strangest person he has ever met. Though Tom is glad he has met Mr. Evan, something nowadays isn't common.

Harry makes his way up the stairs and looks down at the room number on his key, number nineteen. With a weary sigh he slowly makes his way to the room. As he opens the door he quickly closes it behind him. Years of training take over as he casts various security wards on the room preventing anyone from entering or listening in. He slowly slouches off his cloak and gently places it on the chair inside the room to the right of the door. "This is going to be an interesting stay," he says to himself as he starts to undress for his shower before resting for the night.

Chapter Three

The Vanished One

Hermione Jane Granger, Lieutenant Commander and Second in Command of the Phoenix's Order slowly looks around in disbelief. She can't believe it is over, it's finally over. She runs on automatic as they catch the last of the Death Eaters who are still around. "It's over," a voice beside her says just as unbelieving as she feels. Turning her head she nods in agreement of her words.

"I always dreamed of the day, but never truthfully thought it would arrive," Hermione agrees.

Ginny Molly Weasley smiles in agreement, "I know what you mean," she agrees. "I mean I am supposed to be going to Hogwarts, I would have been in my fourth year. Not out here on the field fighting in a battle to protect our way of life," Ginny reflects on the changes in their lives since the end of the Tri-Wizard Tournament a short year and a half ago.

"It has been a very long struggle," Hermione agrees.

"But more so for Harry," Ginny says knowing what is on Hermione's mind.

"More so for Harry," Hermione agrees.

"IT'S OVER!!!!!" Ronald Bilius Weasley shouts out as he starts to run in their direction.

Molly Weasley hears her youngest son's words and can't help but start to cry as she realizes all of her children are safe, alive, and for the most part unharmed. Harry kept his promise even though she thought it would be impossible. All of a sudden she is pounced on by said son in a tight hug, "We did it mum," Ron whispers into her ear as she gladly returns the hug.

"I can't believe it," Molly whispers back.

“Harry did it,” Fred and George shout as they hug each other briefly, and then turn on their little sister and Hermione hugging both of them as well receiving a “gerroff of me,” in response but they ignore their words. They release them and go to their next victim, another addition of the family, one Neville Longbottom who needless to say is adequately shocked by the action of the two twins.

“HERMIONE,” Ron shouts out as the rest of the Weasley’s end up in a circle. Hermione turns from her hug with Molly and smiles back at him.

“Ron,” she says loudly in return. She quickly hugs Neville before launching herself at Ron. She hugs him with all her might, he is like a brother to her, just as the rest of the Weasley’s are like family.

“I think there is someone missing,” Ron says into the hug as he returns it just as fiercely. He is surprised by her hug, but he is pleased. He once thought of her as someone he might be able to love as a lover, but soon realized the only reason the two of them get along at all is because of Harry. He then realized he did love her, just not in that special way. He returns her love as that of a brother, just as he knows she does.

Hermione smiles at this as she releases him from her hug, “Do you now?” she asks.

“Yep,” Ron says returning the smile, “let’s go and get my brother,” he teases her. He knows she is in love with their other best friend; they have had many a chat about her feelings. Honestly about their feelings. It was a remembered day that Ron actually admitted that he loved Harry as a brother. His own personal twin if you will, which has been added to, Neville soon became the lost triplet in the circle of friends and family. Since that day the two of them have talked almost daily about Harry and what he is forced to go through. They were utterly surprised to find Neville to have been added to their little trio, but now that they look back they wonder why he wasn’t part of the team to begin with. They were equally surprised when Ginny joined the group as well, but once again it seems to have been the only thing to do, the right thing. Though with Ginny it seemed as though she was Hermione’s twin, rather than Ron’s as Harry and Neville are.

"Hey, Neville," Hermione calls as she nods her head in agreement with Ron. It took her awhile to get used to Ron calling Harry his brother, as well as Neville, but now it is like second nature to her and them. All, but Harry know of this change, know of this feeling, and everyone, but Percy is in total agreement, and have made the same changes themselves. The Weasley family grew from seven children to ten. They all feel as Harry does, blood isn't the only way to have family. Family is defined by the heart and the soul, not necessarily blood.

Neville walks over to them with a wide smile, "What's up you guys?" he asks as he reaches them.

Ron looks at Neville and raises his eyebrows in question, "Who is missing?" he asks instead of answering.

Neville pauses for the briefest of moments before answering to look around at who is all there. "Our brother of course," he says without hesitation.

"What do you say we go and get said brother, and bring him back," Ron asks with a gleam in his eyes that those who know him, know means trouble, for he isn't related to the twins for nothing.

"Sounds good to me," Neville agrees smiling mischievously at the look in Ron's eyes.

"What am I going to do with you two," Hermione asks with a shake of her head.

"Don't you mean what, are we going to do with them," Ginny asks as she joins the group. She was very surprised when she was taken into the fold of the four of them. It is a day she remembers fondly, it was a day when she realized she was finally being treated as an equal and as part of their family. From that day forth the four of them, Neville, Hermione, Ron and herself have done everything they could to help their brother Harry. For they knew Harry would need it and would never ask, they know Harry doesn't want to be a burden to those he loves.

Hermione looks over at Ginny and nods her head in agreement, "That's what I said, what are we going to do with them," she teases.

"Alright you two," Ron huffs out trying to sound offended though he failed miserably as he tries not to smile.

"Huh," Ginny asks smiling widely.

"Ah, forget them Ginny," Hermione says smiling softly for the first time that day, "I'll race you to Harry," she says in a laugh.

"You are so on," Ginny laughs in agreement.

"What about us," Ron asks indigently.

"Last one there is a rotten egg," Hermione calls out as she takes off at a dead run.

"Hey, no fair," Ginny shouts out as she runs after her. The boys soon follow but a little bit slower. None of them realize that the rest of the family not only was listening to their conversation, but is now following them on their run.

Just then a shout sounds through the air, "I have fulfilled my destiny," a voice they all know as Harry's calls. "I am finished here, but I have another task to complete, another destiny not known to me in this world, transporto etanretla dlrow das sdeen gnivas," he shouts

As they hear his voice they all instantly know something is about to happen, something they know they won't like. Hermione shouts out Harry's name as they all run faster and shield their eyes against a blinding flash of light. They watch through shielded eyes as the light engulfs Harry making it impossible to see him. Hermione's eyes widen in horror as she all but screams, "HARRY!" before the light disappears leaving behind, darkness more complete than the night. In the place where Harry was standing remains nothing. The darkness of the night pales in comparison to the instant emptiness of the Weasley family at the loss of one of their own. A loss they don't

understand and at the same time fear, a loss possibly worse than death.

Chapter Four

The List

The morning light filters brightly through the closed curtains in his room. He slowly opens one eye to look at the offending object. With a resigned sigh he forces his other eye to open as well. Exhaustion, he has learned is the only way to prevent night terrors, for they are anything but nightmares. He lays there for a moment to recount his previous day, shaking his head at all that had occurred. With a soft grunt he slowly pushes himself into an upright position; he carefully throws his legs over the side of the bed and slides to the edge. All the while forcing himself not to panic, panic does no good no matter the situation. He places his elbows on his knees and puts his head in his hands. "What were you thinking sir," he asks the semi emptiness of the room. Hedwig and Artoo are also in the room. "Why send me to another universe," he asks in a sad tone. "You know who my family is, um, was, you know I never wanted to leave them or hurt them," he says sadly, "What have I done," he whispers in defeat.

Minutes if not hours pass by before he moves again. He finally looks up and looks around his room. He has stayed here before, well, maybe not in this room but here in the pub. The room he is currently in is small, but luxurious at the same time. Much better than the room he had before his fourth year, hands down. Glancing over at the clock on the wall, a wizard clock that most wizard hotels and motels have, but not many wizards know how to read, with a shake of his head he realizes he can't even sleep in the day after he finally defeats Voldemort. In fact he has awakened right on time, five o'clock in the morning. Well, at least the time Hermione said he couldn't get out of bed before, that is.

Pushing himself off the bed he walks over to the chair that he put his cloak on. Reaching into the pocket where he placed his trunk, he removes the trunk and the sports bag. He puts the trunk on the ground at the end of the bed and enlarges it. He then does the same thing with the sports bag. Reaching out he unzips the sports bag to find a new set of identification badges and certificates, all under his new name Evan Knight, he sets them on the bed as he looks over each one. N.E.W.T. test scores, Auror and Unspeakable Badge,

Military Identification, Insignia, Rank, Unit, Detachment, Battalion, Underage Clearance, Hogwarts Graduation Certificate, Prefect Certificate and Badge, Order of Merlin First Class Award and metal, Order of the Phoenix Necklace Pennant, Order of the Phoenix Rank, Student ID, License to Apparate, various Military awards, various Student awards, Animagus license, registration of being an Animagus, a Seer, a Empaths, Enchanter, and various others. He shakes his head in disgust as he looks at the copies of awards he has already hidden away never to be looked at again, or so he thought. He reaches into his cloak once again and removes his true identifications and licenses he places these into the bag and sets it on the bed near the end. He knows what he has to do with it, he has to put it in a place where no one will be able to see it, will be able to get at it, will be able to learn his secret. With a sigh he kneels down in front of his trunk and proceeds to open it, thus having to input his password, do a finger print test and then finally the key.

Opening the lid to his trunk he realizes in dismay, he only has one pair of civilian clothes. He reaches in and removes them carefully. He looks over at the pile of clothes he removed last night and shakes his head as the full impact of what this new discovery means, time to go shopping. Only this time there is no Hermione or Ginny to help him choose. He also knows that before he can do too much he needs to learn the history of this world; he needs to know what has made this different than his own world. For he knows even the smallest of changes can cause drastic effects.

He places his cloak and the pile of clothes in his trunk and then removes a good mount of Galleons so he can get some more acceptable clothing. He also removes a single Officer Uniform and an officer cloak. Closing the trunk, he re-shrinks it with the sports bag, and places them on the end of the bed. Taking his civilian clothing, he walks towards the bathroom as he mentally starts to make a list of places he needs to go and things he needs to get. A list he soon realizes is going to be very long. Once Harry, now Evan steps out of the bathroom he has a completed list of what he needs to pick up and do today, and what a list it is. He looks down at his writing and shakes his head as he rolls through what he estimates is at least a foot and half of parchment.

List of things to do today

1. See Tom

- a. Sign Registrar and register for another night
- b. Try and see if old Voldemort is still alive
- c. If so try and get the general idea
- d. If not try and get the history

2. Go to Madam Malkin's

- a. 4 black cloaks
- b. 1 dark blue dress cloak
- c. A new set of dress robes
- d. 6 new sets of uniforms (like Hogwarts)
- e. A new scarf
- f. Dragon hide gloves
- g. Close fitting gloves to wear daily

3. Ollivander's

- a. A wand
- b. Wonder if it is the same
 - i. If yes
 - 1. Wonder if he will say the same
 - ii. If no

1. Wonder what kind it will be
2. Wonder what he will say anyway
- c. Wonder if he will be able to recognize me as he did before
- i. Wonder what he will say if he does
- ii. Wonder what he will say if he doesn't
- iii. This is one way of learning if my counterpart is alive in this world or not, um, maybe. At least it will tell me if I look like my twin or whatever.
4. Go to Gringotts
- a. Open an account
- b. Obtain a vault
- c. Place bag, old trunk and money in new vault
- d. Get some Muggle money out of trunk
5. Purchase a new trunk
- a. Have EK engraved on the side
- b. Make sure it has special security options
- c. Multiple locks
- d. Loads of storage space
6. Flourish & Blotts Book Store
- a. Hogwarts: A history
- b. The rise and fall of the Dark Lord

- c. Famous Witches and Wizards of the century
- d. The Dark Wars
- e. The Second Rise of the Dark Lord
- f. Anything on Voldemort
- g. Anything else of interest

7. Owl's Emporium

- a. Treats for Hedwig and Artoo

8. Quidditch Supplies

- a. Check on the style of brooms
- b. If too different get a new broom
- c. If not too different, think about it

9. Writing Supplies

- a. Parchment
- b. Quills
- c. Journal
- d. Calendar

10. Go back to Madam Malkin's to pick up order

11. Drop supplies off in my room

12. Go to Muggle London to get the following supplies

- a. Shirts

- b. Pants
- c. Shorts
- d. Socks
- e. Boxers
- f. Shoes
- g. Boots
- h. Swimming trunks
- i. Towels
- j. Washrags
- k. Sunglasses
- l. Watch
- m. Coat
- n. Jacket
- o. Hair cut
- p. Suit
- q. Tie
- r. Suit and Tie optional only if I feel up to it
- s. Swimming Trunks only if they have my type
- t. Try and talk myself out of most of these

Looking down at his list once again, he realizes he has a lot of work to do today. Then to add onto that, a lot of studying, catching up to

do afterwards, causing this day to be a very long day. Grabbing his shrunken trunk and bag he sets out to start his long day.

Author: Jade L. M. Skywalker

Beta Reader: Cindy Evans

Release Times: Longer than 'The Final Belonging' about two to four weeks on the long side. Also Review dependant.

Category: AU/Action/Adventure/Angst/Romance/General.

Spoilers: Books 1-5, though this occurs directly after Harry's fourth year it contains information from Book five.

Warnings: Possible OC: Out Of Character

Rating: PG-13

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Chapter Five

A Chat with Tom

Evan walks as quietly as he can down the stairs to the main part of the pub. He is surprised to see Tom up at such an hour in the morning. He knows the Tom in his world never much cared for the morning. Maybe that is already a difference between the two universes. "Good morning Tom," Evan says as Tom looks up at the new comer.

Tom smiles as he looks at the young man coming down the stairs, "Good morning Mr. Evan how are you feeling this morning," he asks concerned as he remembers the state the young man was in last night.

“Fine thank you,” Evan answers as he walks closer to the counter.
“Are you okay Tom,” Evan asks with his own concern.

Tom can’t help but smile at his kindness, “I’m just worried is all,” he admits as Evan sits down on the stool across from him.

“I may not be of much help, but I can lend an ear and not so wise words,” Evan offers as he tilts his head in question.

“And here I thought I was the bartender,” Tom teases with a gentle laugh.

“I’ve learned everyone needs a break sometime or another,” Evan admits truthfully.

“That’s for sure,” Tom agrees as he starts to wipe the counter top again. “I guess,” he starts surprised he is actually going to tell a fifteen year old kid his problems, a kid that shouldn’t have the answers, but Tom can’t help but believe he just might. “The main thing is I am frustrated with how things have turned out in my life,” he tries to explain.

“You don’t like to run the bar,” Evan asks not really sure he knows where this is going to head and if he really has any help to offer.

“I love to run the bar, I think it’s because I can’t get to know my costumers like I used to,” Tom says with a sad sigh.

“Why not,” Evan asks trying to get him to continue.

Tom looks up at Evan and Evan can see the true sadness in Tom’s eyes, “They either die or get murdered by the Death Eaters before they come here again so what’s the use of getting to know them,” Tom asks.

“That, Tom is a very good question,” Evan agrees with the older man. “However, you’re forgetting the human part of the equation,” he adds on after a moments thought.

"The what," Tom asks confused, yet at the same time amused by this boy before him and what he is being told.

"The human part of the equation," Evan repeats.

"What is that?" Tom asks interested.

"The part of life where people need to get to know each other, or at least try," Evan starts to explain. "There was this person I used to know a right nice fellow, my first friend, only no one ever gave him a chance. They only saw what he, was not who he was. You see he was being ridiculed for something he couldn't control, his blood. This man was a half giant," Evan says knowing if even part of the history is shared between the two worlds Tom will know this man.

"I know what you mean," Tom says thinking about someone he knows who gets treated the same way. "Hagrid gets the same treatment," he admits with a shake of his head.

Evan smiles, "but you don't treat him the same as everyone else do you," he asks already knowing the answer.

"He's the nicest person I know," Tom defends him.

"Now think if you'd never given yourself the opportunity to get to know him, think of what you would've missed out on," Evan responds truthfully.

"What're you getting at Mr. Evan," Tom asks curiously though he knows what he says to be truth.

"Well think about this, who of those who come here that you haven't gotten to know could be the next best friend, the next nicest person you ever meet," Evan poses. "Here's something else to think about," he says as Tom is about to open his mouth, "What if something you do or say here has an impact on their lives, just the smallest thing can make the biggest of differences," he continues. "Who's to say that when they meet their death that they aren't thinking, its okay that I die, you know why its okay," Evan asks. "It's okay because there are still

nice people in this world, there are still people who care,” Evan answers without giving Tom a chance to answer.

“What does this have to do with me,” Tom asks realizing he isn’t feeling as depressed as he was a few moments ago. This conversation has lifted his spirits more than he ever thought possible.

“You Tom,” he pauses as he waves his left arm to the area behind him, “are the passport to Diagon Alley. People walk in your door every day. Now this can happen one of two ways, let’s start off with you just letting them walk on by, or grunt a greeting. I’ve learned throughout my travels that most people are mirrors; there are some exceptions to this, however, they’ll react the same way they’re treated. So they’ll either grunt their own greeting or simply ignore you, and continue on their way to the back of the pub. No exchange, no pain, right?

Now lets say they see you smile and greet them as though they are your best friend, you ask how their day is, how’s the family, how’s work going, how’s school that sort of thing and they’ll return your smile, answer your questions, maybe even return them, but most importantly they’ll believe there are still people who care. They’ll believe there are still reasons to continue fighting, reasons to continue to live, reasons to continue to be human,” Evan explains to the aging bartender in front of him. He knows the answer to two of his questions without having to ask them, Voldemort did happen in this universe and he’s still a threat.

“Are you saying I can make a difference in people’s lives,” Tom asks not really believing.

“You’ve made a difference in mine. Have I made a difference in yours?” Evan asks as he tries to make his point. As Tom thinks about Evan’s words his eyes widen in realization.

“Merlin,” Tom whispers in stunned shock.

"It's a scary thought knowing you impact others lives so completely," Evan agrees. "There was this student I was going to school with," he pauses as he tries to sort out his thoughts. "He was in a different house, it would be similar to that of Slytherin," he tries to explain. "The house rivalry was at its worst, I mean it was ugly. Sure I didn't care for most of the people in the house, but people are their own, heck I was almost placed in there myself," he admits. "I seem to be getting off the story. Anyway, this kid had it rough, he was Muggle born," he explains.

Tom nods his head in understanding, "It was like sending the lamb to the slaughter," he agrees.

"Right," Evan agrees with a nod, "So here was poor young Adam, he didn't have a friend in his own house and the other houses never wanted anything to do with a Slytherin. They never wanted to give Slytherin a chance," he continues with the story as Tom comes around the counter and sits down on the stool next to Evan.

"What happened," Tom asks engrossed with the story.

"There was two students who didn't care about the separation of houses you see," Evan continues the story. "These two students where two of three best friends, both weren't raised in the magical world, the third was a pureblood, but he usually went along with the other two," he pauses, "after awhile anyways. These students tried to form their own options on who was trustworthy or not. They didn't know this kid any, but they weren't mean to him either. When they passed in the hall two of the three would smile and nod in greeting, nothing big or important, the third thought it was a waste of time.

One day the trio of friends was walking down to the Great Hall for dinner when Adam called out to the most popular of the three. All three stopped, confused as to what the young student wanted, but interested just the same. What Adam told these three was extremely surprising to say the least, it turns out that one of the times the two of the three smiled and nodded at him he was on his way to the restroom, but not to go, oh no, he was headed there to commit suicide," Evan says trying not to remember his own shock at this news.

“He wasn’t,” Tom gasps out in shock.

Evan nods his head, “It turns out things were really bad for him. At home and at school,” he tries to explain.

“Why didn’t he do it,” Tom questions.

“He told the trio the reason he couldn’t go through with it is because not everybody hated him. You see when they smiled at him, it showed him not everyone is judging him, not everyone is out to get him. It showed him there are things worth living for,” Evan sums up the words Adam used that day.

“You were one of the two weren’t you,” Tom asks in awe.

Evan simply nods in agreement, “From that day on I tried to smile at people more often for I never knew when just one action could save someone’s life,” he says with a shrug.

“So what you’re saying is that I can make a life saving difference in someone’s life,” Tom asks incredulously.

“You never know,” Evan says, “I never thought I would,” he admits.

“You, Mr. Evan, have given me a lot to think about,” Tom says as he slides off his stool. “As I think about it would you like your breakfast,” he asks with a renewed smile.

“That would be great Tom,” Evan answers.

“What would you like,” Tom asks.

“You know what, just surprise me,” Evan says with a shrug, “It’s been a while since I had actual food that I think I’ve forgotten what it tastes like,” he teases.

“Okay Mr. Evan you asked for it. House special coming right up,” Tom says as he starts to head to the kitchen.

"I almost forgot, I need to sign the register and pay for another day," Evan calls out.

"So you'll be staying will you," Tom asks as he gets out the needed paper work.

"Until I can figure out what I'm going to be doing next at least," Evan answers as he starts to fill out the paper work.

"You're more than welcome to stay for as long as you like," Tom calls as he heads to the kitchen to get his order.

"Thank you Tom," Evan says in response.

Chapter Six

Bad News at Madam Malkin's

Evan walks onto Diagon Alley with a small smile and a shake of his head. He had almost forgotten what a hoot Tom could be. That man not only brought him the house special, which is supposed to be waffles, but he also brought eggs, bacon, French Toast, croissants, but the best thing he brought was a huge steaming hot mug of hot chocolate. Something Evan has been wanting for many a month now, but has never said anything about. He can't help but pause as he once again gets to see the marvel that is Diagon Alley. It has been, not counting yesterday, two years since he seen this place, at least in his world. In his world it was destroyed during the summer following his fourth year and the return of Lord Voldemort. Starting on his way he knows most of the shops won't be open just yet, but some will and Madam Malkin's is one that will be. Or at least he thinks so.

He continues past the other stores knowing his order will take most of the day to complete. He stops briefly in front of the door of her shop as memories from his first visit runs through his mind. Shaking the image of the arrogant Malfoy out of his mind he pushes open the door and steps inside, thus causing the magical bell in the middle of the room to sound.

A lady he instantly recognizes as Madam Malkin herself steps out of the back part of the store with a questioning look on her face. He knows how she feels, not many people are morning people. "Good morning," she greets as she makes her way towards him. He notices with his trained senses she is fingering her wand in case he is going to cause her trouble. Though with that one action she has told him many things, first off if his counter part is alive in this universe, they aren't twins, and the other thing she has told him is that the times here in this world aren't much better off then where he just came from. It seems people are afraid of strangers, and he knows this is not a good thing.

With a small bow, thus putting himself at her mercy for a moment, he returns her greeting, "Good morning ma'am," he says as he straightens to his full height.

A surprised smile lights her face as the figure before her places her at an instant ease, something not easy to do now days. There is something about him she knows, but at the same time she knows she has never met him before and she is unable to place what it is. "Can I help you sir," she asks.

"Evan Knight," Evan says in return, "Please call me Evan," he asks.

"Evan it is," she agrees happily, "Can I help you Evan," she re-asks.

"I would be most honored to receive your assistance and service," Evan says, "I just need to get out my list," he says more to himself, but also to put her at ease. A way of telling her he isn't going for his wand. He reaches into his right pocket and removes the scroll he made his list on earlier. "It seems I have to get a lot of new things," he says as he starts to unroll the scroll.

"I will do my best to help you," she says in answer surprised by his actions and yet relived by them.

"Thank you," Evan says with a nod. "Um, let's see, I need four black cloaks, one dark blue dress cloak, a new set of dress robes, black I think, six set of uniforms similar to those of the students attending Hogwarts, a scarf Gryffindor colors, a special type of daily wear gloves and some of your dragon hide gloves," he reads aloud.

"You were right, that is a list and a half," Madam Malkin agrees.

"And that is just for here," Evan explains.

"First stop," she asks honored.

"Yes ma'am," Evan answers.

"Alright then shall we get started, what kind of special gloves was it you need," she asks as she directs him to the fitting station.

"They are a special non-conductive type," Evan starts to explain.

“What aren’t they suppose to conduct,” she asks as she sets the measuring tapes to work.

“Visions, thoughts, feelings, and the like,” he answers as he raises his arms out for the tape measure to do its work.

“Seers gloves,” she asks.

“I think that’s what I’ve heard them called, a dear friend of my always got them before so I don’t really know what they are called,” Evan explains. “Do Seers gloves work on Empaths,” he asks after a moment.

“They should, hypothetically,” she answers, “though I’ve never had occasion to try it,” she explains as she thinks about his request.

“Do you have a pair on hand, I know what they look like before they conform,” he says as she raises her eyebrows in question.

“I should,” she says as she heads to the back of the store. “Give me a moment and I will find out,” she calls out as she disappears behind the wall.

Just as she disappears the bell in the middle of the room sounds out, announcing the arrival of another person. Madam Malkin calls out, “I’ll be out in a moment,” to the new comer.

Evan turns his head to look at the new comer; though he tries not to move else wise he will upset the measuring tapes, something he has heard you never want to do. “Good morning,” Evan says to the shadow in the door. He knows there is something familiar about the figure, yet knows all he knows from his world may not work here in this world. One thing he knows for sure is the fact this stranger does not mean him any harm and is in fact surprised to see anyone here this early in the day. Something he gathers is not usual. He knows in his world Mrs. Weasley always came early to avoid the crowds and thus the reason he himself is here this early.

“Morning,” the figure answers thus giving away who the person is to Evan for he would know that voice anywhere, anytime, its not like he

hasn't been around it for almost every summer for four years, then nearly constantly during the war.

"How are you today, Mrs. Weasley," Evan asks as he looks forward again, thus decreasing the kink in his neck.

The figure jumps at this, "How," she stutters, "How did you know who I was," she finally asks stepping up next to him.

"I didn't mean to surprise you, I am sorry," Evan apologizes instantly.

"No," Mrs. Weasley rushes to assure him, "It's quiet alright, I mean it's different is all," she tries to explain as she walks to the front of him so they can look each other in the eye.

"I take it not many people know you," Evan asks confused for he knows everyone would know this family no matter what. They are known for their red hair amongst other things.

Molly Weasley snorts at this comment, "Hardly," she responds.

"Okay," Evan says accepting her answer, "So how are you," he asks again.

"As well as to be expected," she says with a sigh as she sits down in one of the chairs just to the left of him yet still in range of his sight.

"I see," Evan says though not really understanding. "Is everything alright," he finally asks.

"I," she pauses not understanding why she is so at ease with a complete stranger. "I just miss her is all," she whispers softly, Evan might have missed it if he wasn't trying to hear.

"Ginny," he asks curiously, tentatively.

"Yes," Molly answers as her eyes snap up to look him in his, wondering how he knows of her and then the truth of her question hits her hard. "Of course you would know of that," she accuses.

“Of what,” he asks wondering at the change in her tone.

This catches Molly off guard, “How do you know Ginny,” she asks instead.

“We met some time ago,” he says in answer thus not lying and at the same time not telling everything. “How is she,” he asks further not liking where this conversation is headed.

It is with this question Molly realizes this young man really doesn't know, he really doesn't know. “She was murdered,” she says just as the measuring tapes finish their job.

Evan's eyes widen in shock as he steps, more like stumbles down off of the platform, “Sorry, I don't think I heard you right,” he says softly the shock evident in his voice.

“She was killed during her first year at Hogwarts,” Molly repeats honestly surprised by his reaction. None of the students, besides her brothers, acted this way. It is almost as if he considered her daughter part of his family.

Evan slowly yet almost unsteadily sits down on the edge of the platform he had just been standing on, he looks over at Mrs. Weasley disbelievingly, “I'm sorry,” he whispers.

“It's not your fault,” she says knowing now this young man really did know her daughter and she finds this fact very comforting. Not many people really knew her daughter and to finally meet someone who did and who actually seems to have taken a liking to her, taken the time to know her is something she has been wishing for since that first summer. It seems not even her brothers took the time to know her in school, for if they had. She stops her train of thought there before she starts on this internal argument once again.

“Do you mind if I ask how,” Evan whispers, “You don't have to answer,” he quickly adds.

“Can I ask how it is you don't already know,” Molly asks the shocked figure before her.

"I guess you could say I am new here," he answers her with a slight shrug. "I don't know much of anything that has gone on around here," he admits.

"Welcome to Diagon Alley then," Molly says with a sad smile as his answer explains his reaction. After a moment she decides to tell this young man everything. It's not like she can talk about it with her family. Ginny Weasley is a topic left untouched and to be forgotten, a skeleton no one wants to deal with, pain they would rather forget than to remember. "She was murdered by the Heir of Slytherin," she says softly.

Evan's head snaps up and he locks eyes with Mrs. Weasley as he finally realizes what had happened. "The Chamber of Secrets," he asks hoping against hope that isn't what she is talking about.

"So you've heard of the myth," Molly asks. Evan nods his head not wanting to contradict her. "Yes, she was taken into the Chamber of Secrets by the Heir of Slytherin," she continues. "No one knows who this Heir is or how to get into this Chamber, let alone where the Chamber is," she explains. "After she was killed the attacks stopped," she says looking away from this stranger in front of her. It is here she realizes she doesn't even know the young man's name.

Evan exhales an expulsion of breath he didn't realize he had been holding. He realizes for the first time since it happened in his own world, he didn't have anything to do with what had happened. She would have been chosen either way. The guilt of blame eases only to be replaced by the guilt of not being there when she needed him. "I," he starts to say, but finds he is unable to get the words past his throat.

"She always wrote us of how much fun she was having going to the same school as her brothers, she loved being there with them," Molly continues knowing she shouldn't weigh this young man down with her sorrows, but she is unable to stop herself. She is unable to stop herself from getting these feelings out, from releasing them from their hidden closet of sadness. "After her death we learned nobody knew our little girl, she had no friends. Her brothers couldn't even tell us what she had been up to during the year, they ignored her," she

whispers as tears start to roll down her cheeks. "No one took the time to get to know my little girl," she almost sobs out.

As she talks Evan stands up from his place on the platform, he walks over to just in front of Molly and kneels down before her. He looks at her for a moment, her head down, pain in her voice and a sorrow so complete in her crying eyes. Without hesitation Evan returns a favor given to him by the Molly Weasley of his world to this Molly Weasley and takes the crying form into his arms. Molly is surprised to feel the arms of the stranger softly wrap around her form and take her into a much needed hug. She quickly wraps her own arms around him in a rib shattering hug and buries her head in his shoulder as she finally bursts into tears.

As Evan starts to slowly rock her from side to side, Madam Malkin walks into the main part of the store only to stop in total surprise. She watches as Evan Knight comforts Molly Weasley, someone she knows needs the comfort, but never allows anyone to do it. The fact Evan is able to, is shocking beyond words. She looks down at the Seers gloves in her hands and then back up at the young man who is whispering, "Let it all out, don't fight it Mrs. Weasley, I'm here, just let it go, that's right let it out," over and over to the figure wrapped so securely around him. It is here she knows he is the one who needs these gloves; he is the one who seems to be able to do the impossible. She knows without asking why Molly is crying, she knows Molly has finally talked about her daughter's death.

After a few more minutes Molly hiccups as her tears start to trail off. Evan looks over to Madam Malkin and raises his eyebrows in question. Madam Malkin smiles in answer, which Evan hesitantly returns. Turning back to the figure in his arms he knows what she needs, he can feel it. "When I first met Ginny," he starts off with his own story, "She put her elbow in the butter on the table, she was so embarrassed," he says with a small smile. "It took her a while to grow out of that phase," he teases softly. "Once she did I was able to finally get to know the true her. She is a spitfire, energetic, honest, loving, inventive as the twins, um, actually sometimes more so," he continues to tell Molly and inadvertently Madam Malkin, who both can't help but agree with his knowing words.

"I pissed her off one time, I mean I really pissed her off," he says with a small shake of his head. "I learned real quickly not to do that. She has a temper to rival even her mother's," he says and receives a snort from both ladies which tells him they know what he is talking about. "She is shy but assertive, she never backs down from what she thinks is right," he continues. "She loves her family with all her being and would do anything for them. Once she gives you her trust you are stuck with it. She is smart, talented in charms and damn good at dueling; she loves to fly and to play Quidditch with her brothers and friends. She's a listener just like her mother, she will listen to anything you wish to tell her and she understands," he says as he remembers all of the times he has talked with her.

"There's this story she loved to have read to her as a child, she told it to me once," He says as he struggles with his memory to find the name of the story. "She told me she had Mr. Weasley read it to her over and over and over, until she could read it on her own. She took it with her to Hogwarts so she could read it when she felt alone," he says as he tries to jog his memory. "Problem is I can't remember the name at the moment," he finally admits as Molly releases him and sits up. She looks at him with a genuine smile on her face, though the tears are still falling this time they are in happiness. His eyes widen as he remembers the name, "Robin Hood," he says triumphantly. "She always wanted to be Maid Marian and have her own Robin Hood," he says with a small laugh as he remembers her confession of this.

Molly smiles as she remembers Arthur's complaints about having to read the same story over and over again until he didn't even have to bother with using the book as he told the story. She has been trying for years not only to find the book but to remember at least the name of the story. "I'd forgotten the name," she finally admits.

Evan smiles in understanding, "you should've seen her blush when she admitted that dream," he says with a slight shake of his head. "I never thought I'd ever see her blush brighter than her hair," he says causing both women to laugh. "I told her I'd never let her live it down," he adds after a moment.

Molly smiles brightly at the young man before her, "I never knew any of this," she admits.

"Since we couldn't bet, and were too much like brother and sister to play strip poker, telling embarrassing stories was the consequence of losing a game of Exploding Snap," he explains.

"So you had to tell her some of your own stories," Molly asks with a snort at the sight he just gave her. She knows instantly he was truly a friend of Ginny's, she knows by his words they transcended friendship straight to family. What she doesn't know is where he has been since, and why she has never been told of this young man.

"Don't remind me," Evan groans in answer thus causing Molly to laugh once again. Something she had begun to wonder if she would even do again.

Molly sits back in her chair with a relieved heart feeling as though a great unbearable burden has just been lifted from her soul, "Thank you," she says to him.

Evan's brow furrows in confusion, "For what, I haven't done anything," he says.

"You gave me a reason to believe," Molly answers.

With these words Evan finally understands what she means. He takes a deep breath and releases it slowly, "Death is not something any of us wants to deal with," he starts softly as Molly looks at him in question, surprised to see he actually understood what she was talking about. "Death is an unwanted fact of life," he continues. "I have learned through my life that the best way to honor those who have passed is to live my life to the fullest," he explains as Madam Malkin takes a seat beside Molly so she can hear his explanation, his reasoning. The gloves in her hands temporarily forgotten in interest for what she knows will be coming. "I have lost a lot, but not as much as others," Evan tries to explain, but knows he isn't really getting the point across.

“Whom did you lose,” Molly asks knowing if anyone could ask him such a question it would be her. Though the reason for this knowledge she doesn’t understand.

“The first people I ever lost were my parents. My parents were murdered when I was little,” Evan answers her causing both ladies to gasp in horror. “I grew up with my mother’s sister,” he quickly adds thus avoiding the next question he knows is about to come. “I used to fantasize a life where they didn’t die, a life where they could love me, where I could make them proud,” he explains. “I wanted the dream life,” he says with a shrug.

“What happened,” Madam Malkin asks.

“I lost many people before this one person, but this person was the one who helped me through the loss of the others. This person was the backbone, the constant of my life. Then one day I lost this person who I’d started to consider a grandparent,” he starts to answer. “Someone I trusted with my very life,” he says trying to get to the understanding of what he needs to get across. “I’d known him for almost five years before he too was murdered,” he says once again gaining a gasp from both women. “It was then I realized I’d never really known true grief, it was then, I understood that I couldn’t mourn for my parents. That I hadn’t really mourned for my parents because I never knew them. How can I mourn for people I can’t remember? Oh, I remember their deaths when around Dementors and all, but I don’t remember them,” he tries to explain.

“This man I knew, this man I respected and loved. I almost died when he did; it was a pain worse then the Cruciatus curse could ever be. He made me promise to continue to live as he lay dieing in my arms. He made me promise to try and be happy because he couldn’t be happy in his next big adventure knowing I would never be able to be happy,” he tells his entrapped audience. “It was the hardest promise I ever had to make,” he admits. “It took me a while and a lot of help to start to live again,” he pauses, “don’t get me wrong, I still miss him dearly, it’s as though part of my heart has been torn from me,” he says before they could comment. “It was because of his lessons I knew I could continue to live and be happy without taking away from his memory, for if I couldn’t be happy again it would taint

his memory. It would taint my time with him. It would make him ashamed of me, which I could never take," he finishes his part of the story.

"Ginny would hate to see you so sad Mrs. Weasley. She was so full of life and happiness that it would kill her to see you become someone she didn't know. She would want you to be happy," he says, and then raises his hand to stop her from commenting. "Being happy doesn't mean you have to forget her," he says with a gentle smile. "It simply means you are embracing her love by continuing to be her mother, it means you will be honoring her by continuing to live your life. Sure you'll have your hard days, your ups and downs, but don't take away what she loved in you," he explains.

"Tell you what," Evan says after a moment. "When you go home, get an empty book, parchment or something, and then bake some of your famous home made chocolate chip cookies. You know the kind, the kind she loved," he suggests. "Put them on a plate and set them and the parchment, with ink and quill mind you, on the table, get a glass of milk," he pauses for a moment. "Chocolate milk," he corrects. "Ask if anyone else would like to join," he shrugs, "eat the cookies, drink the milk and don't forget to dunk the cookies," he says and receives two amused smiles in return. "As you're eating remember something about Ginny, anything, the smallest thing, the way she would twirl her hair when she thought, the way her eyes would widen to the point of almost bugging out when she seen someone she thought was cute, anything. As you remember write them down. It doesn't have to be in detail or anything just general ideas," he explains. "When you are done, put the parchment in the drawer next to your bed and when you need something in the middle of the night when the dreams won't leave, you have your piece of heaven," he suggests.

"I don't know if it will work for you or anything," he warns, "but its done wonders for me," he explains. "If at all possible don't do it alone," he suggests softly, "try doing this with Bill, he will be the only one who will be willing, who needs it just as much. He too is alone in his loss, the no topic rule he doesn't agree with so try and ask him," he offers and then shrugs at the two pair of surprised eyes. A moment of shocked silence fills the room and Evan looks away from their eyes to

see the gloves in Madam Malkin's hands. "Are those the gloves," he asks softly.

Madam Malkin jumps in surprise as she looks down at the forgotten gloves. "Yes, are these the type you were looking for," she asks trying to hide her embarrassment.

"May I," he asks and she quickly hands them over. Evan looks at them closely inside and out and with a nod of his head, "Yep these are the type," he agrees. "How many do you have," he asks.

"These are the only pair I have in stock," she answers.

"Could you order more," he asks hopefully.

"I can," she agrees.

"Great," he smiles. "Would you order six pair for me," he requests.

Madam Malkin's and Molly Weasley's eyes widen at his request, "Six pair," Madam Malkin stutters in shock. Evan nods his head in agreement. "You do know how expensive they are, right," she asks.

"I'll pay for everything now," Evan answers instead. "My cloaks, uniforms, robes, and all seven pair of gloves, the scarf, the dragon hide gloves, just tell me the damage," he teases.

Madam Malkin sits there for a moment in shock and then stands up and goes to the register to do as he has requested. Evan watches for a moment and then turns back to Molly. "I am sorry Mrs. Weasley, for everything," he pauses. "If you ever need someone to talk to," he offers and she smiles her shocked thanks. "I best, be going, I have a lot to do today. It seems my knowledge of things in this place is very lacking," he says softly. "That was news I had not expected to hear, I never thought," he drifts off and Molly realizes he has just barely learned about her daughter's death and hasn't yet gotten over the shock of this news. "Sorry," he whispers with a slightly cracked voice telling her he is taking this hard, "I best be off. Have a good day Mrs. Weasley and tell me how it goes if you try it," he asks as he stands up.

Molly nods in agreement of his request and in promise to try his suggestion.

Evan walks up to the counter to pay for his purchases, “when will my order be complete,” he asks as he hands over the exact amount to a very shocked lady.

“Um,” she stutters, “by this evening,” she finally gets out.

“Very good, thanks again,” he says as he walks out of the store with a heavier heart than he walked in with. It just occurred to him that if Ginny died in her first year because of some kind of change in the time line, then what about everyone else he knows and loves. If he has to do without them, he stops this thought before it can continue as he forces himself to remember the people he loves are still alive and okay in his world. How he already misses them so.

Molly watches the amazing young man walk out of the store before she realizes she never got his name. She gasps as she realizes how rude she must have seemed, to tell him all about her pain and not even take his shock into account. “I didn’t even get his name,” she says sadly to Madam Malkin.

“Evan,” Madam Malkin says with a smile.

“Evan,” Molly repeats with another foreign smile that causes Madam Malkin to smile wider. “Such a nice boy that Evan,” she says as Madam Malkin nods her head in agreement. Molly sits there for a moment still watching the door, and then she turns to Madam Malkin, “weren’t those Seers gloves,” she asks as she remembers seeing those types of gloves before.

“Yes, they were,” Madam Malkin agrees as she walks around the counter to meet up with Molly. “He was looking for a pair that would block everything for both Seers and Empaths,” she tells the shocked Molly.

“I’ve heard most people can’t handle being one, just one, that they start to go insane,” Molly says sadly as she remembers the kindness

Evan gave her. “That they can’t stand to have physical contact with people, but imagine being both,” she continues amazed.

“I thought the same thing,” Madam Malkin agrees. “But if that is true then why,” she starts to ask but stops as she quickly looks over at the door again in shock.

“Then why did he hug me,” Molly finishes just as shocked and confused. Then she realizes the gift he has given her and she is honored by his sacrifice and caring. Her daughter had found a really good and true friend.

Chapter Seven

Mr. Ollivander and Repercussions

Evan steps into the old building with the same feeling of foreboding as when he stepped into this place on his first trip to Diagon Alley, his first trip to anywhere magical in truth. He looks up at the old fashioned Muggle bell above the door quickly before he quickly closes the door behind him. With a sigh he steps further into the shop.

After leaving Madam Malkin's his schedule got changed rather quickly. It seems that today Mr. Ollivander was taking a late day. So Evan proceeded on with his list and is now a proud owner of a very spacious and secured trunk, and of a new account at Gringotts. He has placed his old belonging in his new vault and then he went to get his new trunk. After he got his trunk he got his writing supplies, treats for both of his familiars, he even stopped off at Quality Quidditch Supplies to get a look at the newest broom, at least through the window.

His attention is brought back to the present as he hears a sound coming from the back of the store, alerting him some one is moving. He steps to the left, thus taking himself out of the way of being a target if someone is shooting off hexes and the like. Soon he sees the graying form known as Mr. Ollivander. "Good morning Mr. Ollivander, sir," Evan says softly in greeting. Instantly wishing he hadn't thought of this so called brilliant plan.

Mr. Ollivander looks over at the young man before him, "Good morning young man," he says as he continues to look him over. "What can I do for you today," he asks as he tries to mentally figure out who this young man could be.

"I need to purchase a wand," Evan says with a rise of his eyebrow. "Is there a problem sir," he asks after a moment.

"I know who you remind me of," Mr. Ollivander says after a moment, "but I also know this to be impossible," he says more to himself.

“Who do I remind you of sir,” Evan asks knowing full well who.

“Well the Potters of course,” Mr. Ollivander answers easily. “Do you know them,” he asks hopefully.

Evan swallows roughly, “can’t say I’ve had the pleasure,” he answers honestly.

“You should you know,” he says as he comes around the counter to stand directly in front of his new customer. “Nice group of people they are,” he says confirming a fear Evan has had since learning of Ginny’s death. His parents or the copies of his parents are alive in this world.

“I will think about it,” Evan answers honestly for he has no idea what he wants to do about them. Does he want to get to know them, ignore them, leave as they are, have them as his parents, friends, he just doesn’t know.

“You do that young man,” Mr. Ollivander suggests. “So tell me, what is your name,” he asks still trying to place where he has seen this young man before.

“Evan Knight,” Evan answers with a small shrug.

“Never heard of that family,” Mr. Ollivander admits and then shrugs himself deciding to put his thoughts away for now. “Which hand is your wand hand,” he finally asks.

“It started out with my right hand,” Evan admits smiling at the confusion on the face of the man before him. “Now I’m more than able to use both hands,” he confesses with another shrug.

“Both hands,” Mr. Ollivander asks interested, “and the spells work,” he asks.

“They’re stronger on the right but that’s the only difference,” Evan answers.

“Curious, very curious,” Mr. Ollivander says as he set his tape measure to work on Evan’s right side and then left side. Once the tape measure is done, Mr. Ollivander sets to work on finding Mr. Knight a Wand.

Thirty minutes, a hundred or so different Wands, three emptied bookcases, twelve broken glasses, three broken then repaired and re-broken vases, a hundred or so strewn out parchments later Mr. Ollivander smiles as he takes the latest disaster from Evan’s hands. “You Mr. Knight are a very difficult customer, a challenge to be won,” he says as he disappears from sight. It is here Evan knows what wand he is going for now. He knows it will be his wand’s counterpart, he just doesn’t know if it will choose him this time around. Turns out he needn’t have wondered as Mr. Ollivander gently places his dear friend in his hand, almost as he had the first time in his world. And just as in his world, this wand reacts the same way. A soft glow surrounds Evan as a non existent wind blows against his Military regulation haircut. “Ah, it seems we have a match,” Mr. Ollivander says with a relieved sign. “Though it is curious as to why this wand,” he says more to himself than anything.

Though he already knows the answer to this question, he knows he has to ask or else it might seem a bit odd. “Why is it curious,” he asks repeating his words from long ago.

“Because the Phoenix whose feather is in your wand gave only one other feather,” he starts to explain.

“Who has the other wand then” Evan asks hating how even though he knows what is going to be said and how it is going to be said, he still is spooked by the old man’s words and tone of voice.

“We do not speak his name,” Mr. Ollivander says hauntingly.

“You mean Voldemort,” Evan says causing the spooky old man to shiver from fright at the name.

After that Evan tried his best to quickly get out of the shop knowing that as soon as he steps out of the store Mr. Ollivander is going to owl Dumbledore about the sale. He pauses briefly as he makes his

way over to Flourish and Blotts to wonder what Dumbledore is going to think about that. He smiles at the different reactions his mind makes up. Shaking his head he makes his way to the bookstore.

Just as Mr. Knight figured, as soon as he was out of the store Mr. Ollivander quickly grabbed a clean piece of parchment and in his untidy scrawl quickly writes a note to Headmaster of Hogwarts Professor Dumbledore explaining the young man who just purchased the only other wand to contain a Phoenix feather from Fawkes.

He quickly sends it off with his owl to get it to Hogwarts as quickly as possible, he knows Albus Dumbledore will be very interested in this young man and he can't blame him. He himself is very interested in this young man, now if only he could place where he knows him from, or who he reminds him off.

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Headmaster Albus Dumbledore's Office

An aged figure looks up to the furthest window as he hears tapping on his window. "Why, would Ollivander be sending me an owl today," he says to the person in front of him in question. With a wave of his wand the window opens allowing the owl entrance.

The person in the room with him quickly ducks out of the way of the swooping owl as the owl makes its way to the Headmasters desk. "What does it say Albus," Minerva McGonagall asks curiously as Albus removes the letter allowing the owl to quickly take its leave. He quickly opens the scroll to take a look at its contents. As he reads his eyes widen with each new word.

Professor Dumbledore

I am writing to inform you of a purchase that has taken place not just two short minutes ago. A young man by the name of Evan Knight has just purchased the second wand containing the Phoenix feather Fawkes gave all those years ago.

This young man is a strange one. It seems as though he is able to use a wand in either hand. He claims the only difference is the strength of the spell. He also is unafraid of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named for he has just said his name.

As of this moment he appears to be on his way to Flourish and Blotts, though for what I do not know. Another thing I find disconcerting is who he resembles. If I did not know any better I would say he is another son of the Potter's. The similarities are staggering.

There is another thing that is most particular; Mr. Knight has a scar on his forehead in the shape of a lightning bolt. It is an old scar but seems to have never healed over. His eyes are a light shade of gray and he is very alert of his surroundings. He's a nice fellow and all, but curious.

Ollivander

"Well, well," Albus Dumbledore says in thought as he rereads the letter. "I never thought it would be purchased," he says as he places the letter down on his table deep in thought and even worry.

"What is it," Professor Minerva McGonagall asks hesitantly.

"The second wand containing Fawkes feather has just been purchased," Albus says as he looks up at his companion.

"By whom," she asks curiously. She is the only other person who knows who owns the first wand. That is besides Dumbledore and Ollivander. She isn't sure what this means but she knows this is something very important.

"A young man by the name of Evan Knight," Albus says as he stands up from his desk. He walks over to a bookcase and removes a fresh stack of parchments. "Ollivander says he looks very familiar and is a nice fellow, but curious. It seems Mr. Knight has a lightning bolt scar on his forehead, it was interesting enough to catch the attention of Ollivander and we both know that when something catches that man's attention it is something of value," Albus explains as he returns to his chair with his new stack of parchments. "Ollivander also mentions

that this young man is not afraid to say Voldemort,” he continues ignoring the glare Minerva throws him as he says this. “Mr. Knight should have already finished his shopping at Flourish and Blotts but who is Evan Knight,” he asks more to himself.

“What are you planning,” Minerva asks knowing he is up to something.

“I am sending a note to Sirius to have him do a background check on Mr. Knight to see what we can come up with,” he says as he dips his quill in his inkwell.

“Why not James,” she asks confused.

“Ollivander also mentioned Mr. Knight, looks as though he could pass as another Potter,” Albus says as he continues to write his note, ignoring Minerva’s gasp of surprise.

Ministry of Magic

Auror Department

Third Floor

Office of Sirius Black, Lt. Commander

Sirius Black looks up as an owl lands on his desk. His eyebrows rise in question, wondering what an owl is doing flying around the Ministry. Then his brow furrows in concern as he recognizes the owl as being from Hogwarts. Since he knows school is out for the summer, set to start in the next two weeks he also knows it isn’t from a student. And since the only times he receives an owl is when the Potter family owl is already out or when it’s business for the Order.

Reaching up he unburdens the owl of its load and watches as it takes flight once again, thus meaning there is no need to reply at this moment. Possible situations for this contact fly through his overactive imagination before he almost shouts at himself to knock it off and stop trying to scare himself and to just open the thing. With now unsteady hands he unrolls the scroll to see the familiar handwriting of the Headmaster, thus telling him it is Order business. He hopes, his

mind can't help but put in.

Mr. Sirius Black

It has been brought to my attention there is a new person in town, Diagon Alley to be exact. This new person is someone who has inadvertently raised the curiosity of Mr. Ollivander and who seems to have stumped him as well. We both know from past experience what this means.

The reason for this note, I would greatly appreciate it if you would take the time to check out this new curiosity of ours. The young man is described by Mr. Ollivander as being a nice fellow, but curious. So we know he isn't an immediate threat if a threat at all. The name he gave was Evan Knight. If at all possible would you find out everything the Ministry has on this young man for tonight's gathering. If you find there to be more than one Evan Knight, which I doubt, but the one we are looking for has a very distinct scar, he has a lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead.

Albus Dumbledore

Sirius rereads the note finding; he's not only getting curious about this Mr. Knight, but excited as well. He knows if Mr. Ollivander thinks something is odd it almost always is. And everyone knows when Sirius gets curious, watch out world, Black is on the case. Pushing his chair out from under his desk he sets to work on this not so bad assignment. He smiles wickedly as he steps out of his office and heads down to records.

Chapter Eight

A History Lesson and a Gathering

Leaky Cauldron

Evan Knight steps slowly into his room and proceeds to promptly dump the remaining of his purchases down on his already cluttered bed. He sighs exhaustedly at the sight of so much stuff he has needed for all of his life. His thoughts take a different turn as he tries to think how both Hermione and Ginny would react to such an unruly display of unstructured existence. Something he hasn't been for, well, all of his remembered life. He never had much as a child so there wasn't much for him to make a mess of. When he was at Hogwarts his aunt's training sort of stuck with him, thus he never really had a messy room. His trunk maybe, but he soon figured out how to arrange it to his satisfaction. He quickly pulls his thoughts away from his friends, he misses them so, and he misses his world.

With a glance at the bed, he almost wishes he could just dump himself there as well, but he knows better. He would never be able to sleep and there is no one in this world to help him in the middle of the night when he sits up screaming, sweating, distraught, and lost. Hermione and Ron used to do that, now he knows what it means to be truly alone.

Forcing himself away from such unproductive thoughts he looks back over at his purchases of the day, both Muggle and Magical. He was correct this morning when he said today was going to be a long day, though he was way off by how much of an understatement that had been. With a sigh he decides to put things away the Muggle way, the hard way Ron would say. He takes out his wand and un-shrinks his trunk and quickly sets the new passwords and adds his own security measures to the ones already in place. He opens the top most lock and turns to the bed. With a shrug he grabs all he can and tosses everything from the bed into the seemingly bottomless pit of a trunk. Once his bed is empty, he then proceeds to send himself into the trunk with an easy jump.

With a quick landing, Evan finds himself inside the now designated Clothing Room of his trunk. He looks around and can't help the shudder from going down his spine, way too much green in this thing. With a wave of his wand he changes the Slytherin colors to that of his beloved Gryffindor red and gold. Once the area is now habitable he levitates the pile of clothes near the drop point over to the closets. He opens the closet door closest to him, he squints his eyes in question before he remembers having placed an altering charm on his eyes to avoid scaring the Muggles with his gray eyes. Something he doesn't want to repeat, for the last time it happened it wasn't a pretty sight; luckily Hermione had a ready answer that time, contacts. With a shake of head he removes the charm and shrugs slightly as he remembers a time when he had to have glasses. Something that changed when he gained his advanced sight, and all of the other curses he has been stuck with.

Shaking his head again he tries to return to the present, for as Albus Dumbledore once said it does no good to dwell on the past. With this in mind he starts to separate his clothing and placing them into the right closet of his choice. As he does so, he makes sure there are no wrinkles, no lint or anything like that. Even though he has been through a war he doesn't like his clothing messy or un-presentable. Something he picked up from both Hermione and Ginny over the years and something he was pleasantly surprised to find helped him with his confidence.

Once he gets to the more personal items he closes the closets and walks over to the Chester drawers and proceeds to de-wrinkle them as he carefully folds his boxers and socks, placing them in their own drawer. He looks around and shrugs slightly, knowing he is done with this part of putting things away. He walks back over to the entrance area and looks down at the floor to an optional addition he had placed into the trunk when he purchased it, a ladder of sorts. "Arrange," he ordered the added equipment. As soon as the words left his mouth the ladder grew and attached itself to the top allowing him to easily climb out of the area.

He did this with the remainder of his purchases, saving the books to the last. Once he was to the last compartment he snatched his new Firebolt and the shrunken bag of books and jumps down into what

Hermione called his portable library and weapons locker. He lands with a thud on the ground of the trunk and looks around at the empty space. This room is moldable to the owners taste, and so this room ends up being a spare bedroom, a library, an excessive library, and the place he keeps not only his broom but any other type of device he figures is a weapon. Hermione used to come here to this room often during the war, she put all of her duplicate books in here and told Harry what books he needed to add to the already grand collection. With a sigh he configures the room to his liking, book cases along three of the large walls, leaving one for his weapons collection. The center of the room has six desks, Hermione's, Ron's, Neville's, Ginny's, his, and of course Mrs. Weasley's. The collect of books in his other trunk rivals that of Hogwarts that includes the restricted section.

He takes his new Firebolt and places it in its' new home; he removes his dear friend, his first wand and places it in there as well. He figures he might as well use his new wand in this new world. He isn't sure what the differences in worlds are, but he isn't about to damage his wand if he can help it. He then precedes to shelf the books he had purchased, all but one. Hogwarts: A History, with a reluctant sigh he decides to forgo his shower for the moment for a bit of, as Hermione called it, 'light reading'. He walks with said book over to his desk; he reluctantly sits down and slowly opens the cover of the book, a book that holds not only his fate, but many others as well. It is with this book he will learn what happened that Halloween night so long ago, it will be with this book he will learn if Hermione was killed by the troll and about the life of Voldemort. With a sad sigh he sits forward and begins to read knowing this is going to be a long night of learning about a world he was never to have come to. A world he never wanted to come to. How he misses his family and it has only been a day since he has last seen them.

Headquarters: Order of the Phoenix

A tall dark figure stalks into the room only to be confronted with loud talking; he shakes his head as he strolls past the people in the back of the room, though there are only thirty people attending this particular meeting. He is still amazed at how he came to be part of all this. One thing he knows for sure is he is glad his family is safe. At

this thought Sirius Black smirks, odd to think he doesn't even claim most of his blood family as true family. He looks around and smiles widely and mischievously as he spots his family. His steps widen in an attempt to get him there faster. "Moony, Prongs and my dear Lily how very sporting to see you here," he greets enthusiastically as he takes Remus Lupin's hand into his own and pumps it energetically as though meeting for the first time.

James Potter looks over at his wife with a smile, "I think Padfoot here has finally lost it," he says conspiringly as he looks at the folder tucked under Sirius's arm in question.

"Finally," Lily Potter says disbelievingly, "he would have to have it, to lose it," she continues as the topic of their conversation looks over at them with a grin.

Sirius places his right hand over his heart, "you wound me my dear Lil's," he says trying his hardest to look offended.

"Would you knock it off," Remus asks as he shakes his head. Before Sirius can respond the room instantly quiets down, telling the pack of dear friends the meeting is about to start. The four of them quickly locate their chairs and wait for everything to get rolling.

Right then three people walks into the room, two who are professors at Hogwarts and the last an Auror who happens to have a peg as a leg and a fake magical eye to replace the one he lost in a battle with a Death Eater. Albus Dumbledore smiles softly at everyone as he passes by, as he, Minerva McGonagall and Alastor Moody make their way to the front of the room. Once they arrive at the front of the room, Albus continues to the podium as the other two take their seats directly to the right of the podium and facing the gathered group. "I would like to thank all of you for coming this evening. I know times are very difficult and it is becoming increasingly more difficult to hide our Order," he says to the knowing room. "I would like to thank you again," he pauses as he looks around the room as though personally thanking each person there. "Now before we get on to our planned business does anyone have any new news," he asks and with a look over at Sirius he tells the younger man to hold off on what he was

asked to look into for the moment. Sirius nods his head in confirmation of his request.

“What did you do,” Remus asks curiously as he watches the exchange.

“You’ll find out,” Sirius answers cryptically, loving to be able to tease his friends.

When no one came forward with anything, “I guess we can just jump to our planned business then, I received a letter this morning from Mr. Ollivander,” Dumbledore says as he starts this meeting with what he considers the most pressing matter. “He wrote to me to tell me about a young man who came into his shop to purchase a new wand, granted this is nothing new,” he says with a small nod of his head. “However this young man did something very few have done,” he pauses dramatically. “He has gained the curiosity of Mr. Ollivander,” he informs the now interested group of people. “The wand purchased was a very powerful wand which is only one of two of this type. Mr. Ollivander claims this young man looks and feels familiar, but he can’t place who he is, he is said to seem older than his years, and has an odd scar on his forehead in the shape of a lightning bolt. Mr. Ollivander described this young man as a kind fellow, but curious,” Dumbledore finishes with his synapses of what was written to him earlier. As he finishes this he looks over at the Potter’s and their friends to see them giving each other curious looks, looks stating they too know what this might mean.

“Who is this person,” someone calls from the back of the room.

Albus Dumbledore looks back to the remaining group of friends, “he gave the name of Evan Knight,” he answers the question. At the mention of this name a few whispers can be heard, “does anyone else know of Mr. Knight,” he asks hopefully.

Tom the bartender of the Leaky Cauldron stands up from his chair, “I know him,” he says with a smile.

“What can you tell us about this young man,” Albus asks hoping Tom will be able to tell them if this man means them harm or not.

“He came into the pub late last night to get a room, it looked as though he had just been through a war,” Tom explains. “He said you’re the only one to know why he’s here,” he says receiving gasps in response to this news. “He’s very kind, he even helped me,” Tom says with a foreign smile, a smile few has seen in years. “Very smart kid,” he adds, “he’s no threat to us,” he tries to convince everyone. “He tries to help others not hurt them,” he says as he sits down.

“Thank you Tom what you’ve given us is very useful. It’s good to know he’s not a threat,” Albus says with a smile as he wonders just what this young man said to Tom to make him smile again. Making Tom smile was something a lot of people had given up trying to do, it seemed impossible. “Anyone else,” he asks and then smiles wider as another person stands up, a person who everyone knows is still suffering the loss of her youngest child. A person who hasn’t been able to smile these past four years, “Molly,” he prompts as everyone turns their head to look at her is shock.

Molly Weasley looks around the room questioningly, “um,” she starts and then she catches the eye of Madam Malkin, she swallows as she nods her head at her, at this Madam Malkin stands up as well once again surprising everyone with this movement. “I met Evan,” Molly says surprising everyone including her husband and her two oldest children. Not only surprising them by the fact she is standing up but also by the fact she has just called this stranger by his first name. Molly pauses, “I think Melissa Malkin should start the story because she met him before I did,” she says with a small shrug.

Melissa smiles at this, “Evan,” she starts once again surprising them at the use of such familiarity, “came into my shop this morning to purchase a few things,” she says with an understated smile. “He was very kind and made sure I knew he was no threat,” she tries to explain. “He was able to put me at ease without really trying, its as though peace and trust radiate off of him,” she says, “he gave a list of the products he needed and also made a special request which required me to go into the back room. As I left the front area Molly came in,” she says and then looks over at Molly.

“As I stepped into the store, I was surprised to find someone there so early in the morning,” she says still amazed someone so young was up willingly at such a time in the morning. “He greeted me as he was being attacked by Melissa’s measuring devices,” she says with a knowing tone as she looks teasingly over at Melissa who pretends to be affronted by her words.

“It’s not my fault they learn from the students,” Melissa laughs out causing everyone in the room to giggle. A foreign thing to happen and something Albus finds to be very interesting. For he knows something important has happened this morning between this Mr. Knight and Molly Weasley, something that seems to have allowed her to be more herself, now if only she would smile.

“Right,” Molly counters disbelievingly causing more laughter in the room. “Anyway,” she says as she continues softly.

“Molly,” James Potter says softly, “why don’t you go up to the front,” he suggests, “people are getting a kink in their necks,” he teases and is totally shocked when Molly glares teasingly at him. Something that hasn’t happened in many years, causing James to wonder just exactly who this person is and what he did to cause such reactions from the different people he met.

“Very well James,” Molly says with a shake of her head as she makes her way to the front of the room. “As I was saying,” she says as she throws a mock glare at James for interrupting her story. “Evan knew who I was,” she continues her story surprising everyone with her teasing and her words. “Though I know he couldn’t see me,” she continued. “To me it seemed as though he knew me by my voice,” she tries to explain. “He asked how I was doing and for some reason I told him,” she pauses as she glances over at Melissa who smiles her encouragement back at her. “Well,” she says, “I told him everything,” she whispers to the silent room who gasps at what they hear.

Mrs. Diggory stands up and Molly looks over at her in question, “by everything do you mean, EVERYTHING,” she asks.

"I told him I was as well as to be expected and I missed her," Molly says looking straight at Mrs. Diggory and avoiding her husband and two sons. "He knew who I was talking about," she says to the group and this caused instant whisperings to spring up.

"If he knew who you were talking about and knew you then he's a threat," a voice yells.

"That's not true," Tom yells as he stands up and turns around to face the source of the voice. "Mr. Evan's not a threat," he all but shouts back.

Minerva stands up from her chair and looks glaringly at the room, "I don't know about you," she says in her sternest voice, "but I'd like to hear the rest of this story," she demands as she looks around the room until the whispering stops. Once the noise level dropped dramatically Minerva sat down and looked at Molly with a small smile, which turned instantly into wide shocked eyes as Molly Weasley smiles back at her. As people see this, the room is plugged into absolute silence.

"As it turns out," Molly continues after clearing her throat, "Evan did something no one else did," she says trying not to sound accusing and knowing she wasn't successful in her attempt. "He," she pauses as tears start to form in her eyes. "He got to know my little girl," she whispers hoarsely.

"He knew Ginny," Bill asks shocked.

"He knew her," Molly agrees with another smile. "He told me things about her only someone who knew her would. Things I never knew," she says and then looks over at Melissa. "I know what the gloves where he bought," she says to her, "but I know he knew her," she says to her hoping against hope Melissa agrees with her.

"He knew her alright," Melissa agrees easily. "He even knew her temper," she teases the red head up front, who it seems has the decency to blush at this comment.

“Something he learned quickly not to do,” Molly agrees with a soft laugh.

Charlie Weasley stands up, “how do we know he really did know her,” he asks trying to hide the hope in his voice at this comment.

“He could remember the story she used to love,” Molly says with a smile at remembering that morning and all the times she had to have the story read to her.

“How can that be,” Arthur Weasley asks, “We can’t even remember the story let alone find the book,” he says in shock.

“He also answered that question,” Molly says looking directly at her husband, “Ginny took it with her to Hogwarts,” she says shocking everyone in the room. “He told me he and Ginny would have to tell embarrassing stories to each other if they lost at exploding snap,” she continues with a small burst of laughter at remembering his groan. “It turns out that Ginny so loved Robin Hood,” she continues as her sons and husband gasp in recognition of the title. “She always dreamed of being Maid Marian and to have her very own Robin Hood,” she tells the group as a tear rolls down her cheek. “He knew her,” Molly says looking at Bill and remember his words, “he also suggested something to help with the loss, a loss I know he was feeling because I was the first person to tell him, he didn’t know she died, he didn’t know,” she whispers as she drifts off trying not to break down. “He said you,” she continues after a moment still looking at her standing son, “would want to join me tonight for some cookies and milk,” she says surprising him as he looks back at her in shock.

“Cookies and milk,” Bill asks in question.

“Chocolate milk,” Melissa corrects.

“Right, I almost forgot,” Molly agrees. “He said someone suggested this for him and that it’s helped him. He sits down as he eats his cookies and dunks them in his chocolate milk and writes down memories of those he has lost,” she pauses as she remembers just who he has lost and knows she has just added another name to his list. “I’m going to do it tonight,” she tells the shocked room, “I’m also

going to take his advice and offer this chance to everyone, to you Bill specifically,” she says knowingly. “He said you didn’t like the, no talk rule,” she says as Melissa agrees with a nod of her head. “Evan’s new to Diagon Alley,” she says trying to get back on task. “He knows of some things but not of others,” she explains. “He,” she pauses here for a moment, “he helped me to see I can continue to live a happy life without destroying the memory of my daughter, he helped me to understand that Ginny would want me to be happy and not to let our loss control my life, I’m indebted to Evan,” she says as she steps out of the front of the room and heads back to her seat.

“I’ve a question,” Sirius says as he stands up with the folder in his hand and looks at Molly as she sits down. “Did he tell you whom he lost,” he asks curiously.

“He said he’s lost a lot of people,” Molly says slowly as she tries to figure out if she should tell them all of it. Then with a shrug, “he said his parents were murdered,” she finally says receiving a gasp of shock. “He lost others but he didn’t give any names or anything,” she pauses, “he did talk about one death that hit him hard, it was a death of a man who had become something of a grandfather to him,” she says. “He made this man a promise to live as this man was dying in his arms,” she says to Sirius who is standing looking at her in shock.

“Thank you,” Sirius says softly in shock as he sits down again.

“What did he buy,” Remus asks trying to hide his own shock as he remembers something said about what he had purchased.

At this question Melissa stands up, “Evan purchased four black cloaks, one dark blue cloak, one set of black dress robes, six uniforms similar to the students of Hogwarts, a set of dragon hide gloves, a Gryffindor scarf, and seven Seers gloves,” she lists off from memory.

“Seers gloves,” Lily Potter whispers in question and shock at the item told to the room, let alone the amount of said item.

Melissa smiles at the whispered question, “he didn’t even know what they were called,” she says with a small shake of her head. “A dear

friend of his used to get them, he only knew what they looked like," she explains.

"Were they for him," Remus asks logically.

"As far as we know," Melissa answers truthfully.

"So he may have been fooling you with knowledge about your daughter," Severus Snape voice sounds mockingly through the air.

At this Tom once again stands up and faces him, as does both Molly and Melissa, "That's not true," all three of them shout at Severus at once.

"He doesn't believe in Divination, can't stand the subject," Tom adds on after changing glances with the other two.

"You could tell when he was talking," Melissa says in agreement.

"Things he knew as fact were said more easily and without hesitation, but things that were suspect he seemed to try to keep to him self, he hesitated as though he doesn't want to believe it," Molly says knowingly. "He wasn't using it to lie," she growls at the smirking character, "he wasn't hiding it either," she adds on and smiles triumphantly as this shocks Severus.

Albus stands up, "thank you Melissa, Molly and Tom," he says as the three people retake their seats. "Mr. Flourish," he calls out. The man in questions stands up and waits for the question he knows is about to come. "What did Mr. Knight purchase," Dumbledore asks.

Mr. Flourish clears his throat, "Mr. Knight came into my shop and purchased the following books, Hogwarts: A History, um," he pauses, "the new edition and five of the past editions," he clarifies to Lily Potter who was about to ask. "The first rise and fall of the Dark Lord, Famous Witches and Wizards of the century, all six editions, The Dark Wars Series, The Second Rise of the Dark Lord, The Victims of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named Both Reigns, Modern Quidditch, the last twelve editions, 666 Good Hexes, text books from all seven years of Hogwarts," he pauses as everyone in the room gasps in shock.

“Strange Incantations, Alternate Worlds, World Portal, Modern Military Tactics, Advanced Military Tactics, Advanced Auror Training, Special Forces of the Unknown Kind, The Funniest Mistakes made in the Last Decade,” he pauses again. “For entertainment he said, he also got Cooking With and Without Magic, Diagon Alley: A History, Ministry of Magic: A History, the complete set, Self Defense both Magical and Muggle, um, every version I have and he ordered some other versions as well, The Modern Threat, Signs of a Death Eater, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named an annotated story and six journals,” he finishes as he sits down.

“That’s quiet a list,” Remus mutters.

“That’s his homework,” Tom laughs out.

“He told you he had homework,” Remus asks as he looks over at the oddly happy bartender.

“He said there’re things, he needs to know, before he can decide where to go from here,” Tom answers.

Melissa looks puzzled for a moment, “why to school of course,” she says as though it’s the most obvious choice.

“What do you mean by that,” Lily asks in shock.

“Well, I figure she means he should return to school,” Tom says with a knowing smile, “he’s only fifteen years old after all,” he answers to the shock of everyone in the room, a shock to even the unshakable, Albus Dumbledore.

“Almost the same age as Harry,” Remus stutters out in shock.

“That’s impossible,” Sirius Black shouts out. He would’ve noticed that when he looked in his folder, even with his brief glimpse of the file. Wouldn’t he have, he asks him self.

“Sirius will you give us the information you’ve gathered at my request,” Albus asks before anyone else can question.

All eyes in the room move to Sirius as he stands up with the folder in his hands, he walks to the front of the room and places the folder on the podium. He clears his throat as he opens the envelope, he reads part of it as his eyes widen in shock as he confirms the age of the man, um, boy in question. "Evan Knight," he starts reading from the file in front of him. "Was born at midnight July 31, um," he pauses as he looks over at Lily and James, "a year before Harry," he confirms for the startled group before him. "His record shows he's not only taken his O.W.L. s but also his N.E.W.T. s and has passed both of them receiving the highest scores ever known in Hogwarts history," he pauses at the shocked whispering passing through the room. "He went to Hogwarts," he says in a whisper as this news sinks into his muddled mind.

He coughs once and continues, "he's also been declared independent and cleared for underage use of magic, he is licensed to Apparate, he is licensed and registered as an Animagus, Seer, Empath, Healer, Reader, and it seems," he pauses in shock. "It seems," he starts again, "he's trained as an Auror, Unspeakable, and a Military officer, um, his Military Career has been classified," he says to the shock of everyone in the room, including one Sirius Black. "He's received the Order of Merlin First Class, um, three times," he pauses at the uproar of whisperings at this revelation.

After a moment Sirius continues, "he's received various Military Awards, including the Purple Heart, Prefect Certification, various student awards, Hogwarts Graduation Certificate with honors in Defense Against the Dark Arts, Charms, Transfiguration, Care of Magical Creatures, Arithmancy, Potions," he pauses here, "there's a side note stating he failed Divination," he chuckles as he looks up and sees what he is registered as.

As the room hears this they all laugh at the irony of what the note says. "As I said before his Military record is classified but I do know he had his own division, his own command," he says to the startled group in front of him. "His file shows he lived with his mother's only living relative, her sister," he continues as he confirms what Evan told Molly and Melissa. "His Aunt and family have since been murdered, as was his Godfather, his Godmother is unlisted," he continues, "it seems he was then placed with a friends family but soon thereafter

was forced due to the Ministry or something,” he says as he tries to find the reason, “he was forced to fight in court to prove himself as an independent minor, thus granting him status as an adult at the age of fourteen,” Sirius says and then turns around and looks at Albus Dumbledore. “Sir,” he says with wide eyes, “it also says here he’s in a Special Forces group called the Phoenix’s Order. There’s a note here in a specially sealed envelope for Albus Dumbledore and only Albus Dumbledore,” Sirius says as he lifts said envelope and hands it over to the Headmaster.

Albus Dumbledore takes the letter with a look of confusion clearly on his face. He turns it over to look at the address, or the part of the letter stating who it is for, only to be shocked more than he thought possible. The handwriting he sees is his own. With an intake of breath he breaks the seal and removes the paper within. He opens the letter and begins to read aloud to the gathered trusted group.

Albus Dumbledore

It seems as though I’ve you at a disadvantage. I understand what you’re more than likely feeling at this very moment, or at least what I would be feeling at this moment. Confusion, am I right? Not to worry, I believe I’d be more worried if you understood what’s going on, what’s happened. For there’s no real way to understand it, without knowing everything about this young man and that’s something you, as I did myself, must learn. You’ll find him to be quiet an amazing person with a heart of total gold, surpassing by far even his parents.

I don’t know what’s going on in the world today, but I do know Evan Knight hasn’t had an easy time of it. He’s new there and I promise he’s no harm. Yet, I know you won’t believe this. How I know you ask, well, I’m you and you’re me, so the knowledge is in and of ourselves. Know this, Evan Knight has an interesting history and no he won’t tell you. At least not yet if at all, I highly suggest you get to know this young man for you’ll learn more about yourself and the world around you than you ever thought possible. I know in our hundred plus years this seems to be impossibility in itself, but it’s possible. Evan Knight is impossibility, yet, he’s possible and he does the impossible.

He's the most honest person I know, the name Evan Knight is not his birth name, may not be his own, but might as well be. For it sums up not only his family, but those he called such, the meanings will only seem logical once you learn what they refer to. He doesn't give his trust or his love easily, but he'll give his life instantly for another, whether or not he knows them. Make sure he doesn't do this, I'm intrusting his life into your hands. I only hope you are worthy of such considerable trust. His life is worth more than even my own, I know I'll give my life to protect him, I only hope it's enough.

In his lifetime he's been forced into such things he never should've been. He never complained, he never argued, he took what was given to him and tried to learn the best from it. He was forced to witness many murders. He himself had to fight out of a situation most grown adults would have faltered in. He's forced to face such evil and yet he never lets it taint him. Ask him about Adam, it's a story of truth, a story that'll make you think and now this, he followed what he learned that day to a tee. There never came a day when he would let the world collapse around him. He does everything in his power to make life seems better, easier for those around him, no matter what he is feeling on the inside. (Only one person was truly able to know what he was feeling, one person who could push past his shell.) Impossible, I know, but true. I bet he's already done something of this sort, why else would you be looking into his files. His files can never begin to cover the amount of knowledge and ability he has. His files can't touch the strength of his heart, such great strength, but if you didn't know this first hand, you never would.

To try and explain what he's gone through is impossible. Yet, he never quit, and he never complained. He did as he was told; he even made things easier for those around him, even after having to watch his Godfather and his parent's last friend get murdered. I can only imagine what he's going through. Yet, I know I don't have a clue. Everything he has done, he's done for those he loves, for his family of the heart.

He's his parent's son, he's smart, studious, caring, understanding, and the biggest prankster this man has ever had the pleasure of knowing. He does everything he can to lift the spirits of those around him. Yes, he's a Seer, an Empath, a Healer, many other things, and

has this ability for trouble to find him. Although he is all of these things, he protects not only himself from invading others; he protects others from his projections. You'll find he has an enchanted arm bracelet that inhibits most, as he calls it, background invasions of his mind. He loves his privacy and he respects the privacy of others, thus these abilities are very difficult for him.

I suggest you don't treat him any different than anyone else. He'll know, and maybe not through his added abilities. He's very able to tell what others are feeling, thinking and such. He calls it profiling them, something he's exceptional with, something he's been doing all of his life. He doesn't need these added abilities to know what's going on around him. He's very perceptive of his surroundings and those within it.

One conversation with this young man can change your way of life. He has the ability to explain truth in its' barest most honest form, astonishingly, so at times. He can explain life with just a glance, he taught me to live, not just exist as I've been, but live. You more than likely don't know this feeling I feel. He's become more than a student, more than an ally, more than a friend; he has become the grandson I never had.

Evan doesn't need the burden of your world placed upon his already over burdened shoulders. Let him live his life as he wishes. Talk to him, yes, but don't force anything onto him. Hogwarts was his first home, his true home. I hoped you like the side note, failing Divination. He can't stand the subject and doesn't believe in it, if you can imagine that. His logic's hilarious at times and sometimes down right frightening. In one moment he can cause you to sit where you are with your mouth hanging open in total shock, and the next your wiping tears from your laughter. Another thing I'm sure you're questioning, the Order of the Phoenix? Am I right? Yes Evan does know of it. How much is up to him to reveal. He's done more than his share; let him try to be a kid again. Something he's never had the chance to be.

Once again, I ask that you protect Evan Knight, and if you don't trust him, let him be. All who know, who really know him, love him. You don't know him. You can't, even if you wanted to, but know that it'll

take a large amount of time to do so. Not only that, he's there because of a promise I had him make me. A promise he knew nothing of the consequences, a promise where he had to leave his family behind possibly forever. He doesn't want to be there, so don't make matters worse for him.

Albus Dumbledore

Albus Dumbledore looks at the letter in total disbelief. Removing his wand he casts a few spells on it to reveal he himself did write this. Something he doesn't remember ever writing. After a few moments of spell casting he looks up at the thirty or so gathered people, confusion and shock clearly evident on his aged features, "it's my writing," he confirms for them.

Thus causing uproar of conversations to arise because of this shocking news, Albus sits down next to Minerva and Alastor, he hands the letter over to Minerva who takes it with shaking hands. She rereads what they've just been told. Once she's done she looks up at her friend of many years, "what could this mean Albus," she asks almost afraid of the meaning, yet excited at the same time.

"It means I trust this young man with my life, with my heart," Albus says just as shocked as she is.

"It could be a bluff," Alastor growls out. At this Minerva hands the letter over to Alastor to look at. After he rereads it and casts his own set of revealing spells he too is convinced Albus Dumbledore wrote the letter. "Then again," he growls out in his own type of shock. "There's no way this kid could've done all that," he says after a moment, "we all would've known about him, he graduated from Hogwarts," he all but shouts out not realizing he has the attention of everyone in the room. "we all should've met him long before now," he repeats, "where's he been, where'd he learn this stuff, we all know the only way for someone so young to learn this is to be someone's apprentice, who was the master of this apprentice. Where's the letters to the schools telling them of his advanced training, where is this Phoenix's Order, why didn't we receive knowledge from this enchanter about this arm bracelet, why did he just all of a sudden appear as if out of nowhere," he continues to shout out in question.

“More importantly what are we to do with him,” he asks in an almost whisper.

Tom stands up, “I say we let Evan alone,” he almost pleads as he remembers how Evan looked the night before. He remembers the injuries, the battle worn look, the shock and pain in his gray eyes.

“I second that,” Molly Weasley and Melissa Malkin say at the same time as they two stand up.

Mr. Weasley looks between the two of them, “I say we talk to him,” he says as he stands up. “If for nothing else then to be sure he’s no threat,” he agrees with them.

“Who knows maybe we should offer him the Defense Against the Dark Arts position at Hogwarts once the new professor quits,” Sirius Black suggests with an amused shrug.

To everyone’s surprise Tom snorts at this, “I asked him if he’d come here for the position, he just responded in an amused voice, ‘I highly doubt the Ministry, School Council or the Professors would like a fifteen year old to teach the students,’ and I believe he truly forgot parents in that list,” Tom says as he remembers what had happened to the young man’s parents.

“The letter talked about an Adam,” Sirius says with a questioning voice, “who’s Adam,” he asks.

“Adam,” Tom says as everyone turns to look at him, “was a student who went to school with him. Mr. Evan said Adam was a Muggle born placed in something similar to that of Slytherin,” he tries to explain.

“Talk about suicide,” James says with a shake of his head.

“We are,” Tom says instantly causing everyone to gasp in shock as they turn to look back at Tom. “Well, at least almost,” he clarifies. “Mr. Evan and a friend of his would smile at this young man every time they passed, they didn’t know him, but they didn’t judge him. One day Adam stopped the three of them and told them one day he’d

been on his way to off himself when he was greeted by Mr. Evan and his friend. This caused Adam to think about his life and the world around him, it gave Adam a reason to live. Mr. Evan and his friend unknowingly saved Adams life,” Tom says hoping he got it mostly right. “Mr. Evan says that from that day on he tried to greet people with a smile, for he may never know when that very simple action could help someone else,” he explains. “It’s because of Mr. Evan I’ve changed my ways, it’s because of Mr. Evan I’m no longer afraid to get to know people, it’s because of this great kid I’m able to continue with my life, my work, my beliefs, Mr. Evan is only trying to help,” he ends as he sits down and lets everyone think about what he has just told them.

“A friend of his,” Remus says in question wondering if it was Tom who left out names or if Evan did.

“He never gave me names,” Tom answers the question.

“Interesting,” Dumbledore says with a knowing look in his eyes. “Has Mr. Knight told anyone else anything about his past,” he asks to the three couple there.

“When he learned about Ginny, he asked how she had died,” Molly says reluctantly. “He knew about the Chamber of Secrets,” she pauses as she waits for the renewed talking to stop. “He visibly paled as I told him about what’d happen, he didn’t know,” she chokes out. “I’d just told him one of his friends had died and here he was helping me, me who’ve known for years,” she says as she tries to fight against her tears. “It was then he told me things only someone who knew her would know, he said the first time he met Ginny, she placed her elbow in the butter on the table,” she says with a shake of her head at how true to form that was of Ginny. “He than called her a spitfire, energetic, honest, inventive, almost as bad as the twins,” she says as she drifts off.

“He pissed her off one time,” Melissa picks up knowing Molly needs time. “He really pissed her off; he said he learned real quickly not to do that again. He even said that Ginny’s temper rivals Molly’s. He continued to explain that she’s shy, assertive, never backs down, she

loves her family, and then he went onto something I never knew Ginny tried,” Melissa says looking over at Molly.

“He said she’s smart, talented in charms, good at dueling, loves to fly, to play Quidditch, she listens to anything you wish to tell her, he talked about playing exploding snap, he then said she told him the story of Robin Hood and her secret wish, he said when she confessed that she blushed redder than her hair,” she sighs with a shake of her head.

“He said since they couldn’t bet and were too much like brother and sister to do anything else,” Melissa says with a smile, “telling embarrassing stories was the consequence of losing a game of Exploding Snap,” she repeats. “From what we could guess he told her some of his own stories,” she says with a smile as she remembers his groan.

“He then went on, to tell us he’s lost many but not as much as others,” Molly tries to explain to the group hoping they won’t hate this young man. She couldn’t take it if she was the cause for him to be ostracized from her world. “He tries to honor those he’s lost by living his life to its fullest,” she continues to the silent room. “As he describes the loss of one person he considered to be his grandfather, he compared the pain to that of the Cruciatus, he said the pain of the curse paled in comparison to the pain of this loss. He then told me Ginny would want me to continue living, to be happy. He explained for me to be happy doesn’t mean I have to forget her, it simply means I’m embracing her love by being her mother,” Molly finishes with her words, her reasoning, her life changing experience brought on by a fifteen year old boy.

“He then paid for his purchases, plus the six pairs of Seers gloves I have ordered,” Melissa continues the story, “he paid up front for everything,” she says to the shock of everyone. “He came by just as I was about to leave to pick up his order,” she says telling them something none of them knew. “He looked like he had walked all day,” she continues. “I asked him how his day went,” she says shaking her head at the memory. “He said something like, ‘oh it was okay, been busy causing a ruckus if you know what I mean. It seems everyone here loves a mystery. At least I don’t have to go out

tomorrow, I feel as though I've been going non stop for a year and a half,' at least I think that's what he said," she says with a shrug. "He then said he has much to do and he turned around to walk out of the door when he paused. He turned around and looked at me for a moment, it seemed as though he was trying to decide whether or not to continue. He finally did, he said, 'in your gathering tonight, all will be based mostly on fact, but some things are best left unknown. To be torn from a place you call home and moved to a foreign world almost is a lot to ask of someone, even if that someone didn't know. However this maybe, a meeting of the minds will come, only when they are required to,' he than shrugged. 'Sorry about that,' he apologized. 'Sometimes I've no control, it just needed to be said,' he tried to explain to me. It was the strangest thing to see. I knew he was fighting against saying it, he didn't want to say it but it seemed as though he had to. He then said it was best to get going, he has a lot to do tonight and I should get going before I'm late," she says as she tries to remember how it went exactly. "He then left my store and I realized I was almost late for coming here," she finishes her tale.

Lily Potter looks at Melissa with a dazed look, almost envious in nature, "you got to hear a prophecy," she whispers softly.

"Yeah," Melissa says with a nod of her head. "The question is, what does it mean," she asks in return.

"Well the gathering is this meeting," Minerva explains reluctantly. Everyone in the room knows of her dislike of the Divination subject.

"So all of what we say here will be mostly on fact," Bill says going on with what his former teacher started.

"However some things are best left unknown," Charles says after a moment. "What things," he asks out loud.

"It seems he was torn from his home and moved here," Tom says as he remembers the look of disbelief, of shock on Mr. Evan's face last night. This could explain his reaction to being here.

"A meeting of the minds," Sirius repeats, "whose minds and what about them being required to," he asks.

"I think," Molly says surprising everyone, "it means when it is time to talk it'll be the right time for it and not before. I think it means he won't tell anyone anything he isn't comfortable with until the right time has come," she says surprising everyone with her insight.

After a moment of silence as everyone thinks about these things, all of a sudden James Potter realizes something, "You can't be serious, Sirius," he finally blurts out. "Having a fifteen year old teaching DADA," he asks his friend.

Sirius looks over at his friend with a look of shock, "If that kid has done even half of what his file says he did, if he has received the Order of Merlin not once, not twice, but three times just imagine what he knows," he says defending his words from what seems to have been hours ago but was in truth a short few moments before.

Lily sits there for a moment and then nods her head, "We're almost at the point of offering the job to my sister Petunia," she says to her husband.

"Your sister's a Muggle, a horrible one at that," Remus points out and then his eyes widen in shock as he realizes what she means.

"Right," Lily agrees. "We're in definite need of a professor," she says, "however whether to have a child as the teacher is as he said something the board would never grant. Besides, graduation or not he should be in school, and not out in the world on his own. This boy needs our help, it seems he's alone in the world," she says looking up at the front of the room. "I know what we've learned here tonight, but I feel we need to help this child. He needs to go to school where we can watch over him and help to protect him just as we protect every other student," she says almost pleadingly to the Headmaster.

Albus Dumbledore thinks about this for a moment, "I believe you're right Professor Potter," he says to Lily. "I think this Evan Knight needs to remain close to us as we can possibly get him," he continues. "Whom shall we send to talk to him," he asks as he looks over at Tom, Molly and Melissa.

"You," Molly says instantly.

"Yes," Tom agrees, "You're the best choice for it's you he said he needed to see," he explains his reasoning.

"Hey," Melissa says with a rise of her hands, "I always say you," she agrees with the rest causing laughter to be heard.

"Very well, I'll go and greet Mr. Knight tomorrow," Albus concedes but he finds himself excited at the prospect of meeting this young curious man.

Leaky Cauldron

The one now called Evan Knight gently closes Hogwarts: A History with a weary sigh. It is worse than he had ever feared. This world is very different than his world. It seems time here in this world is behind by a year. So he is older than the Harry James Potter of this world.

It seems everything started to change on that Halloween night when he was fifteen months old. Voldemort was after the Potters of this world, but in the end he chose the Longbottom's. Thus meaning Neville Longbottom was to be the marked one. However, it seems something in this world didn't work. Alice Longbottom gave her life for her son just as Lily Potter did for hers in his world. In this world, the result was much different. When Voldemort finished off Alice, he attacked Neville. The spell did backfire onto Voldemort, thus taking his body away, but Neville was also killed by the curse.

In this world, peace didn't return as quickly as it did in his. This world was in an uproar, their savior is dead. They have nothing; they have no one to look to for hope, no one to save their world again. The Death Eaters still held their ground and helped Voldemort return much quicker. Thus allowing him to do the most damage to the Muggle born families, it was then he learned of the death of Hermione Granger. She was murdered at the age of eight years, and as of this moment her parents are still alive. It was with this news he realized how much he was hoping she would be alive in this world.

The Harry James Potter of this world is currently attending Hogwarts and is accompanied by his siblings, Destiny and Jacen Potter. Mrs. Lily Potter is the professor of Arithmancy. James Potter is head of the Auror division, closely followed by Sirius Black. Remus Lupin is assistant grounds keeper and protector of the students as is Rubius Hagrid.

It seems to Evan, everything he held dear is now torn asunder. His world no longer exists until he can find away back home, if there is one. It is here Evan realizes he doesn't care if he gets to know his parents or not. In fact he prefers not to. What he does want is to, well, go home. And no matter how closely this place is to it, it isn't home. He wants to be home with Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Neville, Molly Weasley, Arthur Weasley, Bill, Charlie, Fred, and George Weasley. He just wants to go home. It was with this sadden thought in his mind that Evan Knight drifted off into the horrors of the night, but he knew this was the only place he would ever be able to see his family ever again.

Chapter Nine

Finding Family

"I don't care," a familiar female voice shouts out uncharacteristically for her nature, causing the silence of the night to be broken.

"There is nothing we can do," another female voice shouts in return, for her this is nothing new, at least she is true to her redheaded nature.

"There has to be, it has to be in these books somewhere," the first one shouts, but not as loud as before.

"We have checked everywhere," the second answers just loud enough for those close by to hear.

"We just have to keep looking," the first voice sobs out. "There is no possible way he just disappeared, it is technically impossible. He has to be somewhere," the voice continues shouting in a sobbing kind of voice.

"I wondered how long it would finally take," an older female voice whispers to those gathered around the open fire.

"It's only been a day," a male voice answers.

"Yes Ron it has, but that's different when you are a female," Molly Weasley tries to explain. "The fact she has held it in this long is an amazing feat. Most women would lose it long before now," she says.

"This is Hermione we are talking about," Ron reminds her.

"Poor Ginny," Neville says in sympathy of the youngest Weasley children.

"She knows how to handle our Hermione," Fred says with a glance at the tent where the two women are.

Just then steps can be heard walking towards the gathered group. "It's official," Bill says with a shake of his head.

"Nothing's left," He asks as his hopes die faster than he thought possible, and he finds himself wanting to share sobs with Hermione.

"Not one thing of his is still here," Charlie answers.

"It's as if when he disappeared everything else did as well," Mr. Weasley says as he sits down next to his wife to offer his comfort to her and at the same time take comfort from her.

"What was it he was saying," George asks after a moment.

"I never heard anything like it," Neville says honestly.

Silence took over the group as they listen to the sounds coming from the tent to the south of them. Sounds they wish they could be sharing, yet knowing if they give in, it would mean they have stopped believing in Harry's possible return. After what seemed like forever but may have only been an hour or two Ron snorts at a thought he had just had. More like a memory.

"What," Hermione asks as she pokes her head out of the tent not even bothering to be discrete about her puffy red eyes and cheeks.

"Yeah Ron what," Ginny asks as she too comes out of the tent with Hermione. The two of them make their way over to the rest of the group. Ginny shrugs slightly at a look her mother threw her. Basically she just told Molly the storm is far from over, but it hasn't really set in yet.

"I was just remembering a conversation we had one night," he says with a small smile. "It was just after his name was in the papers again for some reason or another," he explains.

"Oh," Neville pipes up, "I remember that conversation," he says with a smile of his own.

“Well are you going to share it with the rest of us,” Bill asks as he sits down after putting more wood in the fire.

“Well,” Ron starts, “he was sick of people using his name in the papers,” he tries to explain.

“He hates being the center of attention,” Hermione agrees knowingly.

“Well, this one night he asked us what we would think about him changing his name,” Ron says.

“We asked him what name he would change it too,” Neville continues.

“We talked about it all night,” Ron says with a shake of his head.

“Did you find one,” George asks in interest.

“Yes we did,” Neville answers.

“Well,” Ginny prompts them. When they don’t answer fast enough for her liking, “are you going to sit there or are you going to tell us,” she demands as her anger starts to bubble beneath the surface of her calm façade.

“Evan Knight,” Ron says instantly heading off her temper.

“Okay,” Hermione says after a moment, “I understand Evan because of his mother’s maiden name of Evans, but where did Knight come from,” she asks wondering at the thought processes of boys in the middle of the night.

“Well, part of it had to do with Remus, James, and Sirius,” Ron explains. “They were, Black and well Remus was controlled by the moon, and James was part of the moon crew and all, but the other part of it was us,” he says with a blush as he remembers being told he was important to the savior of the Wizarding World.

“Us,” Molly asks in a hoarse whisper.

“Yes us,” Neville agrees. “You see he came up with Knight because we all had to hide what we were up to and who we supported,” he tries to explain the reasoning he had given them that night.

“We always seemed to do our work in the dark, the Sorcerers Stone, The Chamber of Secrets, saving Sirius, the Tri-Wizard Tournament training; it all took place after the sun had gone down. Its Harry’s way of including us in his life, into his pretend name,” Ron continues the explanation.

“Evan Knight did you say,” Bill asks after a moment, a curtain tone in his voice none have heard before from him.

“Yes why,” Ron asks.

“Well there was a letter to the friends and family of Evan Knight,” Bill says as he reaches into his pocket. He pulls it out and shows it to the others. “It was in the place of some of his books,” he explains to the group.

“Open it,” Ginny says in a hoarse voice.

Bill hands it over to Hermione knowing he can’t read it aloud and knowing she is the one who seems to be able to handle most everything in tough situations. Hermione takes the letter with shaking hands. She looks at Bill in question which he just shrugs in response to. She looks down at the letter and turns it over in her hand to see handwriting she had only seen written to Harry. “It’s Professor Dumbledore’s handwriting,” she says to the shocked group.

“It is,” Bill says dumbfounded. Hermione nodded in the affirmative.

“Well read it,” Ron says trying to keep the hope from entering not only his heart but his voice as well.

Hermione breaks the seal of the envelope; she closes her eyes as she sends a silent prayer to the Gods above. She opens her eyes and pulls out the parchment within. She opens it and begins to read it aloud to the others with her. As she reads the words reach her heart and lift her soul, giving her reason to continue to live a reason

to continue to breathe. The words in the letter give her away to find her heart, to find Harry.

Greetings to all of you

I know what you are reading is coming as a shock to you. I also know the handwriting is also something of a shock as well. I wrote this before my death, yes I know I am dead by now, I only hope my death was honorable and helped Harry in his journey to defeat Voldemort.

If you are reading this, Harry has in fact defeated Voldemort and has fulfilled his promise to me. I made him promise me to say an incantation I myself had made. This incantation was to transport Harry to another universe. No Ms. Granger he did not know what it would do, I made him promise and you know Harry and his promises. Needless to say as you are reading this he is in another universe.

I also know he loves all of you dearly and if he'd known what the spell would do he wouldn't have done it. I also know of another prophecy for Harry. He has to go to this other world it's the rest of his destiny. More over he has to start there alone, thus meaning you can not follow. YET, that's right, you will be able to go if you so wish in six months time. Know this, when the time comes the spell can only be said once. Everyone who wishes to go at this time must be there, where he first disappeared, for the spell to take them to Harry. Also know this, there is no returning here. Once you go, forever will you be stuck in this other world, this other universe, so be prepared to remain there.

When you see Harry, Ms. Granger, tell him I am sorry for everything he has been forced to endure. I have left a letter for him, it will transport to him at the same time as those who wish to go with him. Live well and be happy, don't let another day go by where you don't tell the one's you love that you love them. For there might not be another day to say those three most important words.

Albus Dumbledore

Hermione looks up from the parchment to those around her. Her tear stained cheeks raise in a small relieved smile. "Harry's alive," she says more to herself than to those there. She looks back down at the parchment and then she looks up, "Six months," she repeats, "I've lots to do to get ready, things to pack, oh my, do I have enough time," she says as she stands up and almost runs to her tent to pack for her trip to another universe.

Ron watches her go and he closes his eyes as he lets the words from the letter settle into his mind. He wants to go, he wants to be with his brother, but to go he has to leave behind the rest of his family. He feels his heart start to truly break for the first time, knowing he will chose to remain with the rest of his family, and that he'll never get to say goodbye to Harry. Tears slip passed his eyelids as he realizes for the first time he will never get to see Harry ever again. He stands up and runs away from the rest of the family and into his own tent, well the tent he shared with Neville and Harry. Throwing himself onto his bunk he continues to fight the want to cry, the need to give into this pain into his heart. He fights against such things knowing men don't cry. For the first time in his life he wishes there was no such unwritten rule.

Molly Weasley watches her youngest biological son as the news sinks in. She is surprised to see the tears glistening in his eyes. It is when he gets up and runs away from them that she knows what his choice would be; he will stay with his family no matter how much he wants to go to Harry. He'll stay because he knows Harry would want him to be with his family. As she watches him run from them her own tears leave a new trail down her cheeks. She turns to look at the rest of her family to find them watching Ron run away.

"He's going," Charlie asks softly.

"No," Molly says, "He's staying," she says trying to keep herself from bursting with her own sobs.

"Why," Ginny asks in a whimper.

"He knows Harry wants him to remain with his family," Arthur answers understanding the reasoning his wife had just used.

“Harry is family,” Fred says seriously.

Molly looks up at her children to see the same serious face on each of them, “Yes,” she agrees with a wet smile, “yes he is, but the question is do we want to join him in another world and perhaps have to restart this war,” she asks her children seriously.

“Like you have to ask,” George says with a roll of his eyes.

Molly looks at each of her children in turn her smile widening as she receives their answer to an unasked question. Even Neville answers her, same as her own children. “I think I should go and talk to Ron,” she says after she received the same answer from her husband.

Ron tries to force his pain away from him and into his pillow by pushing his face as hard as he can and screaming as loudly as he can, anything to avoid the tears that want to come. He jumps slightly as he feels a hand on his shoulder and he knows it is his mother. “I wish he were here,” he whispers to her.

“I know dear we all do,” Molly says as she rubs his back in circles.

“I’m going to miss him mum, I already miss him,” he croaks out, “he was going to be best man at my wedding,” he whimpers. “I know it’s not his fault, but I want him here mum, he’s my brother,” he almost pleads as he rolls over to look at his crying mother.

“I know baby, I know,” she whispers as she takes him into her arms allowing both of them to seek comfort from each other. “That’s why we have a lot of work to do if we’re going to him in six months time,” Molly whispers into his ear.

Ron sits up in shock, “we,” he stutters, “all,” he tries again. “Really,” he finally asks.

Molly laughs as she nods, “no one it seems even questioned it,” she tells him. “All of us are heading to Harry as soon as the time comes,” she tells her shocked son.

Ron launches himself at his mother and wraps her into a tight embrace, "I'm going to see him again," he asks hopefully.

"We all are," Molly corrects.

"We're so going to adopt his arse," Ron all but shouts out in excitement.

"Ronald Weasley, watch your language," Molly orders.

"Oh, sorry mum," Ron says with a blush.

"It's okay this once," Molly says with a smile, "and this time we will adopt him, or at least try our hardest," she promises her son before her.

"About time too isn't it," a voice from the door agrees.

"Yes dad it is," another voice says from behind the first one.

"Charlie," Arthur greets.

"We have all come to an agreement, we are going to go and find our brother and make sure once and for all he's our brother," Bill says as he too comes into the tent.

"All," Ron asks.

"Well," Bill says looking around the tent, "you don't need us to voice the opinions of the Twins or Ginny, and I think we just told you our opinions," he explains.

"Wicked," Ron grins widely.

"Great," Fred says as he and George enter the room.

"We'll get out the picnic baskets," George continues.

"Time for the family to go on an outing," Fred sings out.

“Yeah, maybe in this other world we can open our shop,” George suggests to the horror of their mother.

“Hmm, sounds like a plan my dear brother,” Fred agrees causing everyone including the reluctant Molly Weasley to laugh.

“Let’s go get our brother,” Fred, George, Bill Charlie, Neville and Ron shout out in laughter as everyone finally feels as though not everything is right in the world but it is getting there. Now they just have to wait six months to go to their new home.

Chapter Ten

The Day After

With a shout of horror the lone figure in room number nineteen wakes in a cold sweat. Evan Knight sits up in his sweat soaked bed, trying not too successfully to control his breathing. Raising a shaking hand to his sopping wet hair he runs his fingers through it. Then next instant he is throwing his covers off of him and throwing his legs over the side of the bed. Placing his hands on his knees he tries to regulate his breathing, in and out, in and out, but he knows it's not really working. "Damn it Harry get a grip on yourself," he whispers in between breaths. Finally after a moment to control his breath the blackness around the edges of his sight start to clear, telling him it's working. He releases an explosion of air, "I hate those," he says as he pushes himself off of the bed.

He walks into the restroom and turns on the water, splashing cold water on his face he looks up into the mirror, "must have been a bad one dear," the mirror comments.

Harry smiles at the mirror, "and to think it was one of the nicer one's," he says in a soft whisper.

"If that's a nice one I would hate to see you after a bad one," the mirror comments truthfully.

Harry tilts his head as he tries to remember the name of this particular personality, "Cara isn't it," he finally asks.

"How," the mirror stutters, "how did you know," Cara asks shocked.

"I know many things Cara," Evan says with a small shrug. "I have a favor to ask of you," He continues, "it's not much," he rushes knowing Cara's personality from his world.

"What is it young man," Cara asks in interest.

"Don't tell anyone what you see or hear in here please," he asks, "well you know the important things," he clarifies.

“Like your screaming,” Cara asks.

“I don’t much care about that one way or another,” Evan admits, “It’s more like what I say before I wake and what I say to myself,” he explains.

“Like Harry get a grip,” Cara asks.

“Right,” Evan agrees with a nod. “The name here is Evan,” he explains.

“But your real name is Harry,” Cara asks.

“I won’t answer until I have your promise,” Evan says knowing that when Cara makes a promise it is as true as gold.

“I promise,” she says knowing her interest in this young man may have just placed her in a position she may not have wanted to be in.

“My real name is Harry, at least where I come from,” Evan tells her, “however here there seems to be someone with my name,” he continues as he starts to set up his room. He turns to the nearest mirror knowing Cara will be following him around the room. “Oh, can I ask that you be the only personality to visit this room during my stay,” he asks the mirror.

“Tom has already assigned me to you because he knows you need your privacy,” Cara explains.

“Information gathering already,” Evan corrects knowingly. “Don’t worry,” he says as he senses Cara’s uneasiness. “The only thing I don’t want you to tell them is my dreams and my slips of name if you will, and other things you believe I won’t want others to know. I will trust your judgment on those,” he tells her.

“How do you know me,” Cara finally asks.

“That I am afraid I can’t answer,” Evan says with a sigh as he pulls out his Officer’s Uniform and Cloak.

“What is that,” Cara asks.

“This,” Evan asks as he raises the Uniform.

“Yes,” Cara agrees.

“This is my uniform,” Evan says as he places it on a hanger in the restroom as he begins to undress. Cara gasps as she sees the scars lining his back and chest. “Oh, don’t worry Cara,” Evan says knowing what she is gasping about. “Their mostly years old,” he explains to her as he continues to start his shower.

“How did you get them,” Cara asks and then coughs, “I’m sorry I don’t mean to be nosy,” she apologizes.

“It’s alright Cara, you can ask anything you wish, just know not to get upset if I don’t answer. Fair enough,” Evan asks her.

“I can handle that,” Cara agrees with an audible smile.

“I got the scars mostly from my time with my Aunt and Uncle, others from my time at school and the war,” he answers her question as he steps into the stream of running water.

“I’m sorry,” she says to him as she realizes what he has just told her.

“Don’t be,” Evan answers from his shower. “I am mostly over it as it is,” he explains to someone he once told everything to. The first person, if you will, he told the whole truth to. “I got away from it anyways,” he says to her.

“Have you ever told anyone,” she asks worriedly.

“Not many people know about it, if that’s what you’re asking,” he says as he finishes his shower and steps out, drying himself, not bothering with his hair.

As he reaches for his uniform Cara decides to take this young man up on his word, “who have you told,” she asks.

“Oh,” Evan says as he pulls on his boxers, “um,” he says as he reaches for the pants, “the people who know are Albus, Minerva, Ron, Hermione, Molly, Arthur, and you of course, others suspect but don’t ask,” he answers as he slips his white undershirt on.

“You’re not going to give me last names,” Cara asks with a small laugh at this boy’s tactics.

“Oddly enough more than half of them seem odd to say that way if you know what I mean,” Evan says not really answering her question yet not being rude about it either as he starts to button up his shirt and tuck it into his trousers.

“I gather you used to call them something else,” Cara asks as she follows him into the bedroom part.

“You could say that,” Evan nods his agreement as he affixes his wand holster to his left arm and then buttons the cuffs on his sleeves.

“What are you getting dressed up for,” Cara asks as she watches him continue to dress.

“How long were you here when I was dreaming,” he asks in return.

“Oh,” she says answering not only his question but hers as well.

Evan pulls his black shiny boots that go almost to his knees on, he smiles knowing she has more or less given herself away. “Right,” he says as he tucks his pant legs into the boots.

“Who,” Cara asks softly.

“Well it’s more of where than whom,” Evan corrects her. “For you see there’re a lot of people who will be involved with this,” he says as he stands up from the bed and walks over to his cloak. “Though I have no idea why I am doing this,” he mutters to himself.

“Oh, okay, then where,” she asks with a small chuckle at his tactics.

Sliding into his cloak and walking towards the door, he pauses as he reaches the door, "Hogwarts," he answers, receiving a gasp from the mirror. "I will see you later Cara," Evan says as he opens the door.

"Good luck Harry," Cara calls softly after the retreating form knowing she has just met an exceptional young man.

Evan walks down the steps to the pub and spots Tom behind the counter, "Hey Tom," he calls as he makes his way over to the bartender. "How was your night," he asks as he slides onto the stool.

Tom looks up at the young man before him and smiles brightly, "Enlightening," Tom answers as he looks Evan over, "you dressed up for something special," he asks wondering at the almost uniform look to Evan.

"Oh you know," Evan answers with a slight shrug. "I need the room again for say another two days," Evan says as Tom cleans the counter top.

"You going out today," Tom asks with a gentle smile.

"It seems so, but I don't really know why," Evan says with a small shake of his head.

"That sounds interesting," Tom chuckles, "what would you like for breakfast this morning," he asks.

"A mug of your hot chocolate and a piece of toast please," Evan answers without really thinking.

"You're on," Tom says as he heads to get the order. When he returns he places the items in front of Evan. "So where are you off to today," he asks conversationally, yet knowing he is trying to learn the location so he can tell Professor Dumbledore the location.

"There's a shop in Hogsmeade I want to check out," Evan says with a shrug, "then I'll see where the day takes me from there," he answers.

“Hogsmeade huh,” Tom questions with a shake of his head, he wonders if this kid knows he’s giving away too much information, tracking information.

Evan lifts his mug to his lips and smiles softly at the man before him, “Not to worry Tom, I know I can trust you,” he says to shock of Tom.

“Uh,” Tom starts but Evan raises his hand as he places down his mug.

“I know a lot of things,” Evan starts to explain, “I don’t need to know exactly what goes on, but I learn quickly,” he says with a raised eyebrow. “I don’t have to be able to read your thoughts to be able to read you,” he says as Tom opens his mouth to say something.

“Then how did you know,” Tom asks not realizing he himself has just confirmed what he had intended to do.

“It’s all in reading the body,” Evan says as he takes another drink. “Something I have been doing all of my life. Something that has saved me a lot of times as well,” he continues. “Though at times it does seem to get me into a bind,” he says with a shake of his head.

“How do you know you can trust me,” Tom finally asks.

“There are many different answers to that question,” Evan sighs. “Some of them you know, but most you do not,” he says in a whisper. “I know you’re not evil because you have no darkness in your soul, you don’t know how to be evil and if you did, things would be very bad indeed,” Evan explains.

“You can see auras,” Tom asks shocked.

“I didn’t say that,” Evan says truthfully yet not answering.

“Is your name really Mr. Evan,” Tom finally asks.

“By birth you mean,” Evan asks.

“Yes,” Tom agrees.

"No," Evan states as fact.

"What is your name then," Tom asks.

"I won't give anyone my birth name yet, if at all," Evan says confirming what Tom already knew from the letter last night. "But it might as well be Evan Knight," Evan finishes.

"Did you go to Hogwarts," Tom asks with a tilt of his head.

"Yes," Evan answers as he finishes his piece of toast.

"Then why hasn't anyone ever heard of you," Tom asks in interest.

"Because to know of me would mean to know of my past, which is something no one here knows, and I hope to keep it that way," Evan explains.

"Why don't you want anyone to know of your past," Tom asks with raised eyebrows.

"Can I ask you a question," Evan asks instead.

"Yeah," Tom says after a moment.

"Have you ever just wanted to be something no one else would let you be," he asks.

"Yeah," Tom agrees with a reluctant sigh.

"Okay," Evan says with a nod.

"What does that have to do with anything," Tom asks confused.

"All I ever wanted was to be normal," Evan explains to the aged bartender, "however the one thing I have never been allowed to be is normal," he says truthfully. "If you were to know of my past you would not think of me as normal," Evan raises his hand to stop Tom from asking another question. "What you learned last night already took me out of being totally normal, yes I am a Seer and an Empath,

but I don't want to be and I do everything I can to block the sensations," he says to Tom's shock. "I don't want to be any more different than I already am, here at least," he says with a shrug. "So until such a time when I have no other choice, my past will remain top secret, just as my file states," he finishes.

"I may not understand all of it Mr. Evan but I'll respect your wishes," Tom promises.

"That Tom is all I ask," Evan says as he slides off the stool. "Another thing, my exact destination is not Hogsmeade per se, but some where near there, thus I am leaving you with a gap in the information, a non specific location if you will," he says to the open mouth bartender. "I may be honest, but honesty doesn't have to have an exact address," he says with a smile. "I'll see you later Tom," Evan calls over his shoulder to the amazed bartender.

"Strange one he is," Tom mutters to himself as he shakes his head in amazement as he watches the retreating back of one Evan Knight to the entrance to Diagon Alley. After a moment Tom returns to the task at hand, informing Dumbledore of the change of plans, um, so to say. Tom goes to the back room of the pub and throws some Floo Powder into the already lit fire, "Hogwarts Headmasters Office," he calls as he places his head into the greenish flames.

Within a few dizzy moments Tom can clearly see the form of Headmaster Albus Dumbledore sitting behind his desk looking over at him with raised eyebrows. Minerva McGonagall is sitting directly in front of the Headmaster's desk, also looking at Tom in question. "Tom," Dumbledore greets with a slight tilt of his head.

"It seems Mr. Evan will be out and about today," Tom says knowing he needs to get down to business.

"Is he now," Albus says as he sits back in his chair, "did he happen to tell you where he was heading," he asks after a moment.

"Well yes and no," Tom says honestly not knowing how to explain the conversation he had just had with the young man.

“What do you mean,” Minerva asks.

“Well it seems he knows of the meeting, but he didn’t explain more than his files, in fact he stated the rest of this life is top secret just as his files say. It seems to me, he knows of the file but not of the letter,” Tom pauses. “He told me he will more or less be within the general area of Hogsmeade, but he wasn’t being specific about it,” he explains.

“Is there more,” Albus asks knowingly.

“I don’t know why, but I asked him about his name,” Tom admits embarrassed.

Both Albus and Minerva lean forward in their chairs interested in what the young man’s reaction was to such a straight and forward question, “what was his response,” Albus asks.

“He first asked if I was referring to his birth name, when I agreed he said Evan Knight is not his name, but it might as well be. He refused to give his real name and also wishes to keep his past just that. HIS past, he wants to keep it Top Secret,” Tom answers the question to fullest of his abilities.

“Did he say why,” she asked intrigued.

“He told me something about wanting to be as normal as possible. He knows the knowledge we have of him already causes him not to be as normal as others, but the knowledge of his past would cause him to become more abnormal it seems. He wants to keep his past a secret until absolutely necessary,” Tom finishes.

Albus sits back in his chair as he thinks about this latest turn of events, after a moment he raises his eyebrows in his own personal question. Turning to Tom he asks, “Do you feel he was being honest with you?”

“Totally,” Tom answers instantly.

"Then why didn't he give you his exact whereabouts," Minerva asks puzzled.

"He said being honest doesn't mean you have to give an exact address," Tom answers truthfully, receiving a chuckle from Dumbledore at the answer.

"Illusive, but honest," Albus says more than asks.

"Just like you," Minerva agrees with a knowing nod.

"Is there anything else," Albus asks after a moment.

Tom's head disappeared momentarily; he needed to talk to someone off Floo. "It seems he had a conversation with Cara," he answers the awe in his voice audible to all who can hear him.

"What does Cara have to say," Minerva asks interested for the mirror personality is one of the nicest and most trusted personality she has ever had the pleasure of meeting.

"She says he had her promise not to tell us certain things but won't say what," Tom says with an apologetic shrug. "But she did say he knew of her before hand, she didn't have to tell him her name," Tom says amazed with this fact.

"That's the second person he has done that with," Minerva whispers as she nods her head.

"It seems he doesn't care if people know he wakes up screaming from his dreams but doesn't want anyone to know what the dreams are about," Tom says with concern. "I knew he was dressed up earlier, but Cara tells me it is a uniform he is wearing, but a uniform unlike any I have ever seen, he's dressed up pretty sharply if you ask me," Tom continues in a worried tone of voice.

"How are we to protect him if he goes out and finds trouble," Minerva asks with a resigned sigh.

“Easy,” Tom says, “he said he was going to be by Hogsmeade, so just look for any disturbances and there you go,” he offers.

“Right you are Tom, right you are,” Albus agrees. The three of them say their partings and Tom returns to his work. Albus sits back in his chair and twirls the edge of his graying beard as he thinks about all he has learned.

“What do we do now,” Minerva asks as she watches the Headmaster think.

“We wait and see what Mr. Knight is up to,” Albus says in a soft reflective voice. Before Minerva can respond there is a knock at the door, “Enter,” Albus calls knowing who it is already.

Lily walks in and looks from one Professor to the other, “is everything alright here,” she asks worriedly as she sits in the chair Albus directed her to sit in.

“We are just puzzling over our new young puzzle,” Albus admits.

“I thought you were going to visit him today,” Lily asks puzzled.

“He is out and about it seems,” Minerva answers.

Lily looks down at her watch, “it’s only seven thirty, what is he doing up and about at this time in the morning,” she asks. “I can’t even get James up at this time in the morning when he doesn’t work, forget about Harry, Jacen and Destiny,” she explains seeing the confused look on their faces. “It isn’t normal male, let alone child behavior to be active this early in the morn,” she finishes.

“It is,” Albus says after a moment, “if it helps you to avoid your dreams,” he says as he remembers what Tom had said about Mr. Knight not caring if anyone knows about his screaming.

“What does he have to dream about,” Minerva asks.

“I don’t know,” Albus admits.

“And how is it you know he might be avoiding his dreams,” Lily asks confused.

“Cara has said he doesn’t care if people know about his screams as long as they don’t know about his dreams,” Minerva repeats Tom’s words.

“Cara said that,” Lily asks with concern. “For Cara to mention such a thing means the screams were pretty bad,” she says after a moment.

“That’s something we agree on,” Minerva says.

“Do we know where he’s headed,” Lily asks hopefully.

“We know a general area but nothing specific,” Albus answers the amusement in his voice clear.

“Why do I get there is more behind that statement than I know,” Lily ponders aloud.

Before anyone can explain there is another noise outside the door, only this time there is no knocking as Severus Snape throws open the door, “Hogwarts is under attack,” he shouts as he quickly turns around and runs back the way he had come. The three in the room quickly on his heels as they run out of the room, wands in hand, knowing today might be their last.

Chapter Eleven

Chaos and Introductions

The four Professors enter the Great Hall at a dead run, only stopping once they were in the room. "Sinatra," Albus calls, "alert the Ministry," he orders as she nods her head and rushes from the room. "Flitwick," he says to the short man in front of him, "alert the order," he asks and Flitwick nods his head and runs as fast as his feet can carry him. There is tenseness about the room everyone knows; this just might be the last moments of their lives. For there is no way they can fight against an army of Voldemort's followers, not now, not when there are so few of them. "Prepare for battle," Dumbledore orders the group of friends in front of him.

As everyone makes their way to the front doors Minerva whispers to Dumbledore, "What are we going to do," she asks.

"I don't know," Albus admits, "I didn't have any warning," he says with a shake of his head.

"We are going to die," Minerva admits dejectedly.

"We are if you keep thinking that," Albus counters.

"The Ministry, the Order doesn't have enough time to get here," Minerva points out, "what're we going to do," she re-asks.

"Hope for a miracle," Albus answers softly.

"At least the students aren't here," Mrs. Sprout can be heard saying. Everyone can't help but agree with her words, including Severus.

They push the doors open and their hearts drop to the floor as they see an army of evil headed straight for them. "We're doomed," the new Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor proclaims loudly and then does the most amazing thing anyone has ever seen. He drops his wand and runs for the Forbidden Forest screaming all the while.

"I must admit," Albus says unable to stop a chuckle from passing his lips even in this most dire of situations, "that's the shortest time anyone has held that position, a new record I believe," he finishes amused despite himself.

"Please tell me he isn't about to offer us lemon drops," Lily laughs out in question as she moves to the side taking position to defend Hogwarts at any cost, including her life.

"Would you like some," Albus asks trying to sound hopeful as he too takes his position.

"Now, now children," Severus calls out as he too takes his place.

"Oh my," Mrs. Sprout says in shock, "did Professor Snape just joke," she laughs.

"I am surrounded by incompetent idiots," Severus hisses in return; before anyone can comment on this latest turn of events the army before them makes themselves known, forces themselves to be the center of attention to the protectors of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

To those who are from Muggle background or know of Muggle movies the sight before them unwillingly brought to mind the battle of Gettysburg during the Civil war. Rows upon rows of dark creatures lead the way for the human forces of Voldemort's army. The first two rows consist of Dementors, closely followed by three rows of various demons, then a row of giants mixed with what seems to have been a row of trolls, and then it seems to be the more supposed human forces.

"For once I have to agree with the DADA teacher," Vector says with a cracked voice, "I hate to say it, but unless help gets here and soon, we're doomed," Vector repeats reluctantly.

"On my mark start our defense," Dumbledore orders knowing that Vector has said the truth. As the army approaches in what seems to be fast forward, Albus shouts out loudly over the roaring of the enemy,

as the cold from the Dementors, "those who can produce a Patronus do so, the rest do what you can, NOW!" he orders.

In that instant the battle for their lives, the battle of Hogwarts began. A battle each secretly believes will be the end of them, a battle that will sway the way of the war. With the fall of Hogwarts comes the fall of all hope for peace to ever return to the Wizarding world or the Muggle world afterwards. Within minutes the intimate loss is presented to everyone with pressing clarity as the last Patronus fails and the cold starts to invade their thoughts, their minds flooding with their most inner horrors.

A resounding CRACK is heard throughout the battle causing a pause in the advance as the enemy try and figure out what the noise was and where this new threat is. This action gives the Professors a needed moment to recuperate. "What was that," Mrs. Sprout pants out in question as everyone looks around the field in question.

"If I didn't know any better," Lily says in between gulps of breath, "I would say someone just Apparated," she huffs out.

"But we all know that's impossible," Minerva breaths out as she tries to control not only her breathing but the shivers from the Dementors.

"Ah," a foreign voice says with amusement at their words. "I believe I do the impossible," the voice continues as everyone whips around to look at the newcomer. Only to find a figure hidden deeply within a hooded cloak, they know he is a male only because of his voice, they don't know anything else about this person.

"Who are you," Flitwick demands as he joins the others.

"Who I am is of no importance," the newcomer says as he stands up from his place on the railing of the steps. "What is important is to prevent this army from winning," the voice says as he steps down a couple of steps thus placing distance between him and the others. "Those of you who can produce a Corporal Patronus do so when I do, the rest of you don't bother with the Dementors, work on the others," he orders as he continues to slowly make his way down the stairs.

"Who is that," Minerva demands.

"As he says it doesn't matter at the moment," Albus points out, "Just do as he says," he orders to the shock of everyone there.

The figure of a man steps off of the steps and reaches into the sleeve of his left arm and removes his wand, pointing it in front of him he closes his eyes and sees faces of people he knows he will never see again. With a whispered spell his new and improved Patronus forms before him. To be precise, his four forms appear before him, his original one of a stag, a grim figure like that of Sirius, a werewolf, and a phoenix only to be shortly joined by the Professors who can still produce their Patronus.

The figure steadily walks toward the line of now dispersing Dementors, forcing his Patronus onto them with an unrelenting force. He knew what needs to be done, he has done it before. He may not like it, but he knows it is required if this day is to end as it should. Raising his left hand he takes the wand from his right and into his left, he then raises his right hand and concentrates on the palm of his hand. A plan he came up with after he had informed the Ministry of impending attack, who should be arriving about now, he mentally timed. Just as he figured the sounds of Apparating could be heard over the battle cries of the advancing army. The only problem is they are behind the army when they are needed in front of it. This was what this figure had been thinking about since this morning. "Illusion," he whispered under his breath as he whipped his right hand to his side and behind him.

Almost instantly the battle increased in its furiousness, a large number of people came running from behind the school and joining up with the figure to fight against the advancing army. The professors continued to shoot off curses and spells, but there was a dramatic pause as they watched the newcomers with awe, wondering how they got onto Hogwarts grounds through the wards. This however seemed to be the least of their thoughts as the battle before them demanded their attention once again. Mrs. Sprout shouts out in pain as a stray curse hits her arm. Luckily it isn't anything permanent but it is damaging, thus taking her out of the battle.

Evan and his new forces steadily make their way through the remaining Dementors, the rest having retreated to safety. It was only moments later he found himself face to face with a demon; he smiles softly and slightly bows to the figure before him causing the figure to pause out of curiosity for it is a sign only known amongst the demons, a sign of wishing to speak. Something that must be granted as demanded in the laws of Demonology. "If you leave now you will not be harmed," Evan offers.

"Why would I believe you human," the demon asks.

Evan knows when you speak to one demon you more or less speak to them all, he looks up at the figure before him before lifting his empty right hand and removing the hood of his cloak. Allowing the demon before him to see not only his face but also his black eyes, this causes the demon to pause even more so, this also in effect causes all of the demons to pause. "I know of your secrets," Evan tells them, "if you leave now and never return to this place I will not kill you, if you decide to stay your death is your own," he says in the way commonly known to the demons.

"Why should I trust you," the demon asks softly after a moment to talk to the others.

"This fight is not yours," Evan points out truthfully and the demon reluctantly nods his head in agreement of his statement. "You know you'll receive nothing for your services; I promise nothing save this, if you stop now and leave nothing will happen to you today. I will not promise tomorrow or the next battle at which we may face each other, which I hope we never will. But today I will promise to grant you leave, nothing less and nothing more, take it or leave it," Evan offers on last time.

The demon looks to his left, then to his right and then finally turning to look at Evan, "very well human, but before we leave may we have your name," he asks.

"I am known here as Evan Knight," Evan answers with a slight shrug, "but my birth name is Harry James Potter," he answers truthfully and

honestly. Something he knows you must do with demons for they can see when you lie. Something Voldemort never took the time to learn, something that has saved Harry and his friends from an untimely death before.

"You speak truth young Knight," the demon says as he and the rest of his kind bows to him and instantly seemingly melt into the ground beneath them.

"I thought you might see things my way," Evan says with another slight bow of thanks as he continues on to the Giants and Trolls as he ignores the sounds from the shocked people behind him.

Minerva watches as the cloaked figure bows to the demon, "what, is he doing," she asks.

"I don't know, but the demon hasn't attacked him yet," Lily points out just as curious.

Just then the figure in question removes his hood the group of professors gasp in shock, "he just a kid," Severus all but pouts out in shock.

"I think we have located the disturbance," Dumbledore mutters as they watch all the demons pause in their attack.

"You think he's," Minerva starts but is unable to finish her question.

"Who else could it be," Albus asks in return.

"Why is he talking to them," Mrs. Sprout asks as she tries to continue to fight, "and what is he saying," she continues.

"I don't know," Lily says, "but it seems whatever he's saying it's working," she continues as the demons turn toward the figure and bow slightly to him and to the amazement of everyone there the demons simply melt away.

"Interesting," Dumbledore says in awe.

"Extremely," Severus agrees in shock.

"All that leaves now is the giants, trolls and Death Eaters," Flitwick says jovially.

"Right," he says incredulously, "and they're just a simple walk in the park," Severus asks with disgust.

"The Ministry said they have already sent troops here," Sinatra shouts as she runs out of the doors to help in the battle.

"How did they know," Minerva asks as she throws another stunning spell at a Giant.

"They said they received an anonymous call and decided it was best to check it out," Sinatra answers with a shrug.

"So it was the Aurors who Apparated behind the Death Eaters then," Lily asks hoping equally that her husband is here and that he isn't.

"Apparently," Minerva says to the rest of them.

"Then who are these blokes," Flitwick asks as he indicates the army in front of them.

"Haven't a clue," Minerva, Lily and Albus answer as one.

"Well who ever they are we owe them," Flitwick admits with a shrug.

"That we do," Albus says with a nod.

Evan looks at the mass gathered before him and instantly knows the battle is over. Voldemort has just recalled his forces. He has learned of the demons refusal to continue to fight in this battle. It seems that was his biggest plan for this particular battle. He watches as the Trolls, Giants and Death Eaters make their way out of the Hogwarts wards so they can Apparate or Portkey, in the case of the Trolls and most of the Giants, away. "Those Trolls reek something awful," Evan whispers with a shake of his head as he tries unsuccessfully to get the smell out of his system. Looking down he realizes for the first time

he hasn't gotten by in this battle unscathed, "looks like it's to the cleaners with you," he says to his cloak and his uniform as he tries to ignore the chill in his bones from his encounters with the Dementors. Sensing something he looks up into the sky only to smile in recognition.

The group of relieved Professors watches the strange stranger looking skyward as though he is expecting to see something. Albus looks upwards as well and is shocked with what he sees. He quickly looks down at the figure below.

Evan sighs shakily as he places his now broken in wand back into its holster and reaches out his shaking arm, damn those Dementors anyway, as not just one but two Phoenix's land on him, Fawkes on his outstretched arm and Artoo on the opposite shoulder. "Hello Fawkes," Evan greets the great bird with a small smile, "I see you met Artoo," he says as he looks over to his own familiar to be greeted with a butt of his head to his own. Evan laughs at this; it was something he learned was very rare for a Phoenix to ever do. It means the Phoenix has more or less adopted you into their clan, the fact one of his Animagus forms is a Phoenix helps. Not only is his form a Phoenix but he also has the ability to speak to all of the animals, not only just snakes, but all of them. At least he thinks.

Reaching into his pocket with his free hand as Fawkes makes his way up to Evan's shoulder, Evan removes a chunk of chocolate to help with the affects of the Dementors. Fawkes trills softly in greeting to a group of people making their way towards him. Evan looks up at them skeptically until he sees someone he knew he would, but thought he had prepared himself better. He swallows the chocolate down roughly as his Godfather steps closer to him, eyeing the two birds. "I know you know Fawkes," Evan says loud enough for Sirius and someone who looks like his father to hear, "but I doubt you have met Artoo," he says as he tilts his head slightly in the direction of his friend.

"Who are you," Sirius demands as he tries to get passed the shock of seeing this young kid in the center of the battle, leading the horde of soldiers, "and who are they," he asks pointing his wand to the side of the kid.

Evan looks at Sirius for a moment, and then he looks to his left side to see his illusion soldiers still there, "damn I can't believe I forgot about them," he mutters not looking back at Sirius. "I am going to, well," he starts to explain but decides that since all of his illusionary soldiers still have their wands pointed to forward that Sirius won't try anything just yet.

Sirius watches in amazement, as the kid before him cusses softly and then starts to say something before he seems to decide against it. He stiffens as he sees the kid before him lift his empty right hand and closes his eyes as though in concentration, "disillusion," the kid whispers and Sirius jumps back a few steps as the army behind the kid wavers instantly out of existence.

"What the," Sirius gasps out in shock. But is cut off as James runs past him to get to his wife, it is then Sirius remembers Lily was here today. He starts to panic in fear of what she had to go through, in fear she didn't make it through.

"She's okay," Evan whispers as he watches Artoo.

"What," Sirius asks as he looks at the boy before him again trying to control his worried breathing.

"She's okay," Evan repeats with a gentle smile, "a little worse for the wear but unharmed," he continues.

"And just how would you know," Sirius almost shouts out in question.

Evan sighed softly as he looks directly at Sirius, "I know," he whispers. Turning back to Artoo on his shoulder, "I'm okay," he says to the bird as though answering the trilling sound the bird was singing to him. The bird pauses for a moment as though looking him over, before Artoo can respond Fawkes trills out again, Evan looks over at him with raised eyebrows. "Oh," he says to the bird causing Sirius to look at him strangely, though it isn't much of a change from his shocked look. "Artoo can tell you where, I have to get going," Evan says to Fawkes, "and so it seems should you, your burning day is coming and you need your rest wise one," Evan says looking Fawkes in the

eyes. Fawkes trills again and takes flight to the air. "Always have to have the last word don't you," Evan shouts out to the air born figure in amusement.

"Who are you," Sirius demands once again.

"Oh relax will you," Evan says in return as Artoo takes to the air once again as he trills out his departure. Evan looks up at the Phoenix and nods his head in understanding. Evan looks back at his Godfather and shrugs slightly and then turns away from Sirius to face the figure directly behind him. Evan looks at Albus Dumbledore for a moment noticing the startled look in the twinkling blue eyes and then Evan bows slightly in greeting, "you wished to see me sir," he says as he stands up straight, as he does so he looks at the gathered group of Professors behind Dumbledore. He looks directly at the old man and raises an amused eyebrow.

"It seems we owe you a great deal Mr. Knight," Albus says in return still shocked with the respect this young man gives him.

"You owe me nothing sir," Evan returns ignoring the gasps from those behind Dumbledore and that of his Godfather.

"You're Evan Knight," Sirius demands as he places his wand away and walks to the side of James and Lily who are both staring at the young man trying to figure out why he looks so much like them. Well minus the yellowish eyes.

Evan closes his eyes for a moment as he forces himself to relax, opening his now gray eyes he looks over to Sirius, "and you're Sirius Black," he says evenly, "what does who I am have to do with anything," he asks the stunned group before him.

"How did you know who he was," James demands only to be looked over by the young man and then ignored totally. This is something James has never had happen before and is shocked by the sadness penetrating his soul.

Evan lifts the chocolate chunk to his mouth and takes a bite, "I've always disliked Dementors," he mutters to himself before he looks

back at the Headmaster, "Sorry Professor, you wanted to see me," he repeats.

"What was with the army," Minerva asks before she could stop herself.

Evan moves his gray eyes over to her, "Professor McGonagall," he says softly in greeting. "The army," he starts to explain. "As you seem to be calling it," he says answering her question and ignoring her gasp of shock, "was all an illusion," he answers.

"An illusion," Lily gasps in question.

"It had to be perfectly timed with the appearance of the Aurors, the standard thirty minutes it seems," he continues as though not hearing her question. "It won't work often, but," he shrugs slightly, "I knew it would today," he finishes still looking at Minerva.

"That's quiet an illusion," Flitwick says in undisguised awe.

Evan shakes his head slightly at this, "I would much rather prefer to forget it," he more or less requests to the surprise of everyone. Turning back to Dumbledore he shrugs slightly, "Sir," he says trying to avoid the questions he knows the others want to ask.

"We need," Sirius start but stops as Evan glances over at him.

"I will owl you with my report," he says evenly.

"It seems you have us at a disadvantage," Albus says stopping Sirius from continuing.

At hearing this Evan looks back at Dumbledore with a raised eyebrow in question, "not according to my sources," he says amused by the Headmaster's words.

"Sources," Albus asks.

Evan shakes his head, "what can I do for you sir," he asks instead.

"How old are you," Lily asks.

Evan raises his shaky left hand and gently rubs his forehead, more to the point his scar as he closes his eyes. "I would like to get this over with as soon as possible so I can take care of," he starts as he points to his clothing with his right hand, "this," he finishes ignoring the gasps this causes. "So if you would do me the favor of not acting like you don't know anything about me," he says opening his eyes.

"Why do you presume to think we know anything about you," Severus Snape asks.

"Easily Professor Snape," Evan all but smirks at this, "I raised the curiosity of Mr. Ollivander," he answers with a knowingly amused look as his words cause Severus to smile, or at least scowl less than normal.

Albus chuckles at this, "that you did," he agrees. "Would you like to continue this in my office," he asks and is shocked when Evan takes a step away from him.

"Would much rather not," Evan says steadily as he controls his voice.

"Are you okay," Lily instantly asks with a look of concern.

Evan sighs at her question, "Dementors and I just don't seem to get along well is all," he says with a slight shrug. "It's gonna take me hours to get the chill out of my soul, and the voices out of my head," he admits softly. "So I would appreciate not having to remain here talking about things you already know from my file and what everyone has told you," he finishes.

"We could have our school nurse take a look at you," Minerva offers realizing he must really be suffering the effects of the Dementors much more than them because he was much closer than any of them got.

"There's no reason to bother Madam Pomfrey on my account," Evan says quickly raising his hands in refusal.

"She can help," Lily agrees hopefully.

"She can also give you detailed explanations of my medial history and a detailed exam, thank you but no thank you," Evan deducts logically. "I want to keep my personal information personal thank you very much," he finishes.

"Not very trusting are you," Sirius asks with a laugh.

"I've no reason to trust any of you, just as you've no reason to trust me," Evan counters.

"You have to start somewhere," Lily points out not understanding why his words hurt so much.

"You're here aren't you, or is it, I'm here aren't I," he says as he rubs his forehead again as though trying to chase something away.

"How about we have lunch in the Great Hall and talk," Albus offers not knowing why it is so important for this young man to remain near to him. Running a hand through his short hair Evan thinks about this request. He looks Dumbledore over, really looks him over and then reluctantly nods his head in agreement to the noisy delight of most everyone there.

"James," Sirius says, "I expect a full report," he says telling James he'll take over the Auror unit who are currently processing the captured Death Eaters and for him to stay with his wife. James smiles his thanks to his dear friend. With that Sirius takes off behind the group as they make their way to the doors of Hogwarts.

Chapter Twelve

Finding Reasons to Continue

Evan hangs back as the group leads the way; he looks backwards wondering if he should just leave. He feels the presence of a man who when they had first met in his world, they had disliked each other but over time they learned to get past their beginning and start again. Ever since then they'd become fast friends surprising Ron and Hermione to no ends. That is until his position as spy was found out and he was cruelly murdered. "How do you feel Professor," Evan asks knowing he can't leave now, Severus won't let him.

Severus starts to walk with the rest of them but pauses as he realizes their young charge isn't exactly with them. He turns around and watch as Mr. Knight stops in his tracks and turns around, Severus is surprised by this feeling bubbling up within him, something he never thought would happen with someone who looks so much like James Potter. This feeling is foreign to him and he doesn't know how to handle it, he knows nothing of pride, of caring and yet here he is feeling them. He instantly knows Mr. Knight is about to take flight and decides to step in to prevent it. To say he is shocked by the question is an understatement, but it pales in comparison to the concern he can hear in the young man's voice. Concern for him of all people, he pauses as he thinks about this question, "I have had better days," he decides to say not understanding this need to be completely honest with him as though he knows if he lies to him it will chase him away. Something he desperately doesn't want to do and he doesn't know why.

Evan turns to look at the mirror of one of his former Professors and friends. "I understand that sir," he agrees with a slight tilt of his head.

Severus raises his left hand to show the way to the main doors, "shall we," he asks respectfully.

Evan smiles softly at him and he can't help but feel as though there is hope in the world again, something he had feared was lost. "I don't really know if I should," Evan answers honestly.

This confuses Severus but at the same time it delights him to be trusted by this strange and amazing young one. "Is there something wrong," Severus asks concerned.

Evan looks down at his feet for a moment as he tries to put together his thoughts, he looks back up, and into the eyes of Severus, "I don't know what I am doing here," he finally admits sounding all of his fifteen years.

"Why did you come," Severus asks softly.

"To Hogwarts or here," Evan asks.

"Both," Severus says.

"To Hogwarts because I dreamt of your, all of your deaths and the fall of Hogwarts, I couldn't let her fall," he says as Severus gasps at what was about to happen if this young man hadn't showed up when he did. "To here," Evan continues after a moment, "because of a promise I made, but I don't know the reasons for here being where the promise has brought me," he pauses, "if that makes sense," he asks softly.

Severus nods his head in understanding that he is confused on the location, "can't you return then," he asks after a moment of thought.

"I wish I could, but it seems throughout my studies, and my feelings that I am unfortunately stuck here," Evan answers truthfully in his soft voice.

"And you left behind," Severus starts before he remember this boy has no family.

"My family, my life, my loved ones, everything," Evan finishes with a small remembering smile, "yes," he agrees after a moment.

"And you don't want to be here," Severus asks as he more or less points to the school.

"It was my first home, but it isn't the same," Evan says after a moment.

"How's it not the same," he asks interested and wondering at his words.

"I know every nook and cranny, I can tell you every secret passageway in there, I can tell you about places even the professors don't know about, I can even tell you why the stairs change, but what I can't tell you is how this," Evan says as he points to the school, "version of the school feels, I haven't been here for the last five years of my life, I haven't been here feeling, sensing, getting to know this school," he pauses for a moment. "It's like going home and finding that it's not really your home but an imitation of it," he tries to explain.

Severus thought about this for a moment and is surprised to find himself actually trying to understand what he has been told, been trusted with. Bringing his left hand up he gently rubs his chin in thought and then his eyes widen in horror as he realizes just what he showed the young man before him. He quickly drops his arm and tries to figure a way out of disappointing Evan. To his surprise Evan looks down at his arm and then back up to him with a slightly amused expression in his gray eyes, no wait they aren't gray, they are greenish gray. He knows for a fact they weren't that color before. "It's okay Professor," Evan says to him.

"How can you say that," Severus asks in a sad whisper. "You just placed your life on the line fighting Death Eaters and yet you're okay with talking to one," he asks in amazement.

"I am okay talking with you sir," Evan corrects.

"Same thing," Severus says in a sigh.

"Is it," Evan asks in return, which catches Severus's attention. "I don't believe it is sir," Evan continues knowing the questioning look in the other man's eyes. "You see if you'd been as you say a Death Eater, you would've murdered the professors long before I got here today," Evan explains. "Besides would a Death Eater care what anyone else thought of them, have you ever met a true Death Eater with a

conscience? I know I haven't and I've met a lot of them in my time, but you sir are not one of them," Evan says to the shock of Severus.

"So you don't mind," He asks hopefully not understanding why his approval means so much.

"I don't if you don't mind about me," Evan offers.

"What about you," Severus asks knowing there is nothing he wouldn't accept about this boy before him.

Evan raises his hand to his scar, "that I am a marked man, that I can see, feel, hear, know things, that I am abnormal," he lists for the man before him.

"You're not abnormal," Severus all but growls out trying to convince Evan of this, at the same time shocking himself with his concern for this kid, a kid he has just barely met.

Evan smiles at this, "and you're not a Death Eater," he says in return shocking Severus into silence.

All of a sudden Severus Snape smiles a true smile and can't help but want to dance as a heavy burden has just been lifted from his soul. This kid has just done something no one else has been able to do; he has helped him to understand he isn't evil because he chose not to be. He isn't evil even though he has the mark of evil on him. After a moment, he decides to answer Evan's first question. "About whether or not you should enter," he says softly to the attentive boy before him. "Give it a chance, it may not be as good as the original but maybe, just maybe it will be better," he offers as he once again extends his hand to the front doors of the school.

"I'll take your advice Professor, thank you," Evan says softly and with a slight respectful bow he turns to head into the large building before them, with Severus Snape of all people at his side.

Chapter Thirteen

Of Being Judged and Sentenced

Albus Dumbledore pauses in his step and turns his head to see a sight he never thought possible. Severus Snape seems to be having an actual conversation with a teenager and he seems to be respectful as well. With a small smile he turns back around and continues into the castle knowing the two of them are in good hands, even though Evan looks, well, a lot like a Potter.

After a few moments all but the two and Mrs. Sprout who is in the infirmary are in the Great Hall. Minerva looks around, "where is he," she asks voicing everyone's question.

"Not to worry," Albus says soothingly as he sits down at the table in the center of the Hall. The rest slowly follow his example.

"Where's Snevillus," James asks rudely.

"James would you knock it off," Lily demands, "When are you ever going to grow up," she asks angered at her husband for his rudeness.

"I'm afraid that is not possible," a soft voice carries throughout the Great Hall. Everyone turns towards the voice to find Evan and Severus standing next to each other at the entrance to the Great Hall.

"I'm beginning to believe you're right," Lily agrees with a soft smile as she watches the two sit down as far away from everyone else as they can but not minding the other's closeness in the least. This closeness causes her pause, for not very many people give Severus a chance and more impressively it seems Severus has given him a chance as well.

"It's taken you long enough," Minerva grunts out.

"Hey," James says indignantly causing most everyone to laugh.

Evan leans forward placing his elbows on the table and his head in his hands and closes his eyes; he stretches out with his senses, as he stretches out to the building. He can't and doesn't want to stop the smile from crossing not only his face but his soul as well, as Hogwarts greets him like the son the castle believes him to be. It seems to Evan his history with the castle has always been here or it came with him. With a soft sigh he feels as though a weight, he never realized was in his heart and soul, has just been lifted. Feeling a little more at peace Evan sits back and opens his eyes to find Severus looking back at him. "Imitation or real," Severus asks softly causing everyone at the table to wonder just what they had talked about and what has happened to the greasy git of a potions teacher.

Evan thinks about it for a bit, trying to convey the truth, "it feels as though the house is the same but the furniture is different," he says after a moment.

"So it was welcoming," Severus asks interested.

"It seems she knows me well," Evan agrees with a small nod.

"She," Severus asks.

"It seems odd, well, rude for me to call her, it," Evan tries to explain. "All my life I have wondered what it would feel like to have," he pauses, "she just," he shrugs not knowing how to word it, "it's like she welcomes me home," he says after a moment. "I protect her, she protects me," he says seeing the question in the man's eyes. "This is the first place I was allowed to be me, to truly be me and I took a leaf from a dear friend's book and called her, her," he tries to explain.

"She protects you," Severus asks knowing he is the only one who understands what they are talking about, and yet knowing they are the center of attention of everyone in the room.

"She has many secrets, places which not everyone knows about, but this is known," Evan continues in his soft voice. "What isn't known is her sentience," he says causing Severus eyes to widen in shock.

"Sentient," he repeats in shock.

"She was the first one I told everything to, she was the first one to see everything important, she never told anyone and she comforted me when she could," Evan says honestly.

"But she is sentient," Severus asks.

"Ask her a question, something only she would know, well, beside you," Evan suggests with a slightly raised eyebrow.

"Do you just call her, well, her," Severus asks.

"No," Evan says with an apologetic look in his eyes, "I call her Lily," he says with a shrug, ignoring the looks everyone gave the living Lily and the shock on all of their faces at this fact.

"How will I know when Lily answers," Severus asks.

"We can do this one of two ways," Evan offers, "I can tell you what it is I sense or I can transfer the sense to you," he says truthfully.

"Transfer," Severus asks questioningly.

"For that I have to touch you," Evan says hesitantly, "and you have to let me in," he continues and then thinks about it. "It doesn't have anything to do with Legilimency or Occlumency at all, its more of opening your mind to the sensation, opening you mind to the possibility," he corrects his error.

"Does the question have to be about me," Severus asks not believing he is actually considering this.

"No," Evan says after a moment to think. "But know if it doesn't pertain to you, you will only get a feeling, not thoughts," he explains.

Severus sits back for a moment, "what kind of touch," he asks after a moment.

"Just my hands on yours around the wrists," Evan answers honestly. "Hermione and I do this often; Ron thinks it's Wicked, Gin and Neville

are weary of the feelings, the answers. Hermione loves to do this in the library, the two of them get along splendidly," Evan says without really thinking about it and then reality hits him and he sighs sadly.

Severus realizes he just received information Evan didn't mean to give, information about people he was forced to leave. This puzzles him to think about, for he knows this boy hasn't been here for the past five years and yet he acts as though he has. Severus shocks everyone as he starts to roll up his sleeves to allow access to his wrists, thus giving everyone a view of his dark mark. Minerva inhales deeply not wanting to see the reaction Evan will have with being face to face with a Death Eater. Even Albus is surprised with this event; he had been trying for years to get Severus to understand the mark isn't what he is. "Where do you want me to place my hands," Severus asks the young man before him. Everyone stares at the two in total shock for they know Evan seen the mark and yet it seems he doesn't care about it in the least.

"In front of you, on the table is fine," Evan answers as he starts to pull at something on his own wrists, "you can ask her your question as I remove my gloves," Evan says into everyone's thoughts.

Severus smiles at this, "Lily," he says looking upward into the enchanted ceiling, "what was your first feelings toward Evan here and how has these feelings progressed throughout his time here," he asks as he looks down at the closed eyes of the boy before him who reaches out with his hands and clasps his fingers around Severus's wrists softly and gently as a ghost, he hardly knows their there.

"Close your eyes and allow the feeling to dance over your skin," Evan whispers. Severus closes his eyes and tries to relax his senses only to instantly inhale in shock. He can feel the pleasure of seeing someone so young, a baby, and a baby with a destined future of pain. The pleasure turns to sadness as the truth of this young one's future is predicted and told. He lets out an expulsion of breath as the senses change to when Evan came to the sorting; humor is clearly evident, humor at his shyness and sadness at his loss. Suddenly he gasps again as the different feelings start to fly by him so fast he can only catch glimpses of them, pride, love, pain, horror, fear, sadness, worry, protectiveness, understanding, care, acceptance, and loyalty a loyalty

so deep and pure he knows he has never seen the likes of. Suddenly the feelings show of an absence and then a reunion, a reunion so looked forward too and wanted, a love for that of a child and a welcoming home.

Severus smiles as Evan removes his hands from him, a smile everyone knows they've never seen on his face, well at least in decades. "That was just a few moments ago wasn't it," he asks knowing it was.

"Yes," Evan answers with a nod as he places the gloves back onto his hands.

"That was amazing," Severus whispers amazed, "thank you," he says sincerely to Evan.

"It was a pleasure," Evan says honestly. "Just so you know she protects you as well," he adds on after a moment.

"Me," Severus asks surprised.

"How many places here do you know of that allows you know if someone is coming," Evan asks knowingly. "She does it because she knows you need it, your own personal nightlight if you will," he says with a shrug.

"I've always wondered about that," Severus admits. "At least now I know I'm not talking to myself," he says with a smirk.

"Hardly," Evan agrees with a small smile.

"When did you learn of her," Severus asks realizing he too is calling the castle a, her, and he finds he is perfectly okay with that.

"Oddly enough when I just finished showering," Evan says with a deep blush causing Severus to chuckle.

"I bet that was a bit odd," he says trying not to laugh out right.

"You've no idea," Evan agrees. "You don't know how fast I covered up, only to end up on my arse," he says with a small laugh, which causes everyone, including Severus to chuckle.

"Who's Lily," James asks totally lost.

Severus jumps at the sound of James voice. He had forgotten they weren't alone, something that has never happened before. "Potter," Severus snarls only to stop at the snort coming from Evan.

"Lily is Hogwarts just as Hogwarts is Lily," Evan answers before Severus can cut into James.

"You named the school Lily," Minerva asks.

"We kind of named each other," Evan says with a shrug. "You see she has a sense of humor, a sense of irony if you will," he finishes.

"You named her Lily," Lily says feeling oddly pleased, "what did she name you." she asks curiously.

"She calls me her little Phoenix," Evan answers in a whisper.

"Little Phoenix," James repeats in question, "is that why Fawkes and the other Phoenix came to you," he asks.

"Yes and no," Evan says in return. "Fawkes was telling me off for not coming to see him as soon as I arrived, he was a tad upset with me," he admits. "Just so you know, never piss him off," he informs them.

"And the other Phoenix," Albus asks.

"You mean Artoo," Evan asks.

"That's what you called it," James nods in agreement.

"Artoo is my familiar, along with Hedwig," he informs them.

"It is almost impossible for someone so young to have a Phoenix as a familiar," Albus says.

"Artoo has more or less adopted me and my friends," Evan says with a knowing nod.

"He butted you," Albus points out.

"He calls me son, Fawkes calls me young one and the last time we seen each other, he called me his reluctant grandson," Evan says with a shrug.

"You say they call you these things," Minerva says.

"You want to know how I know what they mean," Evan asks. "I understand them," he says after seeing her nod in agreement. "Artoo and Hedwig are more than just familiars, they're more than friends, they're part of our family," Evan answers truthfully. "Everyone loves them and they love everyone. It is just accepted they're family. They're usually there with us when we eat, they're always there during our down time; they even help with the conversation. The two of them are the best of friends which is odd because Hedwig is an owl," he says surprising everyone with this fact. Everyone knows Phoenix's don't mind owls, but refuse to share their masters with one, or any other flying animal.

"How did you meet," Minerva pauses.

"Artoo," Evan supplies.

"Are too," she says again.

Evan smiles at this, "It's just one word, don't worry Ron had the same problem," he says remembering that day again. "Artoo comes from the Muggle world, it's spelled A, R, T, O, O, but is short for R2D2 from the stories of Star Wars. As for how I met the runt," he says looking upward toward the rafters, the enchanted ceiling to see the creature they are talking about soaring down to him. As Artoo hears his words he trills out in return. "And you know I'm kidding you, you nut," Evan says in reply as the bird lands on the chair next to him. "You were given to me for a birthday present," he says still looking at Artoo as he reaches out to pet his feathers.

"You do know about the names of the Phoenix," Albus asks as he softly claps his hands causing food and drinks to appear on the table before them.

"Yes," Evan agrees as he reaches for a mug of hot chocolate before him. Looking up again, "thanks for telling the Elves," he says softly. Severus realizes whom he's talking to and smiles as he realizes what Evan is talking about. Everyone else was given pumpkin juice, but Evan had hot chocolate. This confuses everyone, but they decide to let it pass. "I know Fawkes was your father's before you, thus you don't know the importance of his name," Evan says after taking a drink from the mug. "I had Artoo for about a week, my friends thought I was pulling their leg," he says with a smirk. "It was funny, Ron wouldn't believe he was my familiar and we kind of got into a pillow fight about it," he says with a shake of his head at the memory. "He kept saying is not, to which I would reply is so and then once I said are too," he shrugs at this point looking over at Artoo who is listening to this tale once again and doesn't seem to mind.

"Hermione recognized the importance of the character and knew instantly why the name is fitting for him." Evan continues. "R2D2 is a loyal and trusting friend to Luke Skywalker, someone Luke knows he can trust with his life and his secrets, but most important he can trust R2 with the lives of his family, and something I know I can trust you with," He says to the bird beside him. "The name has its meaning, a meaning more powerful than we first thought, for he isn't just my familiar, he is Ron's, Ginny's, Hermione's, Neville's and mine. He's part of our misshaped clan, but everyone works perfectly together," Evan says still petting Artoo who trills in agreement. "I miss them," he says to Artoo who trills louder and nods his head. "I know you do too," Evan smiles back at him.

"Must be some friends," Severus says after a moment of silence.

Evan looks up at Severus and nods his head in agreement. "We met," he pauses, "most of us met either on the Express or just before. Ron and I turned out to be instant friends. Hermione joined our ranks on Halloween, we became the trio instantly after that," he smiles slightly. "Hermione has a strange sense of definition," he mutters still

amused with her definition of light reading. "Ginny and Neville joined us just after our fourth year," he says with a shrug. "We were friends and all before then, they just weren't part of the, um, group," he tries to explain truthfully. "With Ginny she was kind of stuck, Ron being her brother and all, I kind of took up protecting her as well. Her first year proved that. Over time we might as well have been brother and sister as well. The five of us are inseparable, where one is the rest usually are there as well or will be very shortly. We surpassed friends long ago and went straight to family to beyond family," he explains to Severus.

"Do they mind your abil.," James starts but stops as Lily smacks his arm.

"Do they mind my abilities," Evan finishes the question. "They were weary of it at first. The strange thing is they are the ones who I can feel most. The people I know, that I become familiar with are the ones I can feel, sense if you will at any distance, time, or place. I can't sense people I don't know. Well except for the glances and when they are yelling it at me," he tries to explain. "For example I wouldn't be able to sense you," he says looking at James and then over to Lily, "or you," he continues. "If I took off the arm band," he pauses as he looks over at Dumbledore, "bracelet," he corrects amused. "I would be able to get the general idea of what you are feeling and or thinking, but it's limited and annoying," he shrugs as he says this last part as he picks up the mug again and takes another sip.

"So you aren't a full one," James continues to ask once again getting smacked.

"No thank Merlin," Evan answers, "Had I been I would have been insane long before now," he pauses, "well more insane than I already am," he corrects causing most there to chuckle at his antics.

"How," Flitwick asks but stops not knowing what it is he really wants to ask.

"For me to hear everything from a stranger, if you will, with the arm band, um, bracelet on," Evan starts to answer, "I have to have physical contact, which is why I purchase the gloves, to avoid getting

to know someone without their knowledge, minus the fact when they are more or less yelling out their feelings, thoughts and what not," he pauses. "Though this ability has aided us in the war, but I don't like to use it. Hermione gets mad at me when I try to avoid contact," he stops there. "Anyway, the sight part of it is also physical to some extent, well, if it is to be localized then it is, but," he pauses. "I'm here," he shrugs. "Sometimes I can see things, events and such, but since I have on the arm band or bracelet, it isn't based on personal information, just general. Such as a battle, an unknown attack, something that should be prevented or at least seen. Hermione calls them preventable visions of the future, for every one of them that give me enough information to help prevent them, or they just have me watch, unable to do anything. Hermione tells me I am meant to save some, but I can't be expected to save all, for some it is their time and others its not," he tries to explain.

"So it's not happening always," Minerva asks interested.

"Once I couldn't even help Neville locate his wand, we found this hilarious to no extent. It wasn't until he would need it that I could locate it. Though how it got on top of the tent I'll never know, I still say the twins had something to do with it," he says with a small smile at the memory. "The only reason I could locate it at all was because I know his sense, a sense that transfers to your wand with use, it is this sense that makes a wand personalized if you will. This is what taints the wand's abilities," he tries to explain honestly. "So no it's not happening all the time, I have gotten pretty good with Occlumency and all and this also aides in preventing me from hearing other's thoughts or them hearing my projected thoughts," he says as he takes another drink of his chocolate.

"Can you," James pauses for a moment to think and it is here it becomes very evident Evan had been telling the truth. For where he could answer Flitwick's partial question, he seems unable to figure out what James is trying to get out. "You know," James tries to continue with his question, "turn it on," he finishes after a moment.

"Do you mean for me to be able to force a vision, to force a feeling," Evan asks for clarification.

"Well, yeah," James agrees with an enthusiastic nod.

Evan pauses for a moment as he takes another drink from his seemingly bottomless mug. "Yes," he finally says in a softer voice than his usual quiet voice.

"I gather you don't like to," Albus asks wondering at the change in tone.

"No, I don't," Evan answers instantly.

"Why," Minerva asks curious.

"For many reasons," Evan starts, "there are different types of ways of turning it on," he tries to explain. "I believe Mr. Potter here was asking about forced visions of battles and such," he says looking to James for confirmation, which he receives. "This is more difficult than to see if a Professor is lurking around the corner, or whether or not Hermione will finally miss a test question. The more mundane the easier it is, the less painful, if you will. However the last time I forced myself to see an up coming battle I was unconscious for a week and a half," he explains to the shocked group with him. "Molly, Hermione and Ginny therefore prohibited, forbade if you prefer, for me to ever try that again," he says with a small chuckle at the memory. "You should've seen their combined lecture, though I wouldn't suggest hearing it. That was one of the very few times I've ever heard any of them curse," he shakes his head. "To piss one of them off separately is bad enough, but together," he groans at the memory causing everyone to chuckle. "Needless to say I haven't done it since," he finishes.

"So forcing a vision hurts," Severus asks concerned what he felt earlier had hurt the child.

"If I try and force a vision, yes, but stretching out my senses, no," Evan tries to clarify.

"Stretching out," Lily repeats in question.

"Oh," Evan says realizing they don't really understand. "How many here know anything about Star Wars," he asks. Lily, Minerva, James, and Albus raise their hands slightly saying they have. Evan looks over to Severus, "you felt what I was talking about," he asks and Severus nods in agreement. "It's like the Force, there's a sense that everyone gives off. Hermione calls it Shadowing, Shadow Echoing or shadows after the fact, like when you lean up against the wall you leave a small imprint of your personality there, I can sense these for somewhere between two and three weeks, though the longer your there the stronger the sense. As for Foreshadowing, each person kind of forces there personality out and away from them, it's kind of like what helps you to decide if you might like a person or not, a feeling," he tries to explain to them. "So like the Force it surrounds us all and binds us together," he points out. "Now when I stretch out, it's like stretching out with the Force to feel others, or I am pushing my own personality, if you will, out to feel other personalities," he finishes.

"How is it you came to take not only your O.W.L. s but your N.E.W.T. s as well," Albus asks knowing everything he's hearing is truth or at least part of it.

"It seems things in my life were getting slightly out of hand, so my Headmaster made it possible for me to train to defend myself. Once I got started, it was foreseen I should continue, thus I received Auror, Unspeakable, and Military training at the same time," Evan says repeating what he knows is in his files.

"That type of training can take up to six years," James points out.

"When you have Ron and Hermione as friends, things just seem to go by quicker," Evan answers illusively.

"How long did it take you," Lily asks curiously.

"I am afraid you wouldn't believe me if I told you," Evan says as he picks up his mug again.

"Does that mean you aren't going to tell us," Minerva asks.

"No," Evan says to her putting the mug down. "Through out my time here," he starts to explain, "I was able to pick up the more difficult spells and such much quicker than the professors thought possible. By the end of my first year, I was more or less able to do fourth year spells easily. In my third year I learned to do my Patronus," he pauses as everyone gasps in shock.

"Students normally learn the theory about Patronus in seventh year but most can't even do it," James says in shock.

"Circumstances caused the necessity for me to protect myself from Dementors so I asked my D.A.D.A. Professor at the time to help," he answers evenly. "So when the time came to learn it, it took a lot less time then you could believe. My Headmaster took me as his Apprentice and he taught me everything he knew. Which I might add is a lot to take in. Hermione is still jealous of this, but she is pleased I am passing the knowledge onto her," he pauses, "or at least was," he corrects.

"What is your position on the war," Lily asks as she remembers the list of books he had purchased.

"What kind of position are you asking about," Evan asks.

"Do you agree with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named," Flitwick asks.

Evan shakes his head as he hears Flitwick, "he calls himself Voldemort," Evan corrects causing some to stare at him and others to glare or gasp at the words.

"Interesting," Albus says.

"That I know his name is not Voldemort or that I have no problem saying it," Evan asks.

"Both," Albus says with a nod.

"Why should I fear his title, why should I fear the man," Evan asks.

"Everyone else does," Lily says.

"Does this include you," Evan asks as he looks at her. "Besides I'm not everyone else, I am me," he says with a shrug.

"No one who fights him lives to tell the tale," James explains.

"Well, I for one know Moldy-wart needs to take a bath," Evan says and then turns to look at Severus as he snorts in disbelief. "What," Evan asks amused.

"Not only do you say his name, but you make fun of it," Severus explains.

"What's the worse he can do to me," Evan asks in explanation.

"Death," Lily says instantly.

Evan looks over at her, "Death is only the next step in the great adventure," he says to her in return. "Think about what I'd do, who I'd see," he says to her. "I'd see my parents, my Godfather, finally find out about my Godmother, I'd see my first friend, my father's last friends, the Grangers, my Headmaster and Headmistress, I'd be free of the burden life sees fit to give me," he says to her. "I'm not afraid of death," he says to her shocked look. "When the time comes I will embrace it," he says.

"So you wish to die," James says fearfully.

"No," Evan says in answer. "I'd disappoint my friends and my family if I did. I want to live my life to its fullest, but I will not run away from death, nor will I fear it," he says. "So I ask again, what's the worse he could do," he repeats.

"Cause you to go insane," Lily tries again.

Evan thinks about this for a moment, "He could," he finally concedes in agreement. "However there's something about my abilities that would kill me before they would allow that to happen," he explains. "Therefore, we are back to death," he says to her.

"There's the pain," James says as he thinks about the Cruciatus curse.

"There is that, but," Evan says to James as his eyes widen as he realizes Evan has already thought this through. "What is more painful for me than my own pain? What is more painful for me is the pain of my family and others," he explains to the shocked group.

"So you're against him," Flitwick asks again.

"More than you know," Evan agrees.

"Do you hate him," Albus asks wondering at this young man's words.

"No," Evan says instantly. "To hate him is to put myself at his level, but I hate what he does," he explains as Albus nods his head in agreement.

"Have you every experienced the Cruciatus Curse," Minerva asks wondering if he understands what kind of pain they are referring to.

"Yes," Evan answers honestly causing everyone there to gasp, "many times," he finishes.

"How old were you when you first," Minerva asks but drops off.

"I was fourteen," Evan answers anyway.

"So about a year ago," Lily asks.

"Almost two," Evan corrects.

"Who put the curse on you," James asks.

"The answer to that question would take too much of an explanation, too much of a history lesson if you will. There for I will have to ask that you ask me that question again at a later time," Evan asks.

"So you won't tell us," Lily asks sadly, hating this feeling of hurt at his words and not understanding why it hurts so much.

"Not at this time," Evan agrees with her statement.

"Because it has to do with your past," Minerva says as she remembers what he said earlier about Madam Pomfrey and what Tom had told them.

"Because the events leading up to it would require for you to know everything about me and where I come from," he agrees with her statement.

"But doesn't this constitute as a lie," Minerva asks.

"I have not lied to you, I just haven't given you the information you have requested," Evan points out to her causing her to realize he is right. "I have deflected your question onto other matters if you will," he continues.

"But why won't you answer it," Lily asks.

"It's personal," Evan says in return.

"And," James almost shouts out in frustration.

"How would you like for me to ask you a personal question just as painful," Evan counters softly before Severus can say anything. Evan knows that look, he has been on the receiving end of that snarl many times, and lost many house points for it as well.

"Go ahead," James says without thinking.

"I truly don't think you want me to," Evan says in response to his dare.

"I will answer it and then you have to answer ours," James offers.

Evan takes another drink as he thinks about his offer and then realizes the problem is the answer. "Very well Mr. Potter, if you can fully answer my question then I will answer yours," he says with a nod. "But if you don't answer, neither will I," he offers as James rubs the

palms of his hands together in excitement, knowing there is nothing this kid can ask that he won't be able to answer.

"Deal," James says.

"It has many parts, for my answer would require a lot of explanation," Evan warns.

"Ask away," James almost laughs at how easy this is going to be.

"Very well," Evan says as he looks straight at James, "you can't say you weren't warned," he says giving him one last time to back out of this.

"I have been warned and I accept the risk of this question," James agrees not understanding why Evan seems to think he won't answer.

"Very well," Evan says as he picks up his mug again and takes a sip of the rich chocolaty drink. As the chocolate enters his body he closes his eyes tracing the sensation of the calming, the slight warming of his soul with each swallow. "On Halloween night, when your eldest son was a year old," Evan says as he opens his eyes and looks at James and recognizes the fear in them. "Sirius was your secret keeper; he tried to talk you out of it, he tried to talk you into someone else, who? You were going into hiding to protect not only yourselves but your son, something you never told anyone," he says to their shock. "I won't say why, but know that I do know. However, I also know that for some reason Voldemort chose another. Things happened, what are these things, why did you make the choices you did, did you know who the traitor was that night, what were your feelings during your secret time, what are your thoughts on the prophecy and what happened to the Longbottom's, how would you have reacted in the same situation, would you've wanted to survive if someone in your family had died, did you plan it all out before hand, for the situation, for your future and Harry's? Did you understand the consequences of your actions or the repercussions on the future, both on the Wizarding world and your son, basically an explanation of the events, thoughts, feelings from that dark time in your history," Evan says to him only to be followed by absolute silence.

James sits there staring at a boy who has just pulled his world out from under him. He knows there is no way he can answer those questions, there is no possible way for him to tell this boy what occurred during that time. He hasn't even been able to really talk about it at all, ever, to anyone. Everyone knows it is a subject left alone, everyone that is but one boy. Minerva shakes herself out of her shocked stare to glare at the boy before her, "those are unfair questions," she says in her sternest voice.

"That they are," Evan agrees with a nod, thus knocking the wind out of her argument. "Though yours is no less unfair," he counters.

"A lot happened during that time," Albus points out angrily.

"I understand that," Evan concedes his point staying calmer than any of them.

"Then ask another question," Flitwick demands.

"My question stands," He says in a ghostly voice as he looks over at Flitwick.

"But you said you understood," Sinatra says pleadingly.

"More than you can possibly know," Evan agrees with her.

"Then ask another question," Flitwick once again demands.

Evan sighs as he places his left elbow on the table and lowers his head to his hand. He closes his eyes as pictures flash before his mind's eye. Pictures of the night when his parents were murdered and then the night in the graveyard and the events that took place on that horrible night, "the event you are requesting information about," Evan says with his eyes still closed. "Resulted in me remaining in the hospital wing with the after effects of the Cruciatus Curse being placed on me not once, but twice over an extended amount of time, I was also in a right state of shock almost to the point of bordering on catatonic. I witnessed things no one should ever have to, I was forced into situations no one should live through, part of me was used unwillingly to," he stops there and then breathes in deeply.

"I only told two people the events that took place. Hermione, Ron, Ginny, Molly, Arthur, Fred, George, Bill, Charlie, and Neville only know what was told to them at the end of the year feast, they don't know what all happened that night," Evan continues quietly though he has yet to open his eyes or lift his head. His fingers slowly trace his lightning bolt scar trying to chase the memory of the pain. "I was given Dreamless Sleep Draught almost immediately upon my arrival to the hospital wing," he says after a moment to the silent room as everyone takes a moment to understand the seriousness of his words. They know the Sleep Draught isn't used lightly and for him to be given it almost instantly says a lot.

"Now," Evan says lifting his head and opening his eyes as he turns to look at everyone, to find them looking back at him in shock. "You tell me my question is unfair," he almost growls at them. "They did not die, they were not overly harmed," he says looking directly at Flitwick, "I was forced to watch the murder of a fellow student," this time he does growl. "Now Professor Flitwick can you justify you asking me that question when I don't know you and you surly don't know me," he asks in a deathly quiet voice. The room is plunged into a deeper silence as everyone continues to stare at a fifteen year old boy, a boy who seems to have justification for not answering their question; a boy who it seems is just as justified not to trust them, a boy who isn't a boy at all. "I didn't think so," Evan whispers in answer to the quiet greeting his words.

"Who in the list is your Aunt and Uncle," Severus asks after a moment as he thinks about the things he has heard. He knows what they heard is truth and he feels for Evan and what he has been through. He knows Evan doesn't want to share this information, this pain, and he can't blame him.

Evan looks over at Severus in question, "Aunt and Uncle," he repeats for a moment. "Oh," he says after a second, "none of them," he finally answers.

"What did they feel about what happened," Severus asks, "were they the ones you told," he finishes.

Evan can't help but snort at this, "heaven's no, I never told them anything," he says as he shakes his head. "How they felt was a different matter all together," he says knowingly. "They were disappointed I was the one to return alive," he says looking directly into Severus's eyes thus allowing the man to know his words are truth.

"You're over exaggerating," Sinatra instantly says not believing anyone would be so cruel.

"Hardly," Evan says as he looks over at her.

"What do you mean," Lily asks softly as she tries to put her world back together after his question.

Evan looks over at her for a moment, "you have a sister who dislikes magic so completely right," he asks instead.

Lily's eyes widen at his words, "yeah, going way past paranoia almost to the point of violently," she admits truthfully.

"Would you stick a potentially magical child within her care," Evan asks.

"No way," she says instantly without thought.

"Right," Evan agrees with a nod, though in his mind the only thing he can think is, what if you had no choice in the matter. "My Aunt and Uncle are no different then her," he says almost smiling at the truthfulness of the statement. "I was forbidden to utter the word MAGIC in the house; I wasn't allowed to have an imagination if it couldn't be proven by science. I was a nuisance they were forced to put up with, they wanted nothing to do with me, why would I want to tell them anything and why would they want me alive," he asks not really expecting an answer.

"You want me to talk to them," Severus asks knowing if Evan says yes he will plan some very interesting potions.

Evan looks over at Severus and smiles brightly at him, "nah that's alright," he says with a shake of his head and then the smile slides off his face instantly.

"Evan," Severus asks knowing something is wrong.

"I keep forgetting," Evan whispers as he looks down at his mug. "They were murdered just after fourth year," he says.

"From your words I gather you didn't like them," Albus says, "Then if this is true why, do you care," he asks.

"I may not have liked them sir," Evan answers as he looks down the table at the man he considers a grandfather, "but I wouldn't wish them harm," he explains. "I had to stop the Wea..." he drifts off for a moment, "I had to stop my family from harming them, especially after," again he dropped off leaving more questions than answers. "They were murdered during a break in at the hotel they were staying at for their holiday," he continues. "I had to identify their remains," he pauses, "I had to identify them being their only remaining relative," he says still looking at the Headmaster. "I may not have cared for them sir, but the only thing I ever wished for was to be removed from their care, never for something to happen to them. They were family, only by blood, yes, I may not have loved them but family none the less," he explains.

Everyone thinks about this as they finally start to eat their lunch. Each person lost in their own thoughts as they think about what it is they have learned here today. As they think about things they have seen today. After about twenty minutes everyone seems to have had enough. Though Lily is worried about their young charge, she has been watching him throughout the meal and he hasn't eaten much of anything, he mostly had a chocolate pudding and his hot chocolate. Once it is clear everyone is finished eating, Albus clears the table of all but Evan's mug of Hot Chocolate, something he is surprised to see still there.

Evan sits back with a shake of his head, he knows Hogwarts is the same, but the people in it are what seems to be the biggest problem. They don't trust him and to be honest he doesn't trust them either.

Something he never thought he would ever say about Albus Dumbledore and something that tears into his heart more than he ever thought possible. Isn't it enough to take the living from him, now he has to suffer the dejection from everyone he holds dear, now he has to suffer being torn from their caring trust and love, leaning forward he places his elbows on the table and buries his head into his hands knowing his life no longer holds any meaning, he has no reason to continue, if only he hadn't made that promise. His family isn't here, they are his reasons for breathing, and how he misses them. For the first time in his life he is really and truly homesick.

Artoo trills softly beside his master. Evan looks over at his friend and tilts his head slightly, "I know," he whispers to him. "I feel it too," he says in agreement. "Why here Artoo, why did he do this," he asks his friend. "He knows what is important to me, I don't want to be here, my family isn't here, I have no reason to be here, I have nothing holding me here, I have no reason," he says to his companion. Artoo sings an answer to his adopted son's questions. "This isn't my fight," he whispers after a moment, "I have already fulfilled my destiny, I won't do it again, I can't," he whispers with a shake of his head. Artoo hops up onto the table in front of Evan and trills again. Evan pauses as he thinks about what Artoo has told him, "Your request is reasonable," he says with a nod knowing they are the center of attention. "What do you suggest as our next move," he asks. Artoo responds after a moment and Evan nods his head in agreement of what he was told. After a moment Artoo takes flight, leaving behind his sad master.

Evan watches Artoo go then turns to look at Dumbledore, "I believe we have not covered what we were to have covered sir," Evan says in an even tone of voice. "So if you would be so kind as to get to the point of why you wished to see me," he asks as he folds his hands in his lap.

Albus blinks his surprise, the only outward sign of his emotions. "I wanted to see if you wished to enter your year here at Hogwarts," he says in his most even voice.

"Why would you wish for me to come when I've no need of it," Evan points out both answering and not answering.

"I've read your records," Albus says trying to head off where he fears this conversation is heading.

"Then you know I'm an independent, an adult by law and have rightfully passed both exams and have adequate training and abilities to find employment," Evan points out.

"Seeing," Flitwick asks.

"No, Seeking," Evan says with a smirk at the look of confusion crossing everyone's faces. "You know as a Seeker," he says and then shakes his head at their slowness. "As in Quidditch," he says after a moment.

"You'd probably be better off Seeing," Sinatra says with a shake of her head.

Evan shakes his head, "I don't like Seeing Professor and I don't want everyone knowing about it either," he points out. "I don't believe in Divination, something everyone would know instantly as soon they met me," he pauses, "or at least took the time to know me," he explains. "This however doesn't get us anywhere," he points out. "I've many important things to get too so if you don't mind not wasting my time," he says getting back to the original topic.

When there is no movement, no one moves made to speak Evan looks over at Severus and nods his head slightly. "It was an honor Professor; I hope to have an opportunity to speak with you again sometime. If you'll forgive me, I must be off," he says as he stands up, receiving Severus's nod in farewell.

Evan turns to the doors, "Mr. Knight," Albus calls out. Evan turns around but doesn't move back to his chair. "We aren't done," Albus points out.

"I believe we are sir," Evan points out. "You've no trust in your heart for me," he says softly barely able to keep his emotions under control. "I will not remain in a place where I'm only welcomed by two, I'm not welcome here," he says to them, "something that's a first for me," he whispers under his breath but loud enough for Severus to hear. "As

much as it pains me to say this sir, but I don't trust you," Evan says forcing the words past his throat. "I don't know you and you don't know me," he continues. "The questions I've been subjected to today are more than I should've allowed, but I humored you and you accused me of lying," he says this as he looks over at Minerva and then his gaze moves to Flitwick, "and of being unfair," he continues. "Things that if you knew me would never have occurred, things that if you wanted to know me would never have occurred. I was judged and sentenced long before you seen me sir," He says to the shock of everyone there. "Consider yourselves tested," he says to their horror, "and your scores are far from passing, in fact most of you've failed," he says to them. He bows slightly, "good day," he says and then stands up straight and proceeds to walk out of the Great Hall ignoring the calls for him to stop.

As the doors to the Great Hall close behind the retreating figure of a boy who has just ripped the carpet from beneath their feet and left them there to lick their self inflicted wounds. Severus looks at the doors one last time then he looks over at the rest of the people there and then at the chair across the way. He reaches over and takes the mug Evan left there in his hands and pulls it over to his side of the table. Looking within its brown murky depths he realizes this liquid has nothing compared to the man who has just changed their worlds as they know it. He showed them their prejudices and laid them out for everyone to see. He showed their heartlessness for what it is and he pointed it all out only losing his temper, or control, once and that was when he was talking about that night. A night Severus knows is one he is glad he doesn't know about and hates that his colleagues where trying to force out of Evan.

"He's right," Severus mutters in shock. "I'm not a Death Eater," he says as he too stands up from his place at the table, "you all are," he says as he steps closer to the doors. "You have no compassion for fellow humans and you all put him through things he should never have been subjected to," he almost shouts out as he turns around. He locks eyes with the first man he ever respected, "you are suppose to be the person anyone is able to trust, you are supposed to be approachable, but you weren't," he growls out. "You pushed him away when you should have been pulling him to you," he accuses them all. "What is the matter with all of you, you just acted worse than

a bunch of Death Eaters," he shouts and then grunts and strolls out of the doors as his cloak floats madly behind him.

Review Response

I would like to thank you for your review and the help. I had not thought about POV and how confusing it can be. I will ask my beta's to see if they can catch it as well. I will try and work with that.

As for the conversation with Fawkes, it would be kind of difficult to make it so you (the reader) could know what he was saying and yet still stay with the story. As for the 'Oh' part it was more in reference to where he lives. This is why he says Artoo can show him.

I didn't mean to make Harry/Evan sound rude or anything, just cautious. He hasn't really decided what to do in this new place. As for the smell, it is an after affect of the Trolls. It wasn't anything to do with his clothing or the like. Now for his injuries, nothing major and he didn't even notice he got him. Heat of the battle kind of thing, where your mind is so focused you don't really notice.

As for them standing around while Harry/Evan is speaking with the demons, um, since they aren't really being attacked per se they only need to throw a few curses and they are doing it, I just forgot to mention it (Oops, sorry about that).

The Professors are affected by the Dementors, but not as much as Harry/Evan is. Even in the books he has a greater reaction to them. His falling off of his broomstick is an example, there is nothing in the books stating other's had fallen as well. So his reaction is more acute than the Professors. If that makes any sense.

As for his reactions to seeing people he never thought he would, more of it comes in the next chapter. Though he is reserved about allowing them to know him, they are dead after all and these people, though they look like the people he knew, have a vastly different background.

Reactions will be seen throughout the story. Some more in depth then others, but there will be more. A lot will happen in the next chapter. I don't want to give it away or anything, but just to forewarn you. Evan will come off sounding mean or rude, but that is not my intentions. My intentions are for him to be suffering from heartache at having to be in the same place as people he loves, but don't know him. So his reactions are more defensive then anything.

I hope I have answered your questions, if not feel free to contact me again. Thank you once again. If you are interested in helping with the POV Problem just email me, I would love the help.

Jade Skywalker

Chapter Fourteen

Repercussions of the Ashamed Kind

Godric's Hollow

Sirius Black pushes open the house door, knowing he should at least knock, but is too excited to care. He wants to know what he missed out on. He wants to know what happened with the kid. He all but dashes into the living room and sees it empty. Instantly he knows it wasn't good. For he knows the kids have been sent to their room, and this only happens at various times in their lives. It is this most telling sight that tells him everything, or at least the first part of everything. Making his way to the study where he knows they will be, he wonders what could have gone so bad.

As he approaches the door he gently knocks on it and when he receives no answer he gently pushes it slightly open after a minute, knowing they have placed a silencing charm on the room and for them to hear him he has to break it slightly. "It's me," he says knowing they are about to let into one of their kids for not doing as they have been told.

"Padfoot," James asks as he opens the door the rest of the way to see his dear friend standing before him.

Sirius takes in the frown on James face and knows what he thought was an easy conversation with a kid, turned out to be anything but, "what happened Prongs," he asks instantly.

"Oh Sirius," Lily's voice sighs sadly as she steps next to James. "We were," she starts but is unable to tell him as the truth once again weighs heavily on her heart.

"Okay," Sirius says as he pushes the door closed behind him, "sit down," he directs them to the center of the room. "Now," he tells them once they are sitting, "Tell me everything," he asks of them.

For the next two hours Lily and James would trade off telling parts of what happened earlier in the day. Lily finally was able to tell him what

was happening on her side of the battle, whereas he already knew about James's side of things. They tried to relate all of the questions they asked while in the Great Hall. They even tried to repeat Evan's answers word for word; and even told him about the question, the ultimate question it seemed to boil down to. When Sirius heard the question Evan asked he wanted to rip the kid's throat out. That is until he heard the next part and he realized Evan's question was valid after all. When they finished their story of a meeting that should have gone easily but did anything but, Sirius sighs as he closes his eyes.

"That could have gone better," he finally admits.

"I just hope we haven't chased him away," Lily whispers sadly.

"The problem is," James says, "I think we did," he admits. "I know I wouldn't give us another chance," he explains to the two people with him.

"Neither would I," Sirius is forced to admit with a small nod.

"What are we going to do now," Lily asks the two men and the two men shrug in return, not having a clue as to how to proceed from here.

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

The Great Hall

Albus Dumbledore steps into the Great Hall as his mind returns to earlier that day, returns to a meeting where they should have been more open to the person they were talking to but were too busy assaulting him to get to know him. It seems they have rightfully failed what feels to be one of the most important tests they have ever taken. He looks up to see most of the staff in the Great Hall, in almost the same places they were this morning. "What did I do," Flitwick says with a sad shake of his head. "What kind of Head of House am I when I won't listen objectively to people," he rants on himself.

"He was right," Minerva says after a moment as she looks over at Flitwick who is sitting two chairs to her right as Albus makes his way

to where he had sat during that time as well. "We all but sent him to Azkaban for breathing, for saving our lives," she whispers with a shake of her head, speaking more to herself than anyone else.

"I was warned," Dumbledore says to them in a remorseful tone of voice, "but I didn't heed that warning," he says sadly.

"We were all warned," Flitwick's shrill voice calls out correcting the Headmaster. "We were told to be honest, truthful and not to judge him and we did," he says as he picks at the dinner on his plate.

Severus Snape can't help the soft snort at this words, he can't help but agree completely. They did judge Evan, they judged him harshly and for the first time in his life he can actually say he didn't jump on the band wagon, he let these sheep jump off their own cliff as he watched from a distance. He finds he likes this feeling of rightness; he likes to see his colleges squirm in their own self pity. Shaking his head he returns to his own meal, trying to keep himself from shouting out, 'ha, ha, ha, I passed and you didn't', though he doesn't really know where that urge is coming from.

Just then an owl swoops in on the Headmaster and Albus instantly recognizes it as Tom's. "Here's where we learn our fate," he whispers to Minerva as he unties the burden from the owl only to watch it soar away again. Opening the letter he finds he really doesn't want to learn of their fate, their earned fate in the eyes of a fifteen year-old boy. A fate they more than likely deserve, for he knows he does. With almost hungrily greedy eyes he reads the words on the page before him.

Headmaster Professor Dumbledore

I have received your owl and I am now just replying to your request. I have had the need to calm down before I have written this reply. For I know if I hadn't I would have said things I know you wouldn't care to see and I wouldn't care to become. For I believe in the words told to me be by a FIFTEEN YEAR OLD-BOY, I will not stoop to your level or rudeness.

I may not know of everything that occurred, but I do know Evan has every right to hate you and none to believe in you. But he doesn't hate you and he believes in you. How, why, I do not know. He is saddened by your actions today, but he refuses to let what happened rule him. You have failed it seems in one of the easiest yet most important test you could ever take, kindness.

Evan it seems wasn't as inactive as you figured he might be after what all of you did to him today. He did things you were aware and unaware of. It seems he has been very busy after all. For Evan Knight will no longer be staying here at the Leaky Cauldron, though he has paid for two days more and has told me to wait on its return, saying there will come a day within the year where a family from somewhere else will need it. Anyway, Evan is now the proud owner of property. Not just any property, but unplotable property with a Secret-Keeper, to be honest I think he is the Secret-Keeper.

I know for a fact if Evan doesn't want to be found, he won't be. It seems to me that he doesn't want to be located by you or your worthless minions and I don't blame him. I have never thought in all my years that I would be ashamed of the great Albus Dumbledore, but I find I am. In the actions shown today by most of the faculty of Hogwarts I have just realized I don't respect you, all of you as much as I did yesterday. I don't know if you can regain this respect. I don't know if I will allow it to happen.

I believe I would be madder if Evan hadn't promised to come and see me from time to time. It is this fact and another that allows me to continue to work with you. Evan isn't mad at you, any of you. Disappointed, more than you can imagine, hurt, worse than the Cruciatus could ever dream of, but he doesn't hate you, he just doesn't know if he wants anything to do with you.

You asked if there might be hope, and unfortunately I have to answer, yes. Evan will eventually forgive all of you of your transgressions, but it won't be easy. Oddly enough Severus Snape is the only one he trusts.

How could you have done that to him, he had just been near the Dementors, he had just saved your sorry lives and you bit him in the

butt as a thank you. I am extremely furious at this moment and I have to ask you to leave me alone for a while, while I cool down. I will owl you when I am ready, but know I no longer respect you as much as before and I highly doubt you will be ever to regain what has been lost here today. I believe both Molly and Melissa will agree with me. Evan is a nice boy and deserved more respect than he was shown today. I have seen you show more respect to Malfoy than you did to Evan.

Tom

Albus rereads the words on the paper and oddly enough understands what Tom is saying. As he hands the letter to Minerva for her to read, he finds himself more ashamed of himself than Tom could ever be. What occurred today was wrong. There are no other words for it. What they did was just plain wrong. They violated the trust of another human; they violated another human with their questions and comments. Oddly enough he also finds hope in the words Tom wrote him. Evan might give them another chance, but now he wonders if they should even try for how the first attempt turned out it just might be best to let the young man alone.

Outside Hogsmeade

Property Number JFB 1701-D

Evan looks up at the stone and smiles as he realizes he is finally as close to home as he can be. He looks down at the title in his hand reading, KNIGHT'S SANCTUARY, and smiles. He was able to get his home back and he knows it will know him just as Hogwarts did. For this was the home of Godric and Rowena Gryffindor all those years ago. He steps up to the gate and places his hands on the cool metal, instantly gold light shines all around him and the metal before him. When he removes his hands he steps back to take a good look at his work.

A golden K in the center of the gate, to open in the middle when someone deemed worthy is able to enter. He rubs his forefinger gently along each letter, H, Hermione, J, Jane, G, Granger, R, Ron, B, Bilius, W, for Weasley. He smiles knowing each W means just that.

Going to the center he jumps over it and goes on downward, G, Ginny, M, Molly, N, Neville, M, Molly. At this point he goes to the opposite side, A, Albus, D, Dumbledore, M, Minerva, M, McGonagall, S, Severus, S, Snape, he once again skips the middle, S, Sirius, B, Black, R, Remus, L, Lupin, A, Arthur, G, George, F, Fred, B, Bill, C, Charlie. After feeling the shape of each of these letters he returns his finger to the center and works his way from left to right, L, Lily, P, Potter, E, Evans, K, Knight, H, Harry, J, James, P, Potter, J, James, P, Potter. Therefore this single letter contains all he holds dear, his family, his life.

He gently pushes on the center of the letter as the gates slowly open in welcome. He take his time as he makes his way to a home he knows is missing some of the important things but is as close to being home as it was. He knows it is missing the presence, the belongings of his family. At least he knows his way around and is welcomed here, for only those who are welcome, are destined for it can see it. That was they way Godric and Rowena had planned it, They planned it for him to find it and call it home, he has, he is and he will continue to do so. Now to type up his report so he can send it off to Sirius in the morning.

Chapter Fifteen

A Matter of Life or, Well, Life

About One Month Later

Headquarters: Order of the Phoenix

With a bone weary sigh Severus Snap makes his way into the newest location of Headquarters, a place that seems to jump around more than that mutt, Sirius Black. The last official Headquarters had to be abandoned rather quickly as the group within dodged an army of Death Eaters. Severus pauses as he takes in the new setting, and to his surprise he finds he actually prefers the other place to this excuse for a building. The word 'condemned' comes to the tip of his tongue, but he forces himself not to voice his opinion of this Muggle derelict playhouse.

Severus forces his thoughts to the present, unfortunate, location, quickly locating the safest looking chairs near the back of the, if it is possible to call it such, auditorium. With caution borne from being a Death Eater for most of his life, Severus quickly checks the chair for any type of spell and is relieved to find there is none. Sitting down his mind reminds him, not for the first or last time, that he really hates these monthly meetings. He'd much rather prefer the more select ones, where things seem to actually happen or at least get discussed. These monthly things are more of a recap for all the poor schmucks who aren't part of the inner ring, the council as they have been called. Severus would much rather, go over the latest intelligence, from last night's Death Eater meeting, than to have to sit here and listen to old news.

Severus understands the need for these meetings, but what he doesn't understand is the need for him to be at these meetings. Albus, the old fool, keeps talking him into it; if that is what once could call it. More like, the great Albus Dumbledore, cons people into attending these meetings willingly, though they don't realize they've been played until long after the meeting is over. But of all the nights to have to come to the meeting, tonight is the one he would much prefer not to be in attendance of.

Severus Snape looks around at the group gathered before him and scowls caustically at the back of their heads. Subconsciously he knows what going to be talked about here today, and also knows what they will try and ask of him. What they don't know, is he'll refuse to do their bidding on this matter. He wasn't the one that screwed up so completely. For a change Severus was the only person who didn't make a complete fool themselves. He sure wasn't doing the name calling, though he did make a remark about Potter. As his cold calculating gaze drifts across the room, the only thought his mind settles on is, 'What a sorry group of people they have become'. No, he decides as he crosses his arms across his chest, he wasn't the one to dig this grave and he won't be the one to get them out of it either.

"Thank you for coming," a voice calls above the chattering of the thirty or so people. A voice all of them know as belonging to Albus Dumbledore. A respectful silence fills the room for the man before them. Well, all are respectful, but four people really, who though are quiet but the look of distaste color their features as they sit apart from everyone else at the meeting. The four people who know what this man did and some of the others in the room did. The four people sitting amongst the furthest chairs, towards the back of the room, four people who seem to have made an odd and silent pact with each other, a strange and limited friendship if you will. The Protection of Evan Knight Club, something that amuses Severus to no ends as he looks to his right to see Tom who seems just as uncomfortable with this meeting as Severus himself is. Next to Tom, Melissa and Molly are both seated, arms crossed defensively across their chests as they watch the proceedings quietly, yet with a steely look in their eyes. These are his fellow club members and oddly enough he finds he respects them, though he wouldn't be caught admitting this aloud to anyone. "Are there any matters you wish to bring up before we get on to business," Albus asks the group. Everyone knows what the planned agenda is; this whole meeting is more or less tentively called Operation Evan Knight. It seems everyone in attendance is willing to meet just to talk about a boy, no man, who doesn't like to be talked about. "Very well," Albus says with a knowing nod, "Minerva," he says to the lady beside him.

Minerva stands up and makes her way to the center of the stage before the auditorium, only to ignore the podium as usual. "It seems there's been little to no contact with Evan Knight in almost a month," she starts to recap things they already know, well at least the council members know this. "The known contacts are with some of the shop keepers in Diagon Alley. A small number of the council members who know Mr. Knight hasn't said anything about seeing Mr. Knight either," she says this last part as she glares back at the four of them only to receive a glare in return.

"How does he look," Lily Potter asks from her place between Sirius and James as she turns around to look at the back of the room, her concern showing for the boy. This sudden show of concern confuses Severus greatly as he looks down the rows at her as she sits in the second row from the front. This show of concern confuses him because he knows she didn't show much care for Evan that day a little over a month ago.

"Luckily," Minerva huffs, "All reports say he looks fine," Minerva answers the anger at her own lack of helpful information evident in her voice.

"What was he doing there," Mrs. Diggory asks from the fourth row and on the total opposite of where the Potters are sitting.

"He was picking up some potions supplies, a broom waxing kit, some more books, and a wand care kit," Minerva explains to them.

"Tom," Mrs. Diggory says as they all look back at the man in question, as his own eyes move to her, his head turning considerably. "Have you seen Mr. Knight at all," she asks knowing the man refuses to lie.

Tom looks back at the lady and all but smirks at her, "I have seen Mr. Evan many times, even before all of you. if you do remember, he did stay at the Leaky Cauldron," he answers honestly yet at the same time vaguely.

"Have you seen him since that day," Mr. Diggory asks after his wife's failed attempt.

Tom looks over at Melissa in question and then over at Severus, who to Tom's surprise, shakes his head in denial, "I am afraid I will not answer that," he says.

"So you have," Mr. Diggory deduces from his response, for which Tom just shrugs slightly.

"If you aren't here to help the Order," Mrs. Diggory all but shouts out in anger at the man, "then you are here to collect information for He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named," she accuses.

Severus stands up from his chair and the lady visibly cringes at the look on his face, "I do believe you don't know what it is you're speaking of," he growls out in response to her words.

"Calm down everyone," Albus finally cuts in receiving a glare from Severus.

"How come they're here if they're of no use," Mrs. Diggory turns and asks the headmaster.

"Because they're of use to us," Albus counters.

"They won't tell us anything about this current threat," she spits out.

"Evan Knight is not a threat," Molly says standing up.

"Then why are we here to talk about him," Mrs. Diggory demands.

"Because you twit," Severus says before anyone else can, "There's something special about this boy, something none of us knows or understands," he says in a growl.

"That doesn't explain anything," she shouts standing up and facing him.

"Doesn't it," he counters with a scowl.

"Please," Albus says in a commanding voice, a tone which none there has heard before, a tone of anger and sadness. "Sit down," he

says to both of them. reluctantly the two does as ordered. "Mr. Knight was able to fight off the Dementors and he said something to the Demons which made them reconsider their attack on Hogwarts, he was the one who alerted the Ministry of the attack and he saved the school," he says in his commanding tone of voice, a voice that makes them understand just how powerful this man is.

"For all he seems, he's no threat to us, or to Hogwarts," he says looking over at Lily and then back to the group at large. "We're here to try and fix a mistake that was grievously made, a mistake that should never have happened," he continues. "But to do this we must find him," he says and then looks at Mrs. Diggory, "Tom, Molly, Melissa and Severus it seems were able to make friends with Mr. Knight and they're here to protect him. They know what occurred, our dishonor, and they will not tell us if they have or have not seen young Evan Knight. I understand their reasoning, I understand why, and I hope you'll let them be for they will tell us anything if something is drastically wrong. This I've no doubt about, but we must pay penance for our sins," Albus says reminding everyone what happened that day.

Knight's Sanctuary

Same time as the meeting

The sounds of paper moving slightly, steady scratching from a quill, and the occasional dip of the quill into ink, fill the otherwise silent room. If the walls could talk, they would talk about how nice it is to have someone living within their walls once again. Though they too, would talk about how obsessive their new charge is, for studying, writing and exercising seem to be all the young man does. Occasionally their charge does leave, but never as his true self.

If a building could ever become overprotecting, then Knight's Sanctuary is that place. The manor tries it's hardest to help its young master, be it when he is screaming in his tortured sleep, when he exerts himself too hard and falls from his high perch in the gym, or even as he sits in his seemingly favorite chair and does his own self appointed work. If a building could ever be glad of its ability to remember, contain its memory from all possible, well, relevant

dimensions, then this is one building who would be happier than three kings, but at the same time, just as sad.

Evan Knight looks up from his writing to look around the library; a strange feeling was penetrating his very soul. Such pain, confusion, and hopelessness that he hasn't felt in a long time, not since Moony had passed away. Pushing back from the table he walks over to the window that gives him a beautiful view overlooking Hogwarts. Seeing nothing he turns around and takes a step to return to his work when a sharp jabbing pain courses through his body. With a gasp he falls to the ground, his hand clutching his side as though trying to hold it together, hold it in.

He closes his eyes as he tries to pinpoint where this feeling is coming from, he sees a house, a familiar house. The Burrow, his mind screams at him. He forces himself not to remember what happened to the Burrow in his world as he tries to locate the source of this pain. He turns around in the clearing before the forest and catches a glimpse of something. Instantly he takes off towards what he sees, needing to make sure it is what he hopes it isn't. He drops to his knees beside someone who in his world was more of an Uncle to him than his biological one. "Moony," he whispers to the form. The jumps and looks around in horror, "Shh, don't be afraid, I'll be here in a moment," he promises the scared man lying in a pool of blood near the edge of the woods.

Opening his eyes, Evan pushes himself up from the floor and takes off at a full run through the house, in order to Apparate to Remus Lupin. Forcing his feet to move faster as a feeling of urgency sweeps through his soul, a sense of impending death starts to settle on his heart. Shaking his head, Evan starts muttering with each exhale of breath, "I have to get there; I can't fail this one as I did my Moony". Evan refuses to let this Remus die if he can do anything to help him. He bursts out of the doors of the mansion and automatically Apparates to the edge of the Burrow, ignoring the wards he has just set off as he continues to run to the edge of the forest, not missing a beat.

Remus Lupin stumbles along the path not really sure where he is heading but knows he needs help. The stab wound in his side slowly

takes his life away from him as he continues to bleed out. He can't help the smile that crosses his face as he sees the edge of the trees ahead. He stumbles and lands on the ground; he tries to push himself up from the ground but finds he hasn't the strength to do so. Pulling himself as far as he can with his left arm, he collapses from exhaustion and pain along the edge of the trees. He knows this place is where he is going to die; this is the end for him. He looks up at the clear sky and smiles his goodbye, only to jump out of fear as someone calls to him. He looks around wildly, wondering if it is his angel of death talking to him. He smiles at the words, "don't be afraid," the words seem to reassure him more than he ever thought possible.

Almost two minutes later Remus is beginning to doubt the words and finds fear claiming his soul as he hears feet running towards him. He looks up straight into purple eyes, his eyes widen as he tries to recoil from this stranger. "Shh," the same voice of just a few minutes before comes from his mouth, "I'm here to help you," he promises. Remus can't do anything to defend himself, but as the stranger carefully takes him into his arms he knows there is nothing to fear. "You're going to be alright Moony," the young stranger promises. "Where can I take you," he asks.

"I don't know," Remus coughs, "can't go to Hogwarts," he finds himself admitting and starts to curse himself.

"Okay," Evan whispers to the form in his arms, "I've got you, I won't let anything happen to you," he whispers as he tries to pull enough energy from around him to stop the man in his arms from dying, which Evan knows Remus is doing at this moment.

Remus feels warmth embrace him and he knows this young boy is as true as his word. Remus sighs contentedly as he lets the darkness surround him and take him to the world of dreams.

Evan looks down at the man for a moment and then back at the figures running his way. He smiles at the forms knowing exactly who they are. Bill reaches him first, wand pointed at him, "How did you get here," he demands of the boy before him who is holding the slack

figure of another. Though who he doesn't know, the shadows just won't let him see.

"Relax Bill," Evan says shocking him. "I mean you no harm, tell your mother I said hello," he asks as he closes his eyes and starts to concentrate on where he wants to go.

"Who should I tell her said so," Bill asks knowing his calmness with this stranger could be his death, but he can't find it within himself to be afraid.

A bluish glow surrounds the two figures and they are both instantly gone, only an echo of the word spoken by the boy resound through the air as Charlie catches up, "Evan," the kind voice echoes at the edge of the trees allowing them to be heard by the two men and no one more.

"Evan," Charlie says in shock, "as in Evan Knight," he asks.

"I would figure," Bill says as he kneels down and puts his finger to a puddle on the ground. "Blood," he says when he brings the finger up to look at.

"His," Charlie asks hoping it isn't, for he doesn't want to have to explain that to his mother.

"No, the other persons," Bill says standing up. "Evan was the one who tripped our alarms," he says turning to look at his brother. "Somehow or another he knew where that man was and came to help him," Bill says knowing in his heart it is the truth.

"But how," Charlie asks as the two of them head back towards the house knowing what just happened was both the creepiest and the wickedest thing they have ever seen in their life.

"He's an Empath," Bill reminds his brother with a shake of his head.

"Duh, I forgot," Charlie says only to get hit in the arm by his brother.

"Wait till mum hears he was here and she wasn't," Bill laughs out.

"I think I'll be leaving when she returns," Charlie complains, "my hearing hasn't returned since she yelled at the twins for that last stunt I don't think my ears can handle anymore," he laughs out teasingly.

Knight's Sanctuary

An Hour Later

Remus Lupin moans as he feels consciousness start to return to him. He jumps as something touches his face, something cold. He tries to push himself deeper into the encasing warmth that surrounds him. "No, Remus," a voice calls to him, "you need to drink this and then you can go back to sleep," the voice asks him as Remus feels his head being lifted up. A cup is placed next to his lips and he takes a small hesitant sip knowing the tastes of potions to be horrid on a good day, but with the way he feels at the moment that wouldn't be a good thing. As the warm liquid makes its way down his throat he is surprised at the sweet taste and he quickly drinks as much of the wonderful tasting liquid as he can. "That's enough for now, you can go back to sleep," the kind voice says softly to him as he lies his head back down on the pillow. Remus can't help but smile at the kindness and the warmth he is feeling as the darkness takes him away again.

Godric's Hollow

Later that night

In the darkness of the pale, late night or early morning, moon light the Potter house would seem silent, still, asleep. However if the casual passerby, though at two in the morning just how it would be causal is beyond reason, would find a single light shining from a small window on the second floor. A room that has its lights on more often than not, though to anyone who ever noticed such a light, they would not understand the reasons for the light to be on, or the people within to still be awake at such an ungodly hour of the night.

On this night however, there isn't just one or two people awake as is the usual practice. This night there is another with them. Another person who it seems is just as worried, upset, and awake as the other

two. Though the reasons for this are clear to the three; the rest of the world, who is awake at such an hour, would know it is because of some, according to the long haired man, 'stupid, useless meeting that didn't cover anything worth going for'. Most would have agreed with the redheaded woman as she scolds the first man, 'would you please be quiet there are people trying to sleep Sirius', though this did nothing to stop the loud man from cursing loudly.

The neighborhood might have been more understanding had they known what exactly was on their young minds. Given the fact they were not privy to this information, resulted in many loud shouts of 'would you shut up,' 'knock it off will you,' 'you do realize it is two in the morning,' 'people are trying to sleep,' and many other helpful, but avoided suggestions.

Now however, even half an hour later the same man is still just as tightly strung as he had been on the front lawn of the Potter's home. Luckily, now however, the rest of the world can not hear his rants, his raves as he continues to worry about someone who should have been at the meeting a few hours ago. Just as luckily is the fact the world can't hear the thoughts, feelings, and worries of the other two people who were with him on that lawn.

"That's just it, he wasn't there," Sirius barks as he continues to pace back and forth in the living room of his best friends family home.

"When's the last time you saw him," James voice could be heard over the incessant mumbling, and cursing of Sirius as he watches Sirius pace from his position on the couch. His legs curled under him in an attempt to stay out of Sirius's way.

"Two weeks ago," Sirius growls in answer.

"This is turning out to be a very bad day," Lily sighs as she sits back in her chair. She is sitting on the opposite side as her husband, though her legs are just as hidden as James's.

"What's happened to him," Sirius asks softly as he drops down in the chair across from James.

"I don't know, but we all know Moony, he's okay," James says knowing in a voice is less than convincing.

"He didn't come to the meeting tonight and he promised he'd be there, he didn't call in yesterday at the check in time, the last known communication with him was two weeks ago yesterday and it was short, he said there was a problem but he couldn't tell me what it was, and that was it," Sirius grates out in a tone of voice reminiscent of a whining dog. His pacing continuing without pause and it is this fact that alerts both James and Lily that Sirius is trying to reign in his panic; Sirius is trying to stay in control of his emotions. Though his control is slipping quickly given by the fact Sirius is starting to show his dog traits.

Just then there is a tapping at the window of the study, everyone turns to look at the window to find the most beautiful snow white owl looking back at them. "Who's that from," Lily asks as she stands up to let in the bird. She smiles softly at the owl as it lands on the desk before her and sticks out the letter for removal. Lily removes the letter and gives the owl some treats in reward; the owl quickly takes the treat and then instantly takes to flight. "Beautiful creature," she whispers in amazement. Looking down at the script on the front of the envelope she realizes she doesn't know the writing but feels compelled to open it anyway.

Potter's and more than likely Black,

I realize my writing to you is the last thing you would've ever expected, though granted I didn't do this of my own accord. I'm not sure how to put this or if I even should try given our last meeting.

Before I get totally distracted I've some important news to tell you. I was able to locate a friend of yours. Yes, I know I'm being very vague, but in my life you learn not to be overly outward with what it is one wishes to relate. Covertness is one thing, telling everyone everything is another. Professor Lupin taught me that, or was it Moody. No Moody, oh here I go again. Anyway the aforementioned friend who, you KNOW has been put into this letter was located at our Redheaded friend's place this very eve.

He was in a right mess if I do say so myself. He said he was unable to go to school because of an illness and this injury of his. You'll have to inform his Professors and all. The moon is nearly full, and yes I do know what this means. So don't be expecting your friend for another few days. He is well, tired, sore, a little worse for the wear, but okay. If you are unable to figure out who it is I am speaking of, then you are not his friends. If you don't know this man in the bed beside me then you did not attend school together and didn't break all those rules to be with him.

Now if you will be so kind as to forgive this letter and its rushed words, I must now take care of my waking charge. Anyway, I do believe it is time to howl at the moon.

Knight

Lily pauses at the end and then rereads the whole letter again. "Lily," James asks as he sees her movements. "Is everything okay," he asks.

"I'm not sure," she admits. "I think we've located Remus," she exclaims with a raise of her eyebrow.

"What do you mean think," Sirius asks as Lily hands over the letter. As Sirius reads he huffs at the title, "Professor Lupin," he laughs out. His eyes catch the bottom and he instantly looks up at Lily, "the boy," he asks her.

"I think so," Lily agrees softly as she passes the letter across the room to James.

"Do you think he's okay," James asks as he finishes reading the letter.

"I think so," Lily says with a sigh of relief.

Sirius takes the letter again, rereads it and at his inhaled breath everyone looks at him, "he knows what Moony is," he gasps out.

"What," James stutters.

"Right here he says, the moon is nearly full and yes I do know what this means," Sirius reads, "Therefore he knows what Moony is," he explains.

Lily takes the letter back, "and from what he said Remus is unable to go to Hogwarts. He says here, he said he was unable to go to school because of this illness, this injury of his, you'll have to inform his Professors," she reads in a shock as she realizes this boy is giving them more information than she at first thought he was.

"Smart kid," Sirius declares in admiration. Lily looks over at him with a raised eyebrow, "he gave us a clue to tell us he's who he says he is," he says taking back the letter. "Right here he says, he is well, tired, sore, a little worse for the wear, but okay," he murmurs and then looks up at her, "he said that to me on the battle field only then he was talking about you," he explains something neither James nor Lily would have picked up on.

"Very smart kid," James agrees, "he even told us where he found him, located at our redheaded friends place this very eve, he found him tonight at the Weasley's," James replies in awe.

Lily takes the letter again, "he has Remus in a bed, and he was just waking when Evan was writing this. That means he will be okay," she sighs as she drops into her chair.

James stands up and goes over to the fireplace, grabbing a handful of Floo powder he tosses it into the fire as he kneels before it, "THE BURROW," he shouts as he puts his head into the green flames.

The Burrow

"Dad," a voice calls out in shock at seeing his father's head in the fire looking back at him.

"Hey Harry, is Molly around," James asks in a tone of voice Harry knows not to mess with.

"Yeah she just got in," he says hearing the sound of the back door opening to allow said person into her house. "Mrs. Weasley," Harry

calls, "Floo," he explains as Molly steps into the room and pauses as she sees the face in the fire.

"James," she asks in shock.

"Harry, go upstairs," James orders his son who throws him a defiant glare as he takes off up the stairs to Ron's room. "Molly is the coast clear," he asks.

"Yes," Molly says after a moment as Arthur, Bill and Charlie walk into the room with her.

"We just received a letter from Evan," James explains to her, "he claims to have been near your place this evening," he says.

"He was," Bill answers before Molly could comment. "He Apparated in at a dead run, something I thought wasn't possible then he took off to the hills as we gave chase," Bill continues to explain to everyone there.

"That kid can run," Charlie agrees with a nod.

"Anyway, when we got to him he wasn't alone," Bill says honestly, "couldn't see the other person," he explains.

"Did he look okay," James asks worriedly.

"No," Bill says honestly but reluctantly. "Evan asked us to tell mum he said Hello and then a blue light surrounded him and the man in his arms and they just disappeared," he answers.

"In his arms," James asks hoarsely.

"Yeah, the man didn't look as though he was holding onto life well at all," Charlie supplies.

"Do you know who it was," Bill asks.

"According to the letter he sent us, it's Remus," James says to the shock of everyone there.

"Oh dear," Molly whispers in distress as she all but drops down in the nearest chair.

"Is he okay," Arthur whispers hopefully as he places his hand on his wife's shoulder for support, though not only for her but for himself as well.

"The letter says he's sore, tired, a little worse for the wear but he will be okay," James sighs softly as he tries to assuage their fears, and in truth his own.

"If Evan says he's okay, he will be," Molly confidently promises the sad figure in the fire before her.

"I hope so," James agrees, "thank you," he says.

"Sorry and I hope you sleep well," Molly says in a departing greeting. James face disappears and Molly turns to look at her two sons, "he was here," she asks hopefully.

"Yes mum he was," Bill answers with a smile at her tone of voice. It has been only a month since his mother met this young boy, but nothing has been the same since, everything has been better. The night after the meeting he joined his mother for cookies and chocolate milk and they spent the whole night talking about Ginny. Fred and George also joined in and it did them a lot of good, it helped them to see it is okay to live and to still remember her. The one thing they all realized they wished they could do, is have a proper burial for her, but to be able to do that, they would need to know where she was.

"The poor boy," she whispers in answer, "having to see another person hurt," she comments with a shake of her head.

AN: I would like to really apologize for the amount of time it has taken to get this chapter out to you. Though it is no excuse, but life has been crazy here. Then again it will remain just as, if not more so from now until around Christmas. I have also had a bit of a writer's block. Not to worry, the story will be finished. I have the general idea with how this book will be done, (though not the next one). It's just getting it down on computer and then off to my wonderful Betas. If you have any suggestions, please feel more than free to tell me. All I ask is to be kind. I don't mind flames; I just don't care for cruel ones. Unfortunately I have had them.

This chapter contains information, spoilers if you will, for future chapters, as well as introduces a character who we will be seeing shortly.

Title: Destiny's Ghost

Disclaimer: If I owned it I wouldn't be getting school loans. The privilege of ownership doesn't belong to me; it belongs to J.K. Rowling and Scholastic, Warner Bros. Etc.

Betas: Wildbluyander and Amdorn

Genre: AU/Angst/Mystery/Romance

Rating: This chapter is purely G, sorry not even one swearword.

Spoilers: 1-5, but remains cannon until after book 4.

Warning: This story is listed as a Harry/Hermione story. It is, it just might take a while to get there, patience is humbly asked for.

Summary: He is foreign to this new world, a world so similar to his own and yet so different. His name is Harry Potter. His new destiny is unknown. All that is known is his world has been torn asunder and nothing of who he is remains. What is Harry Potter to do? What does this new world have in store for him? Join Harry Potter on this next great adventure that takes him to a place he never even dreamed existed, another world.

Remember to review, Thanks.

I Stand Alone

I pause in my steps

Realizing for the first time in many days

Though I am surrounded by people

I am truly alone.

I don't know this place

It is foreign to me

Though I have known this place

For many years,

Almost all my life

It is as though

I have never been here before.

There are strange new people

And those thought to be known

Are no longer near to me

I see a face in the sea of walking souls

A face I knew so long ago

A face once so dear to me

A face I no longer know

A face whose is my own
Reflected upon the glass of the widow
Who is that staring back at me?
What happened to the person I once was
What do I do now?
I stand as a stranger in my homeland
I stand as a stranger in a strange world
I stand amongst many
Yet
I stand alone
I have returned here
From so long away
I have returned to a place
I dreamt of nightly
Only to find I no longer
Feel as though I belong
I stand out
Strange and new
Yet old and forgotten
Who am I you ask

I am you

I am me

I am the returning soldier

I fight for peace

I fight for freedom

I fight for all of you

But most of all, I fight for what I believe

I fight for what I feel is right

Now I stand here

Looking upon

My reflection across the way

And I realize

I don't know this place anymore

It is no longer what I remembered it to be

It has changed in my time away

But more importantly

I no longer know me

Though I am standing amongst many

I stand alone

By Jade Skywalker

Dedicated to the U.S. Military and my Brother

September 23, 2004

Destiny's Ghost

Chapter Sixteen

A Person of Safety and a Person of Threats

Knight's Sanctuary

Light filters through a nearby window and as far as he is concerned, directly into his eyes. He knows the light isn't directly pointed at him, that this isn't what is really happening, but needless to say it feels that way. He turns his head away from the offending light, trying to get himself deeper within the warmth he knows he hasn't felt in ages, warmth deep within his soul, the feeling of being safe and cared for unconditionally. He sighs contentedly trying to return to the dream in which he had just come from. It is a recurring dream, a dream of a different Harry Potter, a different history and a different life. He doesn't understand why he has these dreams, it's not like he hates his life now, but he can't help but want to help this other Harry.

"Good morning," a soft and kind voice whispers to him, which causes him to jump out of his thoughts and back into the present, whenever that is.

Remus opens his eyes to find that he couldn't exactly see much of anything, and then he chuckles as he realizes he has pulled the blanket over his head to keep the light out. With his arm he slowly lowers the blanket to see the most magnificent room he has ever seen in his life. The colors are a mixture of Gryffindor with Ravenclaw, but oddly enough they perfectly complement each other. His eyes not yet to be completely cleared of sleep and lasting potions, Remus watches as a fuzzy tall form places some things on the table beside him and this is when he realizes not only doesn't he know where he is, but also what happened to him comes swimming back into his mind. "Where am I," he asks and instantly regrets his rudeness.

"You're at my house, I call it Knight's Sanctuary," the voice he has been hearing in his dreams for what seems forever tells him. Remus's eyes widen as recognition rings through him.

"Harry," he asks tentatively hoping not to offend this person.

"Evan," the figure gently corrects with a shrug.

"No," Remus says as he pushes himself up surprised at the lack of pain in his body. "My dream Harry," he says to the back of the figure, he silently wishes the figure would turn around so he could get a look at him.

Silence greets these words momentarily as the figure pauses in his work, "Why would you dream of another Harry," the figure asks.

"I don't know," Remus admits knowing this is a question he has been asking himself for many years. "I just know the place he comes from is different, harder, I don't know," he struggles to explain.

The figure sighs, "I was wondering," he says as he turns around causing Remus to gasp in recognition.

A wistful smile slowly crosses Remus's face as he sees the face of his dreams, a face he has come to love more than the Harry Potter he knows, the Harry Potter of this world. "Harry," he whispers again as he pats the side of his bed telling Evan to sit down. Evan sits down knowing this man is the Remus, he has been sharing some dreams with, now if this also happens to be the world Dissy is in, Evan will know without a doubt there's more to his being here than what Dumbledore hadn't told him.

As Evan sits down Remus brings his hand up to the lightning bolt scar, "You got this when they died," Remus says more than asks. Evan nods his head in agreement only to be shocked when Remus pulls him in for a tight hug. "I've been waiting for you," Remus whispers into the young man's hair as he starts to cry tears of overwhelming happiness.

"I've missed you," Evan admits with a cracked voice to the figure holding him tightly.

"You miss them too," Remus says gently as he realizes just what this boy has been forced through. Remus slowly lets go of Evan to looking to the young man's eyes, his face kind and understanding as he watches Evan fight against reacting to words Remus knows is breaking the young man's heart. Remus has only seen a very small glimpse of his dream world, of Evan's world, but he knows enough to understand how much this boy loved his friends.

"How could he do this to me," Evan asks knowing there is no answer. "How could he take me from my home, my family and send me here without them," he questions as he fights back tears. Tears he has not had to fight for many, many years.

"I don't know," Remus admits knowing only part of the turmoil Evan must be suffering. "I know I'm not the Remus you loved, but I wish to help you," Remus promises knowing he owes this man his life in more than one way. Remus not only owes him his life for saving him this time, but also for saving him in his dream world. "Wait until Destiny sees you," Remus whispers excitedly with a smile, "she's so going to love see you," as Remus laughs at the groan coming from the figure across from him, still within his grip.

After a moment Evan sits back and looks over the mirror image of a man he had grown to respect and love, "Are you okay," he asks worriedly.

"I'm better than alright," Remus answers with a genuine smile that reaches up to his eyes.

"Do you have any pain," Evan asks as he points to Remus's side, he knows there shouldn't be any, hoping there isn't.

"Not a single one," Remus confirms with another confident smile while nodding his head energetically.

"Good," Evan smiles softly, warmly in return as he stands up and walks over to the table he had been at before Remus awoke.

It then hits Remus, "When's the full moon," he asks worriedly as Evan returns to the bed to sit down beside him again.

"Been and gone," Evan answers honestly as he reaches over to the nightstand and grabs a goblet, he then pours the contents of the potions vial he had just retrieved, into a goblet and hands it to Remus.

"But it couldn't have," Remus says shocked, "you," he stops abruptly fearing the worst.

Evan looks directly into Remus's eyes, "I know," Evan confirms for him with a nod. Still looking Remus in the eyes he continues, "And it doesn't matter," he insists before Remus can protest.

"How can it not matter," Remus asks hopefully, yet doubtfully.

"You know who and what I am right," Evan says instead of answering the question.

"You are Harry James Potter of a different world, you're an Empath and a Seer," Remus says with confidence.

"Don't forget Healer," Evan says looking at him pointedly with a soft smile.

Remus can't help but smirk as he looks back into those gray eyes, "how could I," he says. "But you're okay with what I am," he asks again after an uncertain pause.

"You've been in my dreams for the last year, since the Remus of my world was killed," Evan starts to explain as he hands the goblet to Remus. "I knew what the Remus of my world was," he says to the man before him, "Family," he states softly with conviction before Remus can reply, "And family is just that, family, anything else doesn't matter," he finishes as Remus finally takes a drink of the potion given to him.

"So you don't mind," Remus asks again, not quite able to believe the unquestioned acceptance, as he hands back the emptied goblet.

Only after he has drank the potion did he realize he never asked what it was for and he realizes he trusts Evan enough not to worry about it.

"Do you mind me," Evan asks in return.

"Of course not Harry," Remus vehemently says. "There's nothing you could've done to prevent it," Remus exclaims with a sense of indisputable logic.

"Right," Evan simply says and it is the way he says it that Remus begins to understand just what it is he has been told.

"Thanks Harry," Remus whispers with a ghost of a smile on his face.

"Better get used to calling me Evan," Harry laughs out causing Remus to do the same.

"Can I ask you something," Remus asks as he realizes what this means.

"You may," Evan agrees.

"Did your world succeed," he asks knowing Harry will understand what he is talking about.

"Yes," Evan whispers in answer while looking distantly across the room to the wall behind Remus, and Remus can tell he isn't really seeing the wall, he is seeing something more sinister, more painful.

"When," Remus asks hoping he doesn't already know.

"The day I arrived here," Evan answers, thus confirming for Remus his suspicions.

"And then for you to be treated as you were," Remus sighs sadly.

"It was a difficult time," Evan agrees softly as he sits back down on the mattress.

"Was," Remus asks knowingly.

"Is," Evan corrects.

"Understandable," Remus reasons to the man before him, "You love them and there's no way you'll ever forget them," he points out.

"Never," Evan agrees sadly.

Just then Remus gasps as he remembers all that had happened, "I need to tell the others I'm okay," he says to the questioning look on Evan's face.

"I sent them an owl telling them I'd located you, but it might be wise for you to send one of your own," Evan agrees as he stands up and heads over to the desk he was using that night. "I highly doubt they believed me and besides they should be more than a little worried when it's already been a week since I owled them the first time," he explains as he pulls out some parchment and a quill. "You're to remain in bed for another day at the least and then you'll be able to go on your way," he says as he makes his way back to Remus. "I just have to ask that you tell no one where you were," he asks then as Remus opens his mouth to comment, Evan raises his hand to stem the flow of comments from Remus, "I don't mean with who you were with, I don't care about that, just don't give them the name of this location or its location," Evan clarifies.

"That I can do," Remus agrees reluctantly.

"That is all I ask," Evan says. "I don't much care about anything else, I just want to keep Knight's Sanctuary just that," he explains.

"I understand," Remus agrees as he takes the equipment from Evan.

"I'll leave you to it," Evan says as he whistles softly and a snowy white owl flies into the room. The beautiful creature lands on Evan's outstretched arm and he softly whispers to her, she gently nips at his fingers as he pets her soft feathers. Hedwig nods her owl head and takes off to land on the chair closest to the bed. "This is Hedwig," Evan says pointing to the owl, "she'll deliver your message when you're done," Evan says as he walks out of the room.

Hogwarts

The Great Hall

Lily Evans Potter sits at the only table during lunch knowing these days are needed to be ready for the new term to begin, but for the life of her, she can't seem to get much work done. She knows the reason behind her lack of success, she's worried about Remus, she fears for his safety, and oddly enough it has nothing to do with Evan Knight. She knows Evan is doing all he can to help their friend; she's just worried there's nothing he can do. It is this thought that plagues her mind both during the day and at night. So it is with much difficulty she comes to work today rather than sulk around the house again as she has for the past week.

"Mail's here," Minerva McGonagall calls out as she looks up at the flutter of owls coming in to deliver the daily mail. Lily looks up disinterested until her eyes catch sight of a familiar owl, a snowy white owl to be exact. The owl flies towards her and Lily finds herself almost sick with worry about Moony as the owl lands before her expertly. The owl thrusts out her leg with the burdened load towards her wishing to have it removed thus allowing her to be on her way back home. Lily reaches out with shaky hands knowing this letter contains the fate of her dear friend. Once she has untied the letter from the owl's leg, almost instantly the beautiful creature takes to the air and quickly disappears from sight. Lily looks down at the parchment in her shaking hands only to sigh in relief; she knows that handwriting like the back of her own hand. With a foreign smile she opens the letter knowing a story is forth coming.

Lily, James, and Sirius,

I'll quickly explain why I sent this letter to you, Lily, before I get on to the other stuff. There is some information within this letter that needs to get to Albus as quickly as possible. Please see to this. Thanks.

It seems that I have a lot of explaining to do, but first off, I'm fine. It seems my young host has taken good care of me, even during a time of the full moon. He helped me during a time I knew, when I thought I

was going to die. There's no other way to say it, I was knocking on death's door when Evan pulled me away and gave me another chance at life.

I was being followed and knew that Hogwarts was being watched. It seems the new DADA Professor is a Death Eater. That was the information I needed to get to you, to all of you. Evan asked where to take me and I told him I couldn't go to Hogwarts, he took me at my word and instead brought me to his home. What a beautiful place this room is too.

No he isn't keeping me locked up; in fact I've just awoken completely. He tells me I have to remain in bed for another day and then he'll see if I'm well enough to move about. Though, I feel perfectly fine, even considering the full moon was two days ago.

Yes, he does know what I am and he doesn't care. Strange, yet fascinating person this Evan is. Kind and caring to a fault, but he has earned my respect and gratitude. I only wish there were a way to relieve some of his pain. Though I know I can't, as this pain is so deep it can only be removed by his loved ones, his family. I know his blood relatives aren't what he considers family, but I am speaking of the family of the heart, of his heart. Something I can tell is worth the effort to become a member of.

He has given me several potions to help me along with my recovery and he has done something I'm still shocked about, he made them taste good. I'm telling you, they taste good. I didn't gag once and I know I would've anywhere else.

The room I'm in is huge, I mean HUGE, it's in the colors of Gryffindor and Ravenclaw, and they work well together. Something I never really thought about before, but you should see it Lily, I know you would appreciate it.

I best, be going, the potion is starting to take effect and Hedwig is starting to get annoyed with having to wait for me to finish, what a beautiful creature. I should see you within the next three or so days if everything goes as planned.

Remus Lupin

Lily can't help but smile at the letter before her, and the only thought going through her mind is, how very Remus. She lets go of the breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding while reading the letter. "Lily," a kind voice asks breaking into her thoughts and reminding her of where she is and whom she just might be with.

Looking towards the aged Headmaster, "Yes," she responds to his question.

"Is everything alright," Albus asks.

Lily carefully looks around the table and notices the presence of the DADA professor, her eyes quickly return to the Headmasters, "I'm not really sure," she says trying to tell him not to ask more here. Albus nods slightly in confirmation of her words, understanding her unspoken meaning.

"Do you wish to speak about it more privately," he asks instead.

"That would be great," Lily says in relief.

"Shall we head to my office," Albus offers and when she nods her agreement the two of them make their way to the Gargoyle, once inside the round office and in a more secure environment, he turns around to look at the redhead, "what exactly did, the letter contain," he asks her getting to the point. Instead of answering, Lily simply hands over the letter for him to read. After taking the letter he sits down in one of his chairs near the roaring fire, Lily does so as well. Albus Dumbledore proceeds to read the letter, thus receiving quiet a shock, "it seems we once again owe Mr. Knight for saving us from ourselves," he whispers after he folds the letter back up and hands it to Lily.

"What do we do now," Lily asks vaguely knowing he will understand her question.

"We watch him," Albus says as he realizes how close they came to integrating this person into their ranks; they almost gave Voldemort the key to the Order. "Plus, eventually we have to take the time to find a new Defense Professor," he sighs, "Once we have evidence of William's allegiance, then we'll have cause for a dismissal, but until then I'm afraid we have to keep him on," he says sitting back in his chair. "This is the second one this summer," he says slightly amused with a wry smile.

"Hopefully we won't be forced to begin school with him as a professor," Lily agrees with her own sigh.

"It's good to know Remus is alright," Albus says after a pause, changing to a happier subject.

Lily smiles, "yes it is," she agrees.

"It seems he's been able to do something we have not," Albus says deep in thought.

"Get close to Evan," Lily says nodding knowingly.

"Yes," Albus says as an amused smile crosses his face and his eyes twinkle a little brighter, "do you think The Evan Knight Protection Club has just located another member," he asks with a slight chuckle.

Lily smiles at his humor and then thinks about his question, "after this," she says raising the letter a little in reference, "there will be two new members," she admits.

"Yes," Albus agrees, "Sirius will be right along side of Remus," he states what they both know is truth.

"That he will be," Lily agrees with a shake of her head at the two of them, "the thing is, how long will it take for James to follow," she asks the old man.

"Or for you to lead," he asks in return causing her to blush deeply. "Only a matter of time I think," he says in answer of her first question and his own posed one.

Chapter Seventeen

Welcome to the Club

Headquarters:

Order of the Phoenix

Five Days Later

Minerva McGonagall watches with wide eyes as the most notoriously perpetually late Sirius Black makes his way into the meeting room. She can't help but wonder what has caused Sirius to want to arrive early for anything; he was even late for his N.E.W.T. exams. She continues to watch as he makes his way to the front of the room, sitting in the same seat James, Lily, and he had sat in during the last meeting. She knows from the conversation she just had with Albus, that Remus Lupin is expected to make his first appearance tonight, having been only released from Evan's care just a few short hours ago. Long enough, it seems, for Remus to quickly change and come here to the meeting. At this thought Minerva finally understands just what caused the perpetually late Sirius Black to arrive almost an hour early for a meeting. A record for him, and something Minerva never thought she would ever see within her life time.

Sirius Black sighs impatiently as he all but flops down into the chair he had sat in the last meeting. He shifts in his chair wishing time would accelerate and Remus would show up already. He hasn't been able to think since he received the letter from Lily about Remus being with Evan, though he hasn't been as worried as he had been, he knew Remus was safe, just not with him. He had been disappointed to learn the first time they would be able to see each other would be at this meeting, so here he is early for a change. He exhales explosively as his left leg starts to bounce up and down rapidly. He pauses in his nervous nature as he hears the door to the meeting room open, turning in his chair, hoping to get a better view of the entry, hoping the person entering is his dear friend, well one of them, only to be sorely disappointed when Mr. and Mrs. Diggory walk into the room. He quickly takes in their overly stuffy look, as a cringe of distaste crosses his features as he sees Mr. Diggory dressed in a

slimy green robe and Mrs. Diggory in an overly pinkish cloak covering a flowery type robe, all in all, rather a disgusting sight to see.

Sirius's opinion of the couple is widely known and he does nothing to change this fact, for him it is just that, a FACT. With a groan of distaste he turns back around to find a slightly amused Minerva McGonagall watching his reaction to the Diggory's entrance. He is then puzzled when McGonagall shakes her head at him. "What," Sirius asks defensively, and then shrugs slightly at her raised eyebrow. He's so caught up with his interaction with his former Professor that he almost jumps up and out of his chair as someone places a hand on his right shoulder, causing Professor McGonagall to snort in amusement. Cursing audibly as he glares at the Professor, only to then ignore the Professors antics as he looks up to determine the owner of the hand ready to curse the person who was able to pull one over on him, only to smile widely.

He immediately stands up, takes the proffered hand of the man behind him, who is just slightly shorter than himself, and pulls the man into a hug that would rival one from Mrs. Weasley, "Moony," Sirius says into the prematurely graying brown hair, "Don't you ever scare me like that again," he growls out sounding almost like his dog form. He pulls back slightly taking in the appearance of the man before him and he is pleased to see Remus looking better than he has since his Hogwarts days, he then quickly pulls him back into another hug.

Remus Lupin smiles into the embrace, "Sorry Padfoot," he whispers in answer.

Sirius pulls back and looks his friend over, "You're really okay," he asks cautiously almost fearfully.

"Evan made sure I didn't even get a scar," Remus reassures Padfoot with a smile. Remus looks passed Sirius for a moment to see Professor McGonagall watching them; nodding his head slightly in greeting he returns his attention to the man before him.

Sirius raises an eyebrow at this comment and decides against questioning his friend about it now, though he knows he will be

questioning him extensively about it later. Sirius smiles as he looks Remus in the eye, he figures he might as well ask now, "So Moony my dear friend, where are we sitting today?" The blunt question shocks both Minerva and Remus.

Remus looks over Sirius's shoulder to the Professor as though to ask if she knows what Sirius is talking about, receiving no help from the Professor he looks back to Sirius, "Sitting," he asks with a questioning look upon his features.

"Are we or are we not, now part of the Protection of Evan Knight Club," Sirius asks the smiling Remus as he raises a questioning eyebrow as though Remus was going insane.

Realization crosses Remus's features as he hears this, "Oh we are," Remus answers instantly with a huge smile as he nods his head in agreement.

"Very well then, let's head back to the back where the rest of the Club sits, but I'll be damned if I'm sitting next to Snape," Sirius says as he all but drags Remus from his place and back into the aisle. As they get into the aisle Sirius takes Remus by the shoulders and all but directs him to the rear of the room as he marches the two of them, Remus in front with Sirius following directly behind him. Minerva watches them walk away from her and she can only shake her head at the way the two of them are. She knows they aren't related by blood but they are related by the stronger force of their brotherhood. She smiles as she listens to Remus trying to greet everyone as they pass, even if Sirius isn't giving him enough time to say hello.

A few minutes later Lily and James enter the meeting room, they make their way to the front of the room not too surprised not to see Sirius there, but they are surprised not to see Remus, Mr. Always-On-Time, already here. At least James is surprised by the lack of Remus's presence, Lily; however had a feeling that Sirius would have come in earlier than he ever has before so she starts to look around.

"Why isn't Remus here," James asks in confusion as they stop in the aisle.

Lily is finally able to look at the back of the room, her eyes instantly land on the missing person in question, "There over there James," she says with a smile forming on her face as she ignores his James's questioning look as she points to the back of the room where Sirius is currently talking to Remus, his hands waving frantically as he speaks.

James slowly turns around, the confusion evident in his stature as he looks away from Lily. That is at least until his eyes settle on the person he had just asked about, but not only that, he sees Sirius there as well. James knows what the meaning of them sitting back there is, as the meaning fully settles into his shocked mind he turns back around to look at his wife hoping he won't have to ask. He knows that since both Remus and Sirius are sitting in the back, they have now joined with the others to protect not only Evan's secrets, but his privacy as well. He knows that for them as for with himself, that Evan has saved his brother's life this past week and his wife's life at the battle at Hogwarts. The two of these things are enough to convert his beliefs to that of the Club, even though he still doesn't know how to deal with the question Evan asked him back at Hogwarts.

Lily takes in the pleading, almost puppy dog look in her husband's eyes. This causes her to laugh, "You don't have to ask," she says with a shake of her head to the man before her, "We're joining as well," she confirms for him with a laugh. Only to instantly have the air pushed out of her lungs as she finds herself receiving a tight hug from her husband. Before she has time to react, James pulls away slightly, only to give her a soulful kiss. Not that she's about to complain or anything.

The couple slowly separate from their kiss only to hear two people making catcalling sounds from the back of the room. Lily instantly throws the amused pair a glare that never reaches her eyes, shaking her head in resignation she allows James to lead her to the back of the room. Once they reach the row containing the sniggering duo, they quickly make their way to the two, only for Remus to stand up and greet the pair with a hug in greeting. When the two are satisfied with Remus's appearance and greeting, they pick up the two coats that were saving them their seats, at least that is what they decided

the coats were for, as they hand Sirius his coat and Lily teasingly tosses Remus's his.

"What took you so long," Sirius teases as they sit down next to him.

"I was just getting attacked," Lily teases them.

"We kind of noticed," Remus says with a slight chuckle.

"How are you Moony," James asks worriedly, changing the subject as he tries to hide the slight blush flushing his features at their teasing.

Remus chuckles softly at this maneuver, "I'm fine," he says with a smile. Taking in the disbelieving look from James he shrugs slightly, as though he expected the disbelief, "Evan took great care of me," he says as he sits back in his chair and raises his arms slightly as though to say, 'look ma, it don't hurt'.

Sirius looks down at Remus's stomach, "We can see that," he says as he reaches over and pats the area he had just looked at.

"Ha, ha, ha Padfoot let it never be said you aren't observant," James says as he shakes head, rolling his eyes.

Lily shakes her head at this and decides to change the subject once again, "How is he," she asks hesitantly.

"Homesick," Remus answers seriously and honestly. "Very, very homesick," he repeats slowly as he shakes his head sadly knowing his words pale in comparison to the harsh truth.

"So what was it like in the Palace de Knight," Sirius asks teasingly.

"Immaculate," Remus says honestly. "Everything has a home, nothing is out of place, and talk about a library," he says with an admiring gleam in his eyes. "There are books there I've never heard of," he continues with admiration, his voice taking on a dreamy tone.

Before anyone else can make a comment about Remus's description, the meeting starts. "Thank you all for coming this evening," Albus

says to the gathered group as Molly sits down next to Remus only to be followed by her husband and her two eldest sons. The addition of the three Weasley males is surprising to the collected group. Next to Molly, is her husband, then Charlie and Bill Weasley; Melissa Malkin is next to Bill, then Tom, quickly followed by Severus Snape, thus ending the Protection of Evan Knight Club members.

Albus looks over the gathered group; he realizes this is one of their larger gatherings, even if the seating is sporadic. There seems to be over fifty people in attendance this evening, he then looks at the back row and everyone can see the twinkling in his blue eyes increasing almost ten fold. "It seems we have a significant increase in the number of members in your group," he says looking the original group in the eyes, only to receive slight nods in agreement of this observation. "Back to business," Albus continues as though the meeting had been going for a long amount of time. "About two weeks ago, Remus Lupin uncovered some very startling news," he says to everyone there. "It sees William Thomas, the new DADA Professor is actually a Death Eater," he says to the horror of everyone, well, not everyone, since Lily, Remus, James, Sirius, Minerva and Dumbledore knew before now. "Mr. Lupin almost lost his life to bring us this news, luckily this was not the case," he says as Remus stands up, knowing this is where he is to pick up his part of the tale.

"I was being chased by a group of Death Eaters, I took to the forest after being stabbed in my side," Remus says as he points to the previously injured side. "I continued to run, hoping to get the information out, but as the trees finally broke into a clearing I had lost too much blood and energy to continue," he explains to the listening group. "I collapsed knowing death was upon me and there was no way for me to warn any of you of this danger," he relates almost stuttering as he recalls how close he came to death. "That is until Evan Knight showed up," he says to the shock of all but a select few. "Evan asked me where I could go. I told him I couldn't return to Hogwarts, so he took me to his home," he says surprising most of the people gathered. "Evan was able to heal my wounds and he helped me to recover, thus allowing me to be able to inform all of you today of the traitor amongst us," he says finishing his report and sitting down.

Mrs. Diggory looks back at the standing form with a sense of distrust, she is one of the more open supporters of werewolf suppression, she is sitting in the seats that Sirius had vacated before the beginning of the meeting, "What did this Evan have to do with your attack," she demands as she glares hatefully at Remus.

"Nothing," Bill Weasley says as he stands up. "Evan Apparated to a point just touching our wards, at a run mind you," he continues as he sits back down.

"Running," Minerva and Flitwick ask as one, both are flabbergasted by this statement.

"Running," both Bill and Charlie confirm in unison.

"That's not possible," Moody growls as his magical eye swivels to train on the two men as though able to see them lie.

"He did it," Bill says with a shrug, "And can that boy run, wooh," he adds on with raised eyebrows as Charlie sits next to him nodding in agreement.

"When we made it to Evan, he had already picked Remus up into his arms. We didn't know who the injured man was, but we could tell it was bad even before we saw all of the blood," Charlie says continuing on from where Bill had left off.

"Anyway," Bill says taking over once again, "Shortly after we arrived a blue glow engulfed the two of them and they," he pauses as he shrugs, "they disappeared," he finishes lamely. He then turns to look at Remus to find Remus looking back at him in shock and deep interest.

"We didn't know it was you," Bill and Charlie once again state in unison.

"Understandable," Remus says wanting to put to rest any possible guilt the Weasley boys might harbor for what happened that night. "Thank you for tell me that part," Remus continues with a soft nod, "I will have to have a long talk with Evan," he says more to himself than

anyone else. "A very good talking too," he repeats and then he notices the look of question in the two boys eyes, "He claims to have found me by accident," Remus answers, the amusement clear in his voice. He pauses a moment to think about it, "Though I wonder what he calls accident or not," he muses to himself and the others have to agree with him. He looks over in Lily's direction, a far off look on his face as he sits forward slightly in his chair, "I believe he saw it and doesn't like to admit to it," he adds on more to himself than to anyone.

"He doesn't like that much," Molly agrees with a knowing nod.

"No. He doesn't," Remus agrees with his own nod, and then he looks to the interested Albus, "What are we going to do about this Death Eater," he asks trying to get the subject off of Evan Knight.

"We're going to monitor him now that we know who and what he is," Albus answers.

"Just fire him," Mrs. Diggory demands.

"If I were to simply dismiss him without provable probable cause, then the Minster will come in and try to run the school. We can't afford for that to happen. Therefore, we must wait for William to make a mistake," Albus says to them, not noticing he has adapted to his Professor's voice, not realizing he had almost sounded like he was reading the words verbatim from a text book.

"Which means we might need another DADA Professor any time now," Sirius asks totally amused by the curse of the position and the number of people who try and teach the class. "It seems no one wants to stay," he teases just before he gets smacked in the arm by Lily as she reaches across her husband to reach him. "Hey," he nearly shouts in mock pain rubbing his arm.

"I'm afraid I must agree with you," Albus says with a nod and an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"I still say we offer it to Evan," Sirius says loudly as he pretends to talk to Remus confidentially.

"Actually Sirius, he's more than likely over qualified for the position," Remus says in return to the shock of his friend.

"Over qualified you say," Sirius questions disbelievingly, "How can anyone be over qualified to handle a room full of sniveling brats," he pauses, "Oh, sorry Snivellus, I wasn't meaning you," he says as an after thought.

"By being a kid himself," Remus says with a shrug, ignoring the glares being passed between Sirius and Severus.

"Well his very presence commands respect," Sirius says as he pauses, "from most people," he says as he remembers what he was told about that day.

"Commands," Remus repeats disbelieving and a little offended on behalf of Evan, "He wouldn't like that," he confides with his friend.

"What's not to like about it," Sirius asks in mock disbelief.

"Evan is just not that way," Remus explains, "he hates the attention, he'd much rather prefer to hide in the shadows than be seen," he says to his shocked friend, to the shocked room.

"But," Sirius gasps in shock, "Does he know how to have fun," he asks serious for once.

"With his friends and family," Remus says sadly.

"But isn't he here alone," James asks in confusion his eyebrows furrowing.

"Very much so," Remus agrees sadly.

"Why is it limited to his friends and family," Sirius asks confused.

"He's very shy," Remus says with a small smile.

"And honest," Severus adds on. "However I must say I'm about to make the biggest mistake of my life," he says to the shock of

everyone there. "By actually agreeing with this Black twit here," Severus continues as he throws a glare at the figure he is referring to. "Evan would make a great DADA Professor," he finishes adding his input to the seemingly unofficial questionnaire Sirius had started by suggesting Evan for the position, even though he might have put his own opinion out in the open anyway.

After a few moments of whispered disbelief amongst all present, Albus makes his presence known again, "Now," he says as everyone turns to look at him. "The next order of business is the lack of attacks made by Voldemort and his followers, does anyone have an idea what he is planning," he asks and thus the rest of the meeting was spent talking about this strange new strategy of the Dark Lord.

Chapter Eighteen

The Specter

Knight's Sanctuary

One Week Later

Darkness more engulfing than Evan's ever seen or felt before in his sleeping or waking mind, starts to fill the area surrounding his soul, as if trying to suck the very light from within his very being. Evan gasps desperately for breath at the pure hatred trying to over take him, trying to become one with him, freezing his soul with the magnitude of the darkest emotion. Evan knows this feeling, knows what is happening, he was forced to live through this before, and recognizes what is about to happen. Evan futilely tries to force himself to wake, knowing it is no use. Evan knows he has never felt it this strongly before, never felt such despair at the feelings being sensed. Evan quickly tries to mentally, spiritually, and physically close the walls surrounding his soul, trying to protect himself from invasion, knowing it's useless, his mental and physical self covered in sweat and thrashing uselessly against the invading force. Evan knows though he might be able to protect his inner light, one way or another he will be forced to observe the hatred, the actions of those who brought him here, knows his soul is about to be touched as though being hugged by hundreds of Dementors at once. His soul feels with resignation as Evan slowly opens his mental eyes to see a room he knows he's never been in, but can't help see striking similarities to one from his world. The only thing he can think about this is; different location, same decorator.

Evan takes in the throne room style, the large open space with dark lighting. He looks at all those gathered, forced to stand as there is only one chair. This fact passes his mind as he settles his eyes on the figure in the center, the figure currently occupying the only furniture in the room. With a quick blink, Evan quickly realizes Tom Riddle doesn't look half as evil as he did in the world Evan comes from. The floor of the grand room is stone, easy to clean blood from, and there are a few smatterings of snake scales littering the room. The roof is high ceiling with a clear view of the sky, kind of like in the

Great Hall at Hogwarts but charmed dark. The walls are dank and covered with grime, the over all feeling being death. Taking a look at where he stands, Evan quickly moves into the shadows, becoming the specter once again, his eyes and mind settling in for another long night as the main actor seems to take his cue to start this gathered mass of twenty Death Eaters, their cloaks on but their masks are nowhere to be seen.

"Wormtail," hissed a voice hatefully which Evan had hoped to never hear amongst the living again.

A form long since dead in his world crawls forth on his hands and knees, in order to literally kiss Voldemort's feet. "Y...y...yes m...m...mast...master" he stutters in answer to the call.

"I see you have failed me once again," Voldemort says with distaste and a bit of eagerness, as though waiting for something. Something Evan knows would come one way or another.

"I...I was u...unable to g...get p...past the wards my m...master," Wormtail whines pathetically.

"It's only the Weasley's house," Voldemort spits out sounding more like a snake than a human.

"They have special... complicated wards, they won't recognize me," he tries explaining again knowing his punishment is already determined.

Voldemort smiles maliciously at the figure before him as he flicks his wand in the direction of the cowering figure, "Crucio," he hisses out as he looks at the fingernails of his free hand. Looking at the screaming servant he scowls as he releases the curse, "I tire of your incompetence," Voldemort says as his eyes turn from the whimpering excuse for a loyal servant and to another servant, who he anticipates isn't as worthless, but knows failure is still coming.

After a moment he becomes bored with this and looks to Lucius, "Are you still having difficulty gaining money to purchase your incompetent son a lawyer," he drawls out in disgust. His servants can't even seem

to keep their own children under control, how can, they be expected to do well in the field.

"I am m...my Lord," Lucius says timidly as he bows lowly in respect.

"Sell that piece of vermin, Dobby I think," Voldemort demands.

"No one will wish to buy him my Lord," Lucius states slowly, fearful of being placed under the curse.

"Are you questioning my words," Voldemort snaps causing Lucius to shrink visibly.

"No m...my Lord, I will s...sell it tomorrow," Lucius says in a nervous stutter.

"Be sure you do," Voldemort says sternly, "there's something about that Elf," he says as an afterthought.

"William," Voldemort calls out to the next victim for his entertainment.

"Yes my Lord," another figure dressed in Death Eater uniform says in answer as he steps forward while bowing graciously. The shadowed specter hears this voice, stepping forward just slightly revealing himself in light for a moment in the vision slightly, only to step back. Evan's mind plays the voice in his head and realizes he knows exactly who William is.

"Have you placed the devices," Voldemort asks as he fights the urge to rub his hands together in triumph.

"The devices have been correctly placed throughout Hogwarts as you ordered Master," William says with a bow.

"Where have you placed them exactly," Voldemort questions impatiently as the prospect of finally being rid of the annoy school and its Headmaster is on the horizon. William went on to explain to his Master the locations of the devices and explained what each said devices were meant to do. The shadowed specter listens to all this

not knowing what he wants to do, how he should proceed, should he even care about William.

“Very good,” Voldemort says some time latter, “It seems I have finally found someone who can and will follow my orders without question,” he all but growls at the petrified group before him as his red eyes move from Lucius to a terrified Wormtail. “Dismissed,” he says distantly, and then nonchalantly, “And Lucius,” he says to the man who turns around to answer the call of his name. “Never question me again,” he demands, “Crucio,” he shouts out in laughter.

Across the country, on the top most of a hill overlooking Hogsmeade and Hogwarts a sweat soaked figure sits bolt right in his sweat soaked bed screaming at the top of his lungs as an agonizing jolt cuts through his scar spreading to the rest of his body. After a moment the figure quiets down to heaving breaths pain, tense muscles involuntarily twitching from not only his exertion but what was transferred to him during the vision. Blinking his eyes he tries to clear his vision, he tries to find her, he needs her here with him. “HERMIONE,” the figure instinctively screams out in need momentarily forgetting that he’s alone in this horrible world that he is forced to call home. A world that seems to be crueler to him than his own, Evan fights against the tears stinging his eyes as he remembers Hermione isn’t here, she isn’t here to help him to know what to do, she isn’t here to help sooth his tormented soul, she isn’t here to be his conscience, she just isn’t here. His heart is heavy as he realizes he is the only one to blame and he hates himself for it.

Evan swings his legs over the side of the bed, the blankets still clinging to him, his elbows resting on his knees as he continues to fight with his body to slow down his breathing and stop fidgeting, as he tries to figure what his next move is. A memory of better times floats to his painful mind as he presses the heels of his left hand to his scar as though trying to physically push the pain away, his eyes tightly closed. Suddenly a vision from another time filters through his mind, a vision he knows happened but he doesn’t remember it as clearly as his mind is showing him now.

“Harry,” a soft voice whispers next to him as he huff out his breath trying not to scream at the vision he had just had, his elbows on his

knees, his bare feet touching the cold floor of the tent, his body and hair soaked from sweat, his nightclothes clinging to him as though a second skin. As he hears this voice he opens his eyes to look straight into the concerned brown eyes looking back at him, from her place kneeling in front of him.

“Hermione,” Harry whispers hoarsely only to be taken into her caring arms as she makes her way to sitting beside him. He quickly wraps his own arms around her as he starts to slowly rock him side to side as though he were a baby. “I hate this Hermione, I hate being the Boy-Who-Lived, I don’t know what to do,” he says desperately as he tries to bury his head into her warmth, to feel her heart beating beneath his ear.

“You do the only thing you know how to,” Hermione whispers into his ear as she buries her head into his wet untamable hair, her eyes taking in the emptiness of the tent, though it is magical in nature, it looks a lot like a simple Muggle tent, just a bit bigger. “Doing the right thing is never easy Harry. You of all people know this,” she confirms soothingly, as she starts to rub his back in small circular patterns. “But it’s the only thing you know how to do and I’m so proud of you for it, for all of it,” she says with wisdom beyond her years as she briefly tightens her hold around him.

“Thank you,” Harry whispers after a moment as his breathing slowly starts to return to normal.

“For what,” Hermione asks amused.

“For being you,” Harry answers, “I know I take you for granted,” he says as he starts to slump more fully into her embrace, his voice starting to drift off once again, “but I do love you,” he whispers in his slurred voice. “I don’t know what I’d do without you and I don’t want to find out,” he says as he loses the battle and sleep overtakes him once again.

Hermione smiles into his hair as she slowly begins to lay him back down once again, “And I you, Harry, on all accounts,” Hermione Granger whispers as she looks down on his now sleeping face, allowing for the first time her tears to roll down her cheeks at the pain

he is forced to go through. Wiping the tears from her face she gently tucks Harry in for the night, or until he needs her again.

Standing up she leans over placing a gentle kiss on his forehead, "And I you, more than you know, sleep my sweet Harry, sleep well," Hermione whispers again before she returns to her own tent once again missing the looks from one redheaded boy in the same tent as Harry and the slight smile crossing his face as he watches the two of them. With a shake of his head Ron goes back to sleep, wondering yet again how Hermione does it, how she knows when and how Harry needs her.

Harry slowly opens his eyes to take in the world around him, he knows he has never seen that memory like that before and he can't help but feel connected to Hermione and yet at the same time more alone than he has ever felt before in his life. He can't help but feel as though Hermione is trying her best to reach across dimensions to try and sooth his tormented soul. He is forever thankful and knows he hasn't wanted to cry as much as he does now. How he misses them and though he knows he is stuck here in this cruel world, he wishes he could undo time and return home. "Thank you Hermione," Harry whispers to the darkened room. He inhales and exhales slowly once to gain control of himself and to gather his courage for what he is about to do, before throwing off the covers off his bed. As he stands up and immediately starts to throw his sweat-soaked bed clothes to the far end of the room, knowing he isn't about to go where he's headed in his nightclothes, wet nightclothes at that. Within moments he's as prepared as he's ever going to get. With a sigh he starts on his journey, the only keeping him going is Hermione's words, the right thing.

Godric's Hollow

Home of James and LilyPotter

A soft knock resounds throughout the house, Harry looks up from his designs for the next prank him and Ron will start with when School restarts and smiles hopefully. He is expecting his best friend Ron to come over tonight, that is, if his parents let him come over this late, so they can continue planning their next prank.

"I'll get it," Harry shouts out knowing his parents are going to get mad with him for waking his brother and sister, he jumps up from the floor and runs to the door. Throwing it open, without following the rules of checking to see who is on the other side of the door, he pauses as he sees the person before him. "Who are you," he demands with a growl.

"I am Evan," the boy before him answers him softly, looking him over almost with disgust and yet curiosity.

"What do you want," Harry grounds out not really caring who the visitor is, he's simply pissed it wasn't Ron.

"I am here to speak with Mr. Lupin," Evan says while looking at this version of himself in the eyes, disliking what he sees there.

"Remus," Harry spats in disgust.

"Yes, and Mr. Black," Evan agrees catching the underlying meaning from his counterpart. It seems this Harry Potter doesn't like Remus being a werewolf.

"Hold on," Harry says as he all but slams the door closed, shutting the visitor out. "Uncle Padfoot, Moony," he shouts out towards the stairway on the other side of the room as he returns to his plans.

Harry can hear the steps up above him and he knows he's going to get into trouble for his yelling, but he doesn't much care, he can work his way around it. The steps stop as Sirius and Remus both look over the railing, "What is it Harry," Sirius asks as he looks down at the figure now sprawled on the floor.

"There's a kid at the door for you," Harry says in a bored tone as he picks up an eraser to erase part of the plan that doesn't seem to work with the rest of it, too out of place for it to work properly. Harry doesn't look up, he has no reason to, it doesn't matter to him with they are doing, they are in fact just in the way of him and his planning.

"A kid," Remus asks curiously.

"He asks for Mr. Lupin first," Harry spits out with a shrug, wishing they'd just leave him alone, "Then he asked for Mr. Black," he finished.

"Where is he," Sirius asks as he and Remus step into the Front Room and look around, trying to locate the mysterious visitor.

"At the front door," Harry grunts out hating his interrogation.

"You didn't let him in," Remus asks incredulously only to receive a glare from Harry as he looks up from his work as an answer. He and Sirius start to make their way across the room to the hallway leading to the front door.

"Did he happen to mention his name," Sirius asks trying to diver the hostility, all the while hating the way Harry is treating Remus, he hates that it's been this way ever since Harry learned of Remus's condition. Nothing is as it once was and Sirius hates the way his Godson is turning out, turning for the worst that one is.

"Something like Kevin or whatever," Harry says as he rolls his eyes before returning to his list of plans, forgetting the two men are even in the same house let alone same room.

Sirius and Remus share a look of wide-eyed disbelief, before Remus sputter, "It couldn't be Evan," he pause to swallow loudly, "Could it?" Both men hopeful but disbelieving of who is really at the front door, and as though the two talked previous about what they were doing, two fully grown men, at least they like to think themselves as such, decide to err on the side of hope and race to the door. Sirius gets there first, barely, and throws open the door to see a figure sitting on the top steps before them with his back towards them.

"Evan," Remus whispers with concern upon seeing the state of Evan's wet hair and the slight shaking of the teen's body.

Evan looks up at the two men over his shoulder, "Care to go for a walk," he asks the two of them hesitantly as he stands up and turns around to look at them fully. Evan tries not to let this moment be affected by the fact both people in front of him have been dead for a

while in his previous world. Evan tries not to let his emotions get the better of him as he fights against taking them into his arms and begging them to stop the pain in his heart, begging them to get him home, to protect him.

“Can we ask James and Lily to come,” Remus asks hopefully.

Evan contemplates this for a second, causing both Sirius and Remus to fear he will say no. After a tense pause Evan sighs as he shrugs noncommittally, “I don’t much care one way or another Remus, but on one condition,” he pauses to let it sink in, “they can’t ask personal questions,” he says quickly seeing the excitement start to build in their eyes.

Remus looks Evan over, “I’ll go and get them and a jacket for you,” he says with a nod of understanding and he can’t help it, sadness.

“You don’t have to worry about the jacket, I can summon a jacket. I was in a hurry and didn’t even think about it,” Evan explains with shrug.

“Okay, I’ll leave you with Sirius here, while I go and fetch them,” Remus says with a warning glare at Padfoot. Sirius looks at him innocently and then reaches behind the door and snags his own coat, then walks out the door as Remus steps fully into the house and gently closes the door behind him.

“You really impressed him, and me,” Sirius says looking back at the door as it closes, throwing his jacket on quickly so as to be done with that seemingly unimportant task. He then turns to see Evan slipping into what appears to be a Muggle jacket, something his mind calls up as Levi jacket or something similar. “Thank you,” Sirius roughly with emotion, the gratitude in his voice clear; but along with it, is a touch of concern for the boy before him. Sirius knows Evan wouldn’t come here unless something has happened to cause him to need to talk to Remus. Something he knows is important.

Evan looks up at the mirror image of his Godfather and shakes his head slightly, weary of his headache, “I only did what I had to do,”

Evan with a faint distant smile, his mind lingering on the vision he had had of Hermione.

“You didn’t have to,” Sirius points out, still trying to understand why Evan assisted Remus and to understand why he feels so protective of the teen before him. He knows the only time he has ever seen the teen before him was at the battle of Hogwarts, but he can’t help but feel he should know him somehow.

“Perhaps,” Evan says softly as another shiver runs through his light frame.

“You okay,” Sirius asks concerned with seeing the teen shiver as though a ghost has walked over his grave, giving into his need to try and make this kid’s world better.

“I hate dreams,” Evan admits softly as he looks down and straightens his jacket, receiving a chuckle from the man who is descending the steps to stand directly before him.

“I know what you mean,” Sirius says with another chuckle, “I once dreamed I was a hotdog and was being eaten,” he says to the boy before him, trying to make the kid at ease, to open up, he doesn’t know, feel comfortable, safe even.

“The fact that you transform into a dog has nothing to do with this right,” Evan teases the man before him, his eyes meeting Sirius’s, his face expressionless. “Or is it the fact that you’ve been a HOTDOG, as you call it, while in this form,” Evan pauses as his eyebrows rise in question. “However, the real question is did you enjoy being eaten,” he continues straight faced, except for the slight tug on the corners of his mouth, only to receive a barking laugh in response.

“My, you do have a sense of humor,” Sirius manages to get out between his peals of laughter.

“I had good teachers,” Evan says with a shrug, his face never betraying how much he finds the situation funny.

Meanwhile

Inside the house

Godric's Hollow

Remus quietly and calmly closes the front door only to turn around and take off at a dead run down the hall and through the front room where the Harry of this world is still planning. He dashes up the stairs trying to reach the study where he had Sirius had come from, where the four of them had been talking and researching one Evan Knight. Remus knows that during his and Sirius's absence, James and Lily more than likely have sat down waiting for their return. Remus bursts into the room, panting like the dog Sirius is, only to realize he needs to exercise more often. Remus pauses in his step a concerned look popping into his normally calm eyes, concern about how they are going to react to who is at their door, concern about a replay of that day at Hogwarts, concern that they won't heed Evan's request.

"Who was at the door," James asks upon seeing the look in his brother's eyes.

"You have to promise not to ask any personal questions," Remus pants instead of answering James' question.

Lily looks over at her equally confused husband before looking back at Remus, "What," she asks curiously.

"No personal questions," Remus repeats staring them directly in the eyes, trying to convey through his expression that this condition must be met before anymore information will be given.

"Okay," Lily and James say as one slowly and in confusion.

"Good, grab your coats we're going for a walk," Remus says with a smile reminding both of the other adults of children walking into a candy store and being told they could choose whatever they like.

"With whom," Lily asks as she rises from her seat near the fire in the hearth, James following her example.

“Why Evan, of course,” Remus says as though letting the cat out of the bag, only to find himself alone as the other two have already taken off out the door at the mention of Evan. Remus smirks as he follows the sound of their hurried activities towards the front of the house, and the cursing of Harry as they pass him.

“Language Harry and you should be in bed,” James corrects the irate youth.

“Tomorrow we will deal with your shouting in the middle of the night,” Lily warns the teen.

As they reach the door, Remus puts his hand on the door just above Lily’s shoulder, stopping James from opening it. Both Lily and James look at Remus in question, “Remember, no personal questions,” he reminds them. “He only agreed to allow you two to come if you could keep this promise,” he tells Lily and James. They both nod in agreement, knowing if they mess this up they might never get another chance.

The three of them open the door to see boy and man standing at the bottom of the stairs, about a meter away from the stairs, the distance between the two could be measured by mere centimeters, at the most. From the new spectator’s view point it is evident that Evan is a bit taller than Sirius. When neither Evan nor Sirius make a move, or a sound to acknowledge the new presence of James, Lily and Remus, but simply continue to glare into each others eyes as though a fight is about to ensue, the three hesitate not knowing what to make of the situation. Suddenly Sirius curses, “Damn you’re good,” making James, Lily, and Remus jump slightly. “The last time I lost at that was before I went to Hogwarts,” he exclaims while rubbing his eyes and blinking furiously as he looks away from Evan.

“Interesting game,” Evan says to the amusement of the adults as he continues to watch Sirius rub the tears from his eyes.

“What,” Lily asks as the three of them walk down the stairs towards the two, “You’ve never played the staring game,” she finishes her question confused that someone had never played such a simple games as a child.

Evan turns to the three of them and bows slightly in greeting, "Games where never on the top of my list of things to do," he says and everyone could tell there was a hidden meaning behind those words, he turns back to Sirius. "Now," Evan says, "Would you kindly explain the meaning of such a 'game'," he asks.

"It's a battle of the wills," James answers before Sirius can come up with some off the wall answer.

"Interesting," Evan says after a moment. "I guess I never thought of it as that," he says as he reaches his left hand up to rub his still throbbing scar, he doesn't know why he uses his left hand, he always has. "Though it never really worked previously, I always ended up in the Infirmary anyway," he says deep in concentration, his mind returning to all the fights with Voldemort, and Draco and how he always ended up in the Infirmary. Evan shrugs as he forces his mind back to the present. "So, shall we go for that walk," he asks the stunned group with him. The four adults nod in agreement and the five of them take to the sidewalk heading north. only to go out onto the abandoned street when they realize the five of them can't fit on the sidewalk and no one was going to walk behind Evan, they want to walk with him, there placement reminiscent of last supper with Evan in the center with his fellows flanking each of his sides, Sirius and Remus to his right, respectively and Lily and James to his left, once again respectively. "Mind if I ask a question," Evan says after a few seconds of silence.

"Go ahead," James rushes to say.

"What is Harry doing up at two in the morning," Evan asks.

"Oh," Lily says with a slight blush, "He's waiting to see if Ron can come over," she answers, "It's their prank weekend," she tries to explain. Evan nods his understanding and thus gaining the answer to his unspoken question of whether the Harry of this world has the same dreams, the answer being a resounding big fat NO.

"What are you doing up this late," Sirius asks after losing his internal battle of trying to protect this youth.

"I had a dream," Evan answers as he keeps his easy steps at an even pace, not giving the others any indication of the conflict taking place within his soul, the internal conflict of remaining here and finishing what he has started, compared to his desire to be as far away from these people as possible.

"A dream," James asks confused.

"A dream," Evan confirms with a slight nod, as he once again rubs his scar. "Though with me a dream can mean any number of things," he says softly as the five of them make their way down the street, following instinctively where Evan is leading them, though the four adults have no clue as to where they are really heading.

"What did this dream mean," Remus asks softly.

Evan looks up at the stars above them and closes his eyes tightly. His thoughts traveling back to Hermione, her wise words and how she seems to be able to reach across time and space to help sooth his breaking soul. He swears he can almost feel her arms around him, smell her, and hear her voice as she tried to help him that night not too long ago. "You do the only thing you know how to. Doing the right thing is never easy Harry. You of all people know this. But it's the only thing you know how to do and I'm so proud of you for it, for all of it." Evan inhales deeply as he fights against the tears wanting to flood his eyes at the thought of never being able to hear her voice again; of never being able to have her in his arms again, his heart breaks just a bit more as he realizes this. "Thank you," he whispers softly as he opens his eyes to see the stars again, stars he can't help but remember from all the times the three of them, Hermione, Ron, and himself would stare at for hours, "Thank you," he whispers again trying to get his meaning across the greatest divide between him and his family. He finds comfort that they at least look the same, and that he might be looking up at them at the same time Hermione is.

Clearing his throat and hoping his tears haven't escaped him, Evan tries to get this over with. "You're," he starts but his voice cracks slight. "You've been wondering how to get rid of this new D.A.D.A. Professor," he states wanting to get this over with, the adults seem to

turn and look at him as though knowing it isn't a question, but are confused at the change in his tone, the sadness they can feel almost radiating off of him.

"The Death Eater known as William," Evan says shrugging when they don't comment right away.

"Yes," James says surprising the other three adults; he has just given out some very sensitive Order information, information that could cause them trouble.

"It seems he's been ordered to set devices around Hogwarts to destroy her," Evan says as he continues to walk as everyone becomes still at his words. The shock from the information they have just received prevents them from moving any muscles.

A heartbeat later everyone comes out of their stupor to realize Evan isn't with them, he is a few paces ahead, his steps never wavering from the constant easy rhythm they started out with, the four adults run to catch up with the youth. "What do you mean," Remus asks.

This time Evan stops in his tracks, ignoring the others he turns to look at Remus, "Hogwarts is Voldemort's greatest threat, she represents hope. Something he can't destroy without destroying the figure itself," he explains to the shocked group. "Hope is what keeps Voldemort and his Death Eaters from winning and," he continues as his voice starts to drop in volume, his eyes shifting once again to the stars as though looking for Hermione amongst the glowing spheres, a far away look gracing his face. "It seems hope is what stopped his early return," he whispers, as he bits his lip, a habit he picked up from Hermione, to himself though the others heard and are confused by his words.

"But everyone knows Hogwarts isn't safe, there's a threat from within," Lily says with a shake of her head as she tries to puzzle together what Evan could possibly mean by that last statement.

Evan's eyes still looking at the endless span of stars, "The Chamber of Secrets," he says knowingly, distantly, shocking everyone there.

"Is only a myth," Sirius says instantly trying to salvage his teenage belief that the school is still safe, no matter what has or will happen.

Evan looks down from the sky, his gaze looking Sirius directly in the eyes, "Tell that to Moaning Myrtle and G...Ginny Weasley," he says still looking the man in the eyes, but it is clear how he feels as he stutters on Ginny's name, pain clear in his telling eyes. Evan raises his eyebrow, fighting the shiver that comes every time he thinks of Ginny's fate, shaking his head he turns north and resumes walking as though trying to get away from that memory.

"What are you talking about," James asks as they again have to catch up to the boy.

Evan looks to his right, to see Sirius there, "You say the Chamber is a myth, no?" he asks the Auror. Sirius nods his head in agreement of his previous statement. "The Chamber has been opened twice before," Evan tells the shocked group, his face still in Sirius's direction. Turning to watch where they are walking Evan continues, "The first time was when Professor Dumbledore was the Transfiguration Professor, nearly fifty years ago, I think," he says telling a story he lives again and again in his nightmares. "At the time the blame was placed upon an innocent man, by the perpetrator himself, the actual heir of Slytherin," Evan says with a shake of his head as he remembers Hagrid being taken off to Azkaban for a crime he didn't commit. "When the Chamber was opened last it was by possession," he explains to the dumbfounded adults. "Possession by means of a magical diary," he says as they come up on the first corner of their walk, he turns the corner causing the other adults to do so as well, and continues walking undeterred of their surroundings.

"Ginny had a diary," Lily gasps out.

"Right," Evan agrees with a nod of his head. "The diary contained the sixteen year old soul of the heir of Slytherin," he continues with a more abbreviated version of the story.

"What do you mean," Remus asks.

"Dark magic," Evan says with a shrug, "My Headmaster never really explained it more than that," he admits. "Though for the soul to be reborn it cost Ginny her life," he says sadly still not able to believe what occurred.

"If that's true, then what is the monster," Lily asks trying not to sound accusing.

"A Basilisk," Evan says instantly and without hesitation, causing them to pause for few of the group knows what a Basilisk is. "Slytherin was a Parseltongue and therefore it's only logical he'd use something very few people could control," Evan explains after seeing and feeling the confusion from his companions. His words are met with silence; the only sound is the soles of their shoes meeting the concrete road.

"What happened to this sixteen year old heir," James asks softly knowing he believes the words of this boy, though he doesn't understand the feeling in his soul to try and protect Evan at any and all costs. As far as James' knows, he only feels this way towards his children, never about a complete stranger.

"I've been trying to figure that out for the past month and a half, ever since I learned of Ginny's fate," Evan says in a whisper as the four of them turn another corner. "That is until tonight," he says to their shock.

"What about tonight," Sirius asks in confusion.

"The heir of Slytherin, it seems, has to work his way back into the graces of his former self," Evan says with a slight smirk, confusing his companions even more. "The thing is, I think besides Voldemort, I'm the only other person who would know him for who and what he is," he says with a shake of his head, ignoring their shutters of horror at the mention of Voldemort. "Though I'm surprised Dumbledore doesn't," he says after a moments thought.

"You're killing me," Sirius grunts, trying to get the boy to hurry up already.

Evan looks over at him, "William," he asks to the Auror.

"William's the heir of Slytherin," Lily gasps in shock and horror.

"He would be of great use to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, being the heir of Slytherin and a Basilisk within his control," James agrees absently as he runs the possible outcomes through his mind.

"Perhaps," Evan allows and then smirks knowingly again, "Expect for the fact he is Voldemort," Evan says causing them to stop dead in their tracks and their mouths to hang open in shock, to shocked to care about Evan saying Voldemort. This time Evan stops a few paces ahead of them and turns to look back at the four of them. "You see as far as I can tell, he's taken some kind of an aging potion, but once you hear that voice there's no way you can ever forget its evilness," he pauses to shudder from remembering the voice vividly as he saved Ginny's life. "Is that even a word," he asks as he shrugs. "So it's only fitting that Tommy boy's right hand man is needless to say Tommy boy himself," Evan says evenly. "Since Tommy boy is in your presence in the school, beware where you look for you might find yourself on the receiving end of a death glare, and I'm not speaking of Professor Snape," he says as he reaches into the pocket of his jacket for a piece of parchment and an automatic inking quill. He steps over to the mail box and starts writing things down as the adults stand there dumbfounded beyond words, as they think about the plethora of information they've just been told.

"The entrance to the Chamber can only be opened by a Parseltongue," Evan says absently as he continues to write, not watching his companion's reactions. "As you can tell from what I said, the entrance to the Chamber's entrance is in the girl's bathroom with Moaning Myrtle," he says with a slight wave of his hand as though to dismiss such trivial thoughts, but in reality he is concentrating on his dream and the locations of the devices. "Just ask her how she died and you'll learn more about what happened to her, as for Ginny," he pauses slightly here, a shiver clearly passing through him. "Her life force was drained from her to allow him to return to physical form. I believe the diary may still be with her," he pauses here as his voice cracks as he tries to say what he needs to, "H...her re...remains, or perhaps Tom took it with him," he finishes. "Though what I don't know is if he can be destroyed the same way or not," he says looking up at Remus to make sure he understands what Evan is saying and the

meaning behind them, or at least the possible meanings behind the words, leaving the other three adults blinking in confusion.

“Though I doubt Voldemort will be happy with his younger counterpart once you defuse the devices,” he pauses again as he puts the quill away and fold the parchment. “That is if you believe me,” he corrects and before anyone can say anything he continues to walk away as he turns another corner. as they catch up once again, “The dream I had tonight contained Voldemort, Wormtail,” he pauses as he hears the four adults gasp in shock at his use of their one time friend’s secret name, “Lucius and Tommy boy,” he continues undeterred by their shock.

“How did you know he was called Wormtail,” Lily gasps out in question, her heart thundering against her chest as she realizes this boy seems to know more about them then he should.

“Where he got William I’ll never know,” Evan says ignoring her question as he shakes his head. “Before I forget to tell you, the Basilisk is using the pipes,” he says as he realizes he never told them that part.

“Anyway, they first talked about Wormtail trying to breach the wards at the Weasley’s, they never said what for. So if you’ll kindly warn them, I’ll send them word as well. It also seems Malfoy’s son is in a bit of a rut and Malfoy can’t afford to get him out. Though I think I might buy Dobby,” Evan says more to himself than anyone else. “Then it was an update on the destruction of Hogwarts and the locations that the devices are at,” he says stopping and turning to face them. “What you do with this information is your business, but I’ve done everything I can, I’ve done what is right,” he says reaching out with the parchment in front of him only to have Sirius take it gently from his hands.

“The devices will be enough evidence for your wishes,” Evan says after a moments thought, trying to remember if he has covered all that he’s come here for. “Now if you’ll excuse me,” he says as he once again rubs his forehead, “I have a headache to get rid of, so I bid you good morning,” he explains with a slight bow as he disappears silently before their eyes, needing to get as far away from

them as possible, knowing if they trusted him or not there was nothing more he could do to persuade them.

They stand there for a few minutes looking at the space that was occupied by even just a few short moments before. The information they've just received is slowly sinking into their muddled brains. Remus looks to his left and can't help but bursting out in laughter.

"What," Sirius asks only to have Remus point in the direction he is looking. Everyone turns to look at what is so amusing to the werewolf, only to find themselves amazed as well. For to their surprise they're now back where they started from, in front of the Potter residence. "Smart kid," Sirius repeats again in amazement.

"Do you believe him," Remus asks the other three hopefully.

"Yes," they say as one.

"Good," Remus says with a relieved sigh.

"Now the question is, who should take this to Dumbledore," Sirius asks with a raised eyebrow as he lifts up the parchment in his hand.

"How about you three," Lily says while yawning, "Unlike you three are, I'm not used to these late night adventures," she says with a kind smile.

James leans over and gives her a kiss on the cheek, "Good night dear," he says as he gives her a gentle smile.

"Go on you clowns," Lily says as she waves at the three, making her way back into the house shaking her head all the way, though in truth she knows she won't be sleeping any time soon, given what they have learned on this night.

Sirius looks over at the other two remaining Marauders and grins, "Shall we," he asks with a mock bow like a gentleman leading his lady friend through a doorway.

“I think we shall,” Remus agrees imitating the bow, and in the next moment three CRACKS fill the air leaving emptiness where there so-called adult men stood.

Chapter Nineteen

The Former Student

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Headmaster's Office

Same Night

"Would you care for some tea," Albus Dumbledore asks with a gentle smile as he looks at his most trusted and longtime friend, he waves a hand towards the chairs in front of the fire offering her a seat. He knows what she is here to talk about and he doesn't know if he is ready for where this conversation is heading, let alone where she wishes to take it. He quickly takes in the fact that though she is dressed she isn't dressed for work, just as he himself is in more relaxed clothing. Though with him, only a friend could tell the difference and he knows by the look in her eyes that she registers this fact instantly and places it aside within her mind until later.

"Thank you Albus," Minerva McGonagall finally asks, trying to get to the point of this early morning visit, though they don't do this often it isn't unheard of when one is worried about the other. She has seen the changes come over him in the last few weeks and she doesn't know what it is exactly. "I would love some," she says as she sits down in the offered chair, she can see the hesitation in his blue eyes and knows he doesn't feel ready to talk about what she is here to talk about. Minerva watches as Albus conjures a fresh pot of tea, she can see the weight of the war resting heavily on his aged shoulders and she doesn't like what she sees. "Thanks," she says taking the offered cup of tea, earl gray tea, her favorite. "What's bothering you," she finally asks. "I know it's about William, just as I also know that's not all there is to it, but what," he pauses for a second, "Besides the fact that he's a Death Eater, what is bothering you," she clarifies softly as she watches him over the rim of her cup as she carefully sips at the wonderful tasting tea. She knows of this past with Death Eaters, just as he knows hers. The two of them have been through many scrapes together over the years and she is still amazed by what her dearest friend is capable of.

Albus sighs softly as he lets his mind wonder all the times the two of them have barely escaped with their lives. "I feel as though I should know more about him," he finally admits knowing he could never hide anything from her and that she would dig it out of him if he dared to try. "I feel as though I've met him, but I can't place where or when. I have an image of him, but only younger and it's blurry. His name is on the tip of my tongue but it seems to refuse to want to be said," he says with a shake of his head. Looking up he sees the concern in Minerva's eyes, "Maybe my age is finally catching up with me," he teases earning a slight smile from his audience.

"Had that been the case, it would have happened years ago," Minerva instantly returns, going into their normal routine. Then she turns thoughtful, "You say you should know him," she says as she tries to piece together this puzzle, trying to help Albus any way she can.

"I feel as though I should," Albus agrees with a slight shrug of his shoulder, suddenly glad of her company, her friendship.

"Tell me about this image you have of him," Minerva asks hoping to get more information.

"Well," Albus says as he tries to pull the fuzzy image to the front of his mind. "I," he starts as he squints his eyes in thought, "I can see a figure standing," he relates slowly his face scrunched up in thought, "on the stairs below me. He's tall, cocky and," he drifts off as he loses the memory once again.

"A former student perhaps," Minerva offers in question as she furrows her brows in concentration as she tries to place this figure in her own mind. "I can't recall ever meeting him or someone like him," she says after a few silent minutes as each figure try and locate a memory that seems to be laughing at them as it continues to elude them.

"He would have to be," Albus says as he tries to recall the picture once again. "I get the feeling I had some authority he did not," he tries to explain.

"I don't recall him," Minerva points out, trying to help limit who the man could be. "I also know that no William Thomas has ever attended Hogwarts in the forty years since I transferred from the Ministry," she offers.

"Before your time," Albus says automatically, unthinkingly, and he instantly knows it is true. "It's just I can't place when," he repeats.

Minerva looks at Albus in shock, "William is way too young to have gone here over fifty years ago," she points out logically. "I don't know when you met him Albus, and I don't doubt you have, but I know I've never met him or someone like him in the forty years I've been working here," she explains. "Maybe he came for a visit a few years back when I was on vacation during the summer," she offers hopefully.

"No it wasn't during the summer," Albus says dismissing it. "The way he looks in my memory tells me he is wearing a uniform, a school uniform," he says with a shake of his head.

"William Thomas is too young Albus," Minerva points out. "Even with the fact he is a wizard, aging doesn't slow down until after you reach late forties, and he isn't even in his thirties," she says logically.

"Which is only adding to my confusion," Albus states honestly, his confusion evident in his face and eyes. Before Minerva can reply, they hear the gargoyle start to move and the stairs being activated. Shortly after the sounds from the entrance, they hear teasing amongst three men and the occupants of the room share a look of amusement while shaking their heads. "Will resume this later," Albus says in a whisper as he and Minerva listen to the teasing going on just outside the door, the both of them standing up and facing the door being their chairs.

"I win," a voice they instant recognize as Sirius calls out winded, but the excitement is clear in his panting.

"If you'd play fair," another voice wheezes back, easily identifying the voice as James Potter.

“Never thought I of all people, would ever say anything like this, but Evan acts more adult than either of you two will ever be,” a third exasperated voice says to the two and thus allowing his identity to be known as well. “Wait,” Remus says, the amusement clear in his tone, “That could be said of most kids, at the age of TWO,” he corrects his error.

“Enter,” Albus calls out, trying to sound Headmaster-ish, before anyone can reply to Remus’s words or knock on the door, the tone in his voice betraying his amusement at their words and their timing. Of all the times to come for a late night conversation, it would just have to be the one where both the Headmaster and the Deputy Headmistress are up and already dressed.

Slowly the doorknob starts to turn allowing the door to open ever so slightly, a mop of black hair appears before the face of one Sirius Black does, a grin spread widely on his young features. A grin causing the thought ‘cat that ate the canary,’ to pop into Minerva’s mind. Upon seeing he is the center of attention, Sirius pushes the door open to allow the other two Marauders into the Headmaster’s office once again. Remus watches for a moment as James and Sirius make their way across the room, shaking his head he closes the door to the room and catches up with his partner’s in crime. By the looks on their faces, both Minerva and Albus know they are remembering times when they were in this room before, only this time they are not here for being in trouble once again, at least not yet. “Please, tell me you didn’t run through the halls,” Minerva asks with a look of horror on her stern face, knowing full well they more than likely did. The downcast looks by all three of the Marauders at being caught are more than enough evidence to prove her thoughts were correct. “Honestly, you’re worse than the students,” she huffs out knowingly while rolling her eyes, they will never change and she is secretly very glad of this fact.

Sirius, who is bent over trying to catch his breath, stands straight up at this comment, “Why thank you for the compliment,” he says with a wide smile causing Minerva to shake her head, the word ‘hopeless’ can be barely heard being muttered by the Deputy Headmistress.

“Can I ask what brings you here,” Albus asks the three visitors softly, thus stopping the teasing from continuing as he waves a hand to the unoccupied chairs that have just appeared.

As they all sit down, Remus, being the ever responsible one responds first, “We received a visitor,” he says looking directly at the Headmaster.

“Who,” Minerva asks instantly interested, her eyes bright with curiosity.

“Evan,” Sirius says with a wide smile as he remembers the teasing he and Evan exchanged.

“Really,” Minerva says her eyes growing wide, shocked, “all of you,” she asks further, confused and needing clarification.

“He came for Remus first,” Sirius says stating a fact, “Then he included me,” he continues.

“We talked him into allowing James and Lily to join us,” Remus says continuing the explanation with no interruptions, as if they had practiced prior to arriving at Hogwarts. And people wonder why the three of them aren’t triplets.

“What did our young Mr. Knight have to say tonight,” Albus asks as he places his chin on the tips of his fingers as he thinks about what he’s been told so far. It seems there is hope after all.

“A lot actually,” James admits truthfully.

“Spill it already,” Minerva huffs.

Sirius tilts to the side as he tries to remove something from his back pocket, only to produce a piece of parchment, “He asked if we wanted to go for a walk,” he says distractedly as he starts to unfold the parchment, not even realizing he spoke, which explains why he, of all people, seemed to have started at the beginning of the story.

“As we walked he informed us of a dream of his,” James continues as he watches Sirius try and unfold the parchment he folded six times over.

“It seems William is not who or what he seems,” Sirius says as he looks over the now unfolded parchment, only to instantly flip it around so he can see the writing, trying to get into the interesting part. Only to stop talking and start to fight with his cloak, because it had gotten bunched up under his bum as he removed the parchment from his pocket a few moments ago.

“What do you mean,” Albus asks instantly, leaning forward in his chair as if to catch everything.

“I think,” Remus says cutting Sirius off as he was about to start talking, “We should start from the beginning,” he finishes as he ignores the offended look from Sirius.

Therefore the three Marauders told their former Professors a quick overview of what they were told that evening, morning, or whatever you wish to classify the time as. Even during their paraphrasing they made sure that they explained the Chamber of Secrets, the devices, Lucius Malfoy, Wormtail, and the attempt to enter the Weasley wards, and of course, who William Thomas really is.

“So Mr. Knight told you William is Voldemort,” Albus asks ignoring their flinch at the name.

“Evan said he was the younger version, the one from the diary,” James agrees with a nod of his head.

Albus pauses in his seat as he sits back, thinking about what he has just been told, “Is there anything else about what he said that seemed odd,” he asks his eyes bright behind his glasses, a sure sign he is about to piece together the last piece of a puzzle.

“Evan said something about Tommy boy,” Sirius says with a shrug, not knowing the importance of the words. He can tell they are important instantly as the three Marauders and the Deputy

Headmistress watch as the Headmaster jumps as though he's been electrocuted, and takes in a deep inhale of breath.

"How is it possible," Albus whispers as he stands up from his chair. "How is it possible," he says again. "I never put the pieces together," he says as he walks over to the bookcase to the right behind his desk. Reaching up he pulls out a book and makes his way back to his late night visitors. Carefully removing his wand from his moon covered robes he points it at the book on his lap, "Invenio Depingo Thomas Marvolo," and then his drops past their hearing. The pages start to move on their own, flying passed numerous sheets, an instantaneous reaction, but still stunning to see, only for the pages to settle open near the back of the book. Albus looks down at the picture of one Tom Marvolo Riddle and shakes his head, "A former student indeed," he whispers, the shock evident in his voice and the stiffness of his figure. He looks up to Minerva, "Two years before you came," he states, "About fifty years ago," he says answering both of their question from earlier.

James and Minerva's eyes widen in shock, though both Sirius and Remus share a look that seems to say, 'like duh, that's what Evan said'. "He's telling the truth," Minerva squeaks out in shock as she takes the book from Albus's outstretched hand and looks down at the devious smile of the Head-Boy as he stands snobbishly within the pages of the book, standing oddly still compared to the other pictures surrounding him. Minerva hands the book over to the three Marauders and turns to look back to the Headmaster.

"I just couldn't place him," Albus agrees with a soft nod of his head, his eyes distant as he replays the memory from earlier, only this time much clearer.

"Evan said he was surprised you hadn't figured it out yet," Sirius says with a shrug as he looks down at the picture before him, "Mean lookin'," he mutters as he hands the book to Remus.

"Smart kid," Minerva says with a small shake of her head.

"Brilliant kid," Remus corrects almost protectively.

“What do we do know,” James asks after coming out of the stupor of shock, the picture of Tom Marvolo Riddle looking back up at him, the deviousness clear within the very print of the page.

“We remove the devices and hope there’s enough evidence to remove William,” Albus says as he looks at Sirius who instantly blushes and hands over the Parchment, looking much worse for the wear. “I had hoped we wouldn’t be forced to start the school year with him here,” he says distantly as he looks down at the parchment Sirius handed to him.

“And the Weasley’s,” Remus anxiously asks. He knows how much Evan cares for the family and if they are in danger...Remus doesn’t even want to think about what the loss would do to Evan now.

“I’ll inform them of the possible breach immediately,” Minerva says and then looks out the window to see it is still dark out, “Or owl them before noon,” she says with a nod of her head. “I’ll also inform them of little Ginny’s murder,” she whispers sadly as she looks down at the floor in remembrance of the once happy little redheaded girl.

“It’s good to know she didn’t commit suicide,” Sirius points out softly as he too looks down at the floor in respect for a person he has never met but knows could have made the world that much better.

“And that she didn’t really know what was happening, she felt no pain,” Remus adds on in a whisper, as he too follows Sirius and looks down at the floor. He is glad she never knew what was coming and that she didn’t suffer any pain as she was slowly murdered. He closes his eyes tightly as he thinks about Evan and what he must be feeling, if what Remus is feeling, a tightness in his chest, he has no idea what Evan must be feeling and he knew her, or at least a version of her.

The room is plunged into respectful silence as each person reflects upon the loss of an innocent life, not just Ms. Weasley’s but those from before and since her death. “The most puzzling question is,” Albus says after three minutes or so of silence, causing his visitors to jump in surprise. “How exactly did Evan Knight know all this,” he asks curiously.

A flaming blaze of defense flashes in Remus's eyes, "He didn't do it," he instantly defends almost in a shout, trying to keep the wolf in him at bay, the need to protect his pack stronger than he had thought possible.

"I know," Albus rushes to assure making direct eye contact with Remus, knowing he has just stepped on the proverbial nail, "It's just a mystery," he admits to those in the room, but most importantly to the wolf hiding just beneath the surface of the calmest man Albus has ever met. Smiling gently as he sees the wolf start to retreat to within, "You know me and mysteries, I ...," he starts to say but is cut off.

"Can't stand to leave then unsolved," Remus finishes knowingly.

"Exactly," Albus agrees with a soft sigh and an even softer nod of his head.

Remus smirks at this for a moment, his eyes moving to the fire in the pit, "I can't wait to hear your guesses about Evan," he says thinking how far from the truth these guesses will inevitably be.

"I take it you know more about him," Minerva asks with a shake of her head.

Remus looks up at her from his gaze at the fire, "I know a bit," he admits hesitantly.

"Care to share with the rest of the class," James asks.

"As far as I can remember James, I've told you everything I can," Remus says looking over at James honestly, "I promised Evan I wouldn't say too much about my time with him, and what I can I have already told everyone," he says as a shadow crosses his brown eyes, his mind traveling back to a time just after he started to have this odd dreams.

Remus looks over at the people he considers closer than family; they are all sitting in the study at Godric's Hollow. James and Lily are on the loveseat, Sirius is sprawled out on the chair directly to the right of the loveseat and across from Remus, and Remus himself is sitting in

the chair to the left of the loveseat and the closest to the firewood on the left of the fireplace. "Thanks for coming," Remus says suddenly nervous about what he is about to tell them.

"You have another of those dreams," Sirius asks as he throws his leg over the arm of the chair, his eyes glued to Remus's, the concern clear within those blue orbs.

"I have," Remus reluctantly admits, the words starting to fail him now.

"It's okay Remus," Lily says softly, "it's better to get it out than to keep it in," she says with a gentle smile as she leans forward far enough to place a comforting hand on his knee.

"Thanks," Remus says with a soft choke, his face reddening with embarrassment that he can't keep a simple dream to himself.

"Tell us about it," James says as he sits forward, his left hand on Lily's back.

"It was weirder than the first one," Remus slowly starts to recount, the reluctance clear in the hesitancy with which he is speaking.

"And that one was weird, gave me nightmares for weeks it did," Sirius says causing Remus to chuckle at him, pleased with his result Sirius smiles widely and leans further back into his chair, "Let the stories roll Remy," he says teasingly.

Remus looks at Sirius with a gentle smile on his face, grateful for the love he is receiving in this odd time. "I was just about asleep when I felt as though I was being ripped from my mind," he starts with the story and realizes he doesn't feel as stupid as he thought he would. "I wound up in the same mind as before, only this time it was awake," he continues as his eyes lose focus, his mind returning to the dream. "I was in a place I have never been before, yet it felt familiar," he says with a shake of his head. "There were two other people with him, one I don't know," he says distantly, "The other looked like a Weasley, but much different than any Weasley I know," he says trying to explain everything that he knows. "One was a girl, about thirteen, fourteen even, long bushy brown hair. She was looking at me, or him, in

concern, the care clear. So was the red head, but not as caringly,” Remus says with a gently chuckle. “Their names are Ron, the red head, Hermione, the girl, and the mind I was in, was,” he pauses and then shrugs softly, “Harry,” he finishes. “Only,” he says before anyone can say anything, “A Harry I have never met before, he wasn’t mean or rude, or even trying to prank anyone, he was concerned for his friend’s safety. He wanted them protected, to stay away from the fight,” he drifts off and then looks over at Lily and James, “Hermione got mad at him and called him Harry James Potter,” he says. “I don’t understand what is going on, why am I dreaming of a place that is so cruel it sends children off to fight a war,” he cries out, the pain clearing his eyes.

Shaking his head free of the memories, Remus recalls that he has told the rest of the Marauders of the dreams he has had and what he knows of the world he sees there. They have talked about it at great lengths, but ended up with the conclusion it was a dream, but not just any dream, a dream of another world. What he hasn’t told them is that they were true and that Evan is Harry. Remus sure as anything hasn’t confirmed Destiny’s stories, then again he hasn’t lied to them either.

“Why do I think there’s a hidden message in there somewhere,” Sirius says as he eyes his friend shrewdly.

“Because there is,” Remus admits easily. “I promised Evan I wouldn’t tell you the location of his home or what he refers to it as, but I’m hesitant to give more information about him. I know it is difficult to gain Evan’s trust and once you do it is a gift, I’m just afraid that I might lose his trust if I tell you too much,” he explains honestly, his eyes shifting from James to Sirius as he speaks, letting them know he doesn’t mean anything by not telling them.

Silence envelopes the room as everyone stares at Remus with open curiosity, the need to know about this boy almost overwhelming. However, no one there can find fault with Remus for not wanting to share too much information, for they know they wish they were able to know even half as much about this boy. Though they know this, it doesn’t mean they aren’t envious of Remus and are reluctant to understand that they don’t really want to push Remus about it too

much in fear of alienating him and what he knows. "The question now," Minerva finally says once she is able to get her curiosity under control. "Is, what to do about William and the devices," she says trying to change the subject, trying to ease the tension that had grown within the room.

"Right," James agrees with a nod in an act of remarkable maturity understanding the tact of his former professor. "We can't have him in the building when we look for the devices and we need to find them quickly," he deduces.

"Did Evan say when, the devices are going to be activated," Albus asks after a moment as his eyes drop back down to the parchment in his hands. "We can't handle an explosion within the walls of this school, she is strong yes, but such devastation would cause her to fall and would kill everyone within a hundred meters or more, Hogsmeade would go as well," he says explaining the seriousness to Minerva and causing the consequences to hit home for the other three.

"No," Remus says softly, just now realizing just how much Evan is helping them and how much devastation would have occurred had Evan not acted as he did.

"So we best get this over with," Minerva agrees her face pale with shock, her eyes taking in the calculating look in Albus's eyes.

"It seems we better," Albus agrees with a soft nod and a far away look in his eyes.

"How exactly do you want to do this," Sirius asks reverting to his Auror roll, professional and exact to a tee.

Suddenly, Albus Dumbledore stands up from his chair and stormed out of his office and flew down the stairs with a speed and agility that belied his one hundred plus years. It takes the remaining four a few seconds to realize they are now alone before they take off to follow him, to wherever it is he is heading. They all arrive at the bathroom commonly known to be haunted by a teenage girl's ghost, a little breathless. Albus pushes open the door and enters, the rest follow

numbly, though they have enough presence of mind to allow Minerva to enter first, given she is a female, only to be closely followed by both Sirius and James leaving Remus to bring up the rear. "How dare you enter here, this is a girls bathroom," a shrilly voice shouts out as she floats her way over to them.

Albus looks the ghost over, a look of contemplation on his aged face, a bright twinkle in his telling eyes.

With a squeal of happiness Myrtle smiles at her guests, something she hasn't had a lot of and when she does it seems they want to be mean to her. "Professor Dumbledore," she greets slowly, almost curiously.

"I have a few questions to ask you," Albus says kindly to the ghost before him.

"About what," Myrtle asks snobbishly.

"Concerning how you died," Albus says taking in the suddenly excited look on her ghostly face, "And," he says causing the smile on Myrtle's face to drop slightly, "If there's been anything similar since then," he questions softly.

"How I died," Myrtle repeats with a pleased smile. "As a matter of fact it happened when I was using this very stall," she says repeating what she knows the Professor has known for many years. He was after all one of the Professor who dealt with her passing. "I heard a boy's voice," she says starting to get angry over things that happened over fifty years before. "He was hissing something," she continues as her anger becomes very apparent to those listening, although she is angry her audience can tell she is pleased to be able to tell her story once again, to be the center of attention. "I came out of the stall to tell him off," she says, her voice going flat as she starts to get bored with telling this once again. "All I saw where these bright yellow eyes," she explains and then shrugs, "Then I died," she finishes with a yawn.

"Has this ever happened again," Albus asks softly yet encouragingly knowing about Myrtle's fragile and very volatile emotions.

“Yes,” Myrtle says with a nod, “A while ago that red headed girl would come in here and make the same hissing sound as that boy,” she answers, “She seemed to be in a trance,” she says with a shrug.

All of them look to each other in amazement as each of the pieces that had eluded them over the years are starting to fall into place so easily, and to think, all they really had to do, was pay attention to their surroundings. All they had to do was ask Myrtle if she had seen Ginny and what happened when she had. “Has there been anything recently,” Minerva asks.

“Why yes,” Myrtle harrumphs, “A Professor came in just yesterday, he was very rude if you ask me,” she says as if trying to make a complaint against the man.

“Myrtle,” Remus says softly trying to stave off an emotional outburst from the ghost. “Has anyone ever asked you about this before,” he asks.

“Why yes,” Myrtle says to them all with a wide smile. “A nice boy he is,” then the smile fades just as quickly as it appeared, “His mirror is rude,” she growls angrily.

“Mirror,” James blinks.

Remus smiles at their reaction, a look of satisfaction crossing his face before he quickly wipes it off and proceeds to ignore the others in the room. “When did he ask this,” Remus asks causing the others to look at him quickly, the only question in their mind is what this mirror bit is and yet here is Remus not even bothering with learning more about it. It seems as though he seems to know more than he should about this.

“When his Ginny was taken,” Myrtle answers honestly looking directly at Remus. “He went down there to save his friend’s sister, to save his Ginny,” she explains as she tries to recall if she ever seen a Ginny in this world. She knows the one who went down to the Chamber before was similar and all, but she never did speak with the girl.

“I thought only a Parseltongue could enter the Chamber,” Sirius asks this trying to understand what Evan said, Sirius that Evan spoke only

facts but he also knows how rare Parseltongues are. The last known Parseltongue known to exist was Salazar Slytherin himself and that was centuries ago.

"He is one," Myrtle responds as if it is the most obvious thing in the world and they must be crazy not to have known it before. "Though not by his own means," she says patronizingly, realizing these fools don't really know and yet at the same time loving the fact someone would come and talk with her rather than taunt her. "He is The-Boy-Who-Lived after all," she says as though this is common knowledge.

"The-Boy-Who-Lived," Sirius repeats in question, utterly confused by the title.

"Why yes," Myrtle says not realizing the confusion she is causing or just not caring.

"Who is this boy," Minerva asks hoping to get an answer.

"Harry Potter of course, everyone knows that," Myrtle says with a mischievous smile as she remembers seeing him in the Prefect's bathroom in his fourth year.

"M...M...my," James stutters and swallows roughly, "S...s...son," he questions blinking a couple of times in shock, as though blinking would help to wake him up and reality would be much different than the dream he seems to have found himself in.

"Not the mirror," Myrtle corrects exasperatingly with a look of disdain thrown in James's way.

"Mirror," Albus asks confused, up to now the pieces had been placed neatly in the puzzle that is Evan Knight, at least in his mind, but this new information throws him for a loop.

"The one you all know is rude and arrogant, but my Harry is kind and caring," Myrtle says with a dreamy look about her ghostly figure. "He comes and talks to me," she continues oblivious to their stunned looks. "He rescued his Ginny by risking his own life and fighting the monster in the Chamber, he fought against dragons, mermaids, and

then was stolen about from the maze, he face He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named many times even right here in this very Chamber,” she says pointing towards the sinks behind her visitors.

“Mirror,” James whispers softly, the confusion still evident in his wide eyes.

“Alternate Universe,” Remus says with wide eyes as the reality completely sinks in, all that Evan has gone through where he is really from.

“All us ghosts are assigned with protecting Harry Potter,” Myrtle says to them. “He’s such a kind boy. I can’t wait to see him again,” she whispers, and before they can ask her meaning she takes a dive into the u-bend of the toilet, causing a huge splash of water to come flying out at the quickly retreating visitors.

Sirius turns to look at Remus, “Alternate Universe,” he says in question.

Remus shrugs, “Mirror,” he repeats in answer with a small shake of his head.

“Her Harry is kind, caring, nice,” James repeats in a stunned daze.

Albus stands there looking at the place where Myrtle had been just a few short moments before. He blinks as he realizes he’s still far from finding any answers to his questions. If anything this little trip has only added to them.

“You have to admit James,” Minerva says after a moment, “Myrtle is right about our Harry,” she pauses as she tries to find some kind words to say, just now realizing she had actually said that aloud.

“Just about anything would be an improvement,” James finishes her unsaid thoughts with a resigned sigh. “Yeah I know,” he admits. He inhales deeply, “And I am forced to agree that at this point almost anything would be an improvement,” he says sadly.

Sirius looks at his brother knowingly, "This subject is brought up quite often," he whispers softly. So often in fact, no one wants to be around when it does come up. For lately it's gotten to be a really loud discussion. James and Lily have tried all they can to help Harry, but Harry just doesn't seem to care about what they say or do, in truth he doesn't care about his own family or the consequences of his own actions. He picks on his brother and sister all the time and talks back to his parents. He ridicules Remus for his condition and he has even stopped listening to Sirius. They all know something needs to be done; he needs to understand life isn't all fun and games or it will be too late. For what Sirius hopes never has to find out. Unfortunately Ron, his best friend, is the same way.

An uncomfortable silence fills the room and then when Minerva looks over at Remus for a moment, "Are you suggesting other worlds," she asks disbelievingly remembering what he said about Alternate Universes earlier.

Remus looks at her for a moment then around the room and finally coming to rest on her, "All I'm saying is, why not," he counters.

"Why not indeed," Albus agrees softly as they slowly make their way out of the girl's bathroom and back to the Headmaster's office in silence, each with a deep look of contemplation on his or her face. The events from the bathroom fresh in their minds and no answers are forthcoming to them.

Once in the safety of the office, Minerva turns to Albus, "Albus you can't be serious," she sputters as though the things he just said had finally penetrated her mind.

"Of course he's not, I am," Sirius calls out and then looks down after everyone glares at him. "What," he asks defensively, "I couldn't pass it up," he admits.

"Albus," Minerva continues as she throws a glance over at Sirius to stop him from commenting. "Are you trying to say we have a visitor from another times," she asks in disbelief.

"Of course not," Albus says comfortingly. "Just an alternate reality, the time should be relatively the same," he says with a twinkle in his eyes.

"You're impossible you know that right," Minerva says shaking her head as she remembers all the times in the past when she had to listen to some far fetched idea Albus conjures up and no evidence to prove them.

"Are you saying it's happened already," James asks in awe his muddled brain trying to process the chance of meeting this other Harry, this nice, kind, and caring Harry.

"No, no," Albus says, "I'm just saying not to rule out the possibility," he clarifies for them.

Remus can see the wheels of thought working behind the aged Headmaster's eyes, and wanting to keep the truth from him, from them as long as possible he decides to make a joke of it. "You're encouraging them," Remus says conspiringly, trying not to give away what he knows is truth.

"Wooh, for a minute there I was worrying I'd have to go and tell Destiny that her friend, her 'ghost' is here. I know I'd never hear the end of it if her Ghost were able to cross from wherever it is he comes from to our world," James says with a roll of his eyes.

"That wouldn't be too bad," Sirius says.

"No," James agrees, "I guess it wouldn't be," he admits. "I have to admit to owing Ghost a lot for the times he has saved not only Destiny's live but all of ours at some point over the last seven years," he says with a soft nod of his head. Though James isn't sure what to believe about an Alternate Harry, he does know that he believes in Ghost, even if he has never seen him. "I still don't know if I can easily believe some other reality exists," he says. "Ghost I can handle, for all I know he died years ago," he tires to explain and then shrugs, "But another world," he says disbelievingly, shaking his head.

"I know what you mean," Sirius says in agreement. "A whole other world, I mean think of the possibilities. Who would have married who, who would be alive and doing what. I don't think I can handle trying to picture my life different than what it is now," he admits honestly and then shrugs still unable to fully understand the concept.

Remus smiles softly at them, "I however," he says trying to sound as though the idea has just come to mind. "Have been having odd dreams, so the thought isn't new to me," he explains and then lifts his eyebrows in question, "How about you Professor McGonagall," he asks with a mischievous look in his brown eyes.

"Impossible," Minerva answers with a shake of her head. "Just as Divination is impossible," she says placing emphases on this last part. Everyone there knows of her dislike of the wooly subject.

"I believe it is more than just possible," Albus says softly knowing he was going to be asked next. "I have done some studying on the matter," he says and then with a wave of his hand he closes the subject for now. "I should think the four of you should at least attempt to get some rest tonight," he says as he looks down at his pocket watch. "As should I, I think," he says with a soft but noticeable yawn.

"Good night Professors," Remus says as he pulls on the sleeves of Sirius's and James's shirt.

"Good night Albus," Minerva yawns as she follows the former Gryffindor students.

"Good night all," Albus responds with a soft smile of remembrance of better days. Looking down at his watch once again, "Perhaps it is time to check up on that Dimension spell I had started those many years ago," he says distantly, his mind returning to the matter that has been plaguing him off and on for the passed month or so, Evan Knight.

Chapter Twenty

Reassurances

Knight's Sanctuary

Same summer night

03:00

With a tired sigh, Evan drops into his bed as gently as he can manage, so as not to aggravate his headache any. Closing his eyes against the sudden onslaught of pain as a hiss releases from his clinched teeth. "I really don't like this," he mumbles as he gently maneuvers himself back into bed. "I have done all that I can," he says to the empty room, a room that matches his heart. He feels empty without his family; he feels so alone and lost. "I miss you, all of you," he suddenly shouts out to the darkened room, the need to see them so painful it starts to tear him apart from the inside out. He has been putting on a brave face for the world to see; only his family can see him as he truly is, only his family knows him for who he is. How he needs them now, if only he could see them for a little while, it would hold him over for a while longer. If only he could just glimpse them for a single heartbeat. "Stop it Potter, they are safe, do not wish them into harms way. Do not wish them to you," Harry shouts out, the pain and lonely clear in his voice. "You are not worthy of them," he whispers softer as he turns on his side, "You are not worthy to have ever known them," he whispers as he draws his knees up to his chest. "You are unworthy," he mumbles as he closes his eyes, the headache combined with his broken heart drag him from consciousness, throwing him spiraling into complete darkness.

Potter Manor

Same summer night

03:23

"Harry," Hermione shouts bolting upright in bed, the sheets clinging to her sweat soaked pajamas. Hermione quickly looks around, trying to

find him, only to painfully remember Harry isn't here. Hermione is unable to stop the tears that have formed in her eyes from overflowing and tracing down her cheeks. Throwing the sheet off and standing up she looks over at the other sleeping form in the room, instantly relieved to see her bunkmate is still soundly sleeping. With a quick look around the large bedroom, her mind instantly taking in the burgundy color of the room and the placement of the two beds within the room, Ginny's on the north wall and hers just to the west of the doors. The room is clean, minus a few thrown out theories, Ginny and herself have been looking everywhere for any information on just how Dumbledore was able to send Harry to another dimension, as of yet they have come up with nothing. Shaking her head of such thoughts at this time in the night, Hermione reaches down to the end of her bed and grabs her robe, sliding it on. Hermione quietly makes her way out of the bedroom to the study. Hermione stops just as she enters the doors to the large room, to look up at the enchanted ceiling to the stars above, knowing she is still crying but finds she is unable to stop, finds she doesn't care if she continues to cry until she sees Harry again. She feels like a specter looking within from her place on the outside, unwelcome and unneeded. She feels helpless and alone, her reason for continuing lost to another world and she is left here in this study, this study that could put the library at Hogwarts to shame.

Hermione can't help but mentally review the dream she has just awoken from as she stands there looking out into the night sky. She never told Harry she could feel when he had nightmares, it always felt as if her heart was being squeezed in her chest not allowing her to breathe. It took her awhile to figure out what was happening but when she did, she never second guessed it and was in fact honored. Closing her eyes against the emptiness in her heart Hermione remembers back to a day that feels to have happened years ago, lifetimes ago, rather than a few short months ago. She remembers waking in the middle of the night knowing she needs to get to Harry, knowing he had just had another dream, another vision. They were in camp, and she was wearing the same pajamas as she is now, the ones Harry had given her last Christmas. It didn't matter that she was wearing blue colored pajamas with stars and moons covering them, she knew she had to get to his side. So Hermione did the only thing she could think of, she threw off her covers and ran out of her tent and across the camp until she was next to Harry.

It had broken Hermione's heart to enter Ron's and Harry's tent to witness the sight before her. Harry was sitting on the edge of his bed, sweat soaking him clear through. She could see him shivering from the cold and from the horrors of his dreams, of his visions. Swallowing her tears she softly made her way to the shivering form, almost dropping to her knees before him, "Harry," she had whispered and instantly cringed with regret to see him jump in fear as he heard her voice. Hermione never wanted Harry to fear her, even when he didn't know who it was. Slowly he started to move his head, lifting so he can look her in the eyes, she could see the confusion, the disbelief in his telling eyes, "Hermione," Harry had whispered in a hoarse cracking voice. It was at this point Hermione could no longer control herself; she quickly wrapped her arms around him, needing to feel him close to her heart, needing to help him no matter what. As he wraps his arms around her as well, Hermione is unable to stop herself from slowly rocking the both of them from side to side; trying everything she knows to help ease his pain.

It was awhile before Harry spoke again, as Hermione knew he would, he always does. "I hate this Hermione, I hate being the Boy-Who-Lived, I don't know what to do," he tells her in his scratchy broken voice as he tries to get closer to her, to feel her heart beating. Hermione doesn't argue as she pulls him closer to her, needing to feel his heartbeat just as much. "You do the only thing you know how to," Hermione whispers into his ear softly as she buries her head into his hair, taking in the smell of him, the shaking of his body and the fear in her own heart as she quickly looks around the slumbering tent. "Doing the right thing is never easy Harry. You of all people know this," she tries to sooth him, knowing in her heart she isn't. Closing her eyes against the sudden feeling of being unworthy of this boy's friendship she starts to rub her hand across his back as her mother used to do for her all those years ago when she used to have nightmares. "But it's the only thing you know how to do and I'm so proud of you for it, for all of it," she says trying to make him understand how she feels, how everyone feels about him. He is their hope, not because he is the only one who can win, but because he is Harry. He is the light of her life and she fears the day she losses him to someone else, someone more worthy of this love than she will ever be. As this thought passes her mind she quickly tightens her hold on

him, never wanting to let him go, never wanting to take a breath in a world where he isn't near her. She continues to rock slowly, gladly taking more of his weight on herself as he slowly starts to fall back to sleep.

"Thank you," Harry whispers with a slurred voice startling Hermione out of her self-pitying thought. "For what," she asks with a smile at how he talks when he is on the edge of wakefulness and sleep, his words surprising her. "For being you, I know I take you for granted," Harry continues to say as he slumps more fully into her welcoming embrace, his voice slurs once again causing Hermione to smile. "But I do love you, I don't know what I'd do without you and I don't want to find out," Harry states as he finally loses the battle and slumps completely against Hermione as sleep takes him once again. Hermione smiles brightly into his hair as her heart feels to almost overflowing at hearing his words. She slowly begins the once strange and now familiar process of laying him down, so he can continue to sleep, without waking him. "And I you Harry, on all accounts," Hermione whispers in agreement as she takes in his now peacefully sleeping face, finally allowing for her own tears to roll down her cheeks as she thinks about all he has been and is forced to endure. Wiping the tears from her face she smiles once again as she tucks the blankets securely around him, knowing just how to move so as to not to wake him. Once she is satisfied with her work she stands up, only to lean over him to place a gentle kiss on his forehead. She avoids the scar, knowing to kiss him there would be more intimate than Harry might like and more than her own heart could handle at the moment. "And I you, more than you know, sleep my sweet Harry, sleep well," she whispers again as she turns around to exit the tent to return to her own until he needs her again or until the morning comes.

Hermione releases a sad sigh as her mind returns to the present, to the dream that had just woken her. She knows her dream is just that, a dream; however she also knows that Harry has just had another vision, wherever he is. Unable to stop herself as she starts to remember the dream she had just had, she is forced to see once again her reoccurring nightmare of the last time she saw Harry as he was standing on the battlefield, only in her dreams he was laying on the ground covered in blood, dieing.

Hermione suddenly jumps as a soft hand unexpectedly touches her shoulder; she quickly turns to see the caring and concerned eyes of Molly Weasley. "Are you okay child," Molly asks softly. Hermione doesn't answer; she is unable to, as she buries herself into the caring arms of Ron's mother desperately searching for warmth, even though she knows she will not find the real warmth she is seeking in these arms, though the silkiness of the Weasley matron's dressing gown allow Hermione to still be comforted. "What happened dear," Molly asks after a moment of hold Hermione to her.

"Harry had another dream," Hermione whimpers into the embrace, her tears still flowing uncontrolled down her cheeks.

At hearing these words Molly gasps, she remembers well what theses dreams mean. She remembers the pain Harry would have to endure after waking and during the dreams. "The first one since his disappearance," Molly asks fearfully, hating that he is alone in a world foreign to him, that they aren't there for him.

Shaking her head against the older lady's chest, "No, just the worst one yet," Hermione explains as she slightly pulls back to look Molly in the eyes to see the pain in her own heart reflected back at her. Seeing the pain helps her to continue on with what's really hurting her at the moment. "I always help him," she says urgently, "I can't this time," she cries as the tears start to flow again. "This time he's alone," she whimpers as she buries her head back into Molly's chest.

"He still has us child," Molly reminds her gently as she tightens her embrace around the tearful teen.

"But Dumbledore said he wouldn't know we are coming," Hermione says as she bites back a sob, "He doesn't know," she repeats as the tears start to flow faster from her eyes, her heart breaking as the words from the letter run thru her mind once again, even at a time where she knows Harry more than likely feels lost, where she feels lost without him.

"No he doesn't," Molly sympathetically admits.

"Then how does he still have us," Hermione whispers in confusion, her heart still breaking with the knowledge she can't help Harry. She slowly and reluctantly pulls away from Molly to look at her in question. "How can he still have us when we aren't together," she repeats softer.

Molly smiles softly at Hermione, knowing any other time the teen before her would understand her meaning. Not tonight however, her heart is in too much pain to allow her mind to process information as it usually does. "Because we're in his heart," Molly explains softly, "We're his family," she says smiling still. Hermione can't stop the slight, but watery smile from gracing her own face as she closes her eyes softly, thinking of the boy who so holds her heart. "Let's sit down for a bit," Molly says as she starts to lead the teen further into the study.

Hermione nods her head in agreement as they walk, "I've been thinking," she says as the two of them sit down in the chairs in the center of the study, chairs Harry once loving called the meeting circle, as there are enough chairs for everyone to sit at and be able to look at each other. It has been nearly nine months since the Burrow was so ruthlessly destroyed during retaliation lead by the Death Eaters for the Weasley's being in the Order, since then they have been staying here at Potter Manor. A place they have come to enjoy, but it can never be as it once was, and now it was empty with out Harry being there with them.

"What about," Molly asks knowing from past experience Hermione Granger is a very secretive woman and when something is bothering her, she tries to smooth her way around the heart of the matter, until she can no longer fight against what's bothering her. It is because of how Hermione had phrased her statement that Molly knows they are finally getting to what seems to be the most bothersome. Molly also knows that if Harry were here, the two of them would have talked about this long before now. The both of them always know when the other needs to talk and when just to listen. Something that still amazes Molly to no ends, but she loves them all the same, even if she can't readily understand them.

“What if he’s become friends with our counter parts, with the, us of his new world,” Hermione starts with a trembling voice. “What if his parents are alive, what if he’s spending his life with them now,” she whispers softly knowing this part might bother the lady with her whom she feels is a surrogate mother. “What if Dissy is there,” she continues and then pauses as she closes her eyes, a few tears leaking down her cheeks. Opening her eyes once again, Molly finds herself surprised at the pain she finds in the teens eyes, “What i...if,” Hermione pauses the fear evident not only in her voice but in the fact she has started to stutter, forcing herself to swallow roughly, Hermione continues on, “W...what i...if H...Harry no longer n...n...ne...nee...needs us,” she forces her self to finish her voice and body shaking with fear that now that she has said the words they will come true. “What if he no longer needs me,” she whispers so softly Molly would have missed it had she not read the words on the young woman’s lips.

Molly releases a quick breath as she realizes just how worried Hermione is about this, and to be honest she should have expected this. Molly leans back in her chair as she contemplates not only how to comfort the woman before her, but her own heart. It is something she too has been worried about. “I have thought about that,” she finally says truthfully. She smiles softly as Hermione quickly looks up at her, the sudden hope in the teen’s eyes causes Molly’s own heart to skip a beat. “And if it were anyone but Harry I’d be worried,” she tries to comfort as she continues to look into the brown eyes of the smartest witch she has ever had the pleasure of meeting, of ever getting to know.

“W...what do you mean,” Hermione asks, her voice cracking as she tries to keep the little hope she has at bay.

“You and Harry became friends fairly quickly,” Molly says to her, “Ron and him did as well,” she says still amused at this truth. It would normally take years to get the level of trust this three achieved with each other so completely. The fact Harry would allow them even near him was amazing in itself, but that the two others didn’t fight against it either just tells her it was meant to be. Something to this day she thanks Merlin for. “But,” she says quickly before Hermione can add or ask anything. “How long did it really take him to let you in, into his

heart," she asks in a knowing voice that only mother's seem to be able to use. As Hermione sits there and stares at her in shock, Molly continues.

"Think about it Hermione," Molly says softly, soothingly. "It wasn't until we were going to tell him of Sirius's death that we truly understood what he was going through," she reminds the young woman before her. "Even then it was only the five of us," Molly says knowing Hermione understands what she is truly talking about, she can see the shadow cross those brown orbs. She knows Hermione understands that she is referring to the day when the five of them, Dumbledore, Arthur, Hermione and herself, went to see Harry to tell him of the unfortunate news, only to be more shocked by what they found.

"I wish he would have told me sooner," Hermione says with a whimper as the tears start anew.

"As do we all," Molly agrees with a soft nod as her mind throws the mental pictures of that horrid day to the forefront. She closes her eyes as she sees the state Harry had been in when they had to force their way past the Dursleys, where they had found him still haunts her to this day.

"He still doesn't like to talk about it," Hermione offers softly.

"He only talks about it with whom," Molly questions with a watery smile as she looks at the now blushing teen.

"Me," Hermione says as she swipes at some tears on her face, ignoring the fact that more are replacing them as quickly as she removed them.

Molly nods her head in agreement as silence closes in on them. "The others still don't know," Molly continues after a moment, her voice cracking as her mind tries to chase away the images of that fateful day. Clearing her throat, and trying to hide the tears in her own eyes she tries to continue, "He doesn't want anyone else to know," she says in a softer tone of voice, the pain clear as she looks away from the teen before her to try and re-gather herself.

"He doesn't like that we know about it," Hermione discloses softly.

Shaking her head she looks back up at Hermione, "Why would he just pour his heart out to people he knows aren't us," Molly questions with a slight sniff. "Do you really believe Harry would start letting other people into his heart now," she asks further.

"No," Hermione answers softly with a sigh.

Molly smiles softly at this answer, "Right," she agrees.

"What about his Parents," Hermione question hesitantly, "We both know he loves them even if he doesn't know them, he'll run to them," she says unable to stop herself, her insecurities taking over her mouth.

"If his parents are alive," Molly says softly as she watches Hermione wipe the tears from her face once again. "If his parents are alive," she repeats as she tries to find the courage within her own heart to say what she has needed to say for many a night now plowing through the difficult task of talking about a subject that has been at the forefront of her mind for several days. Days it appears where it wasn't just her personal fear, but another's as well. "He won't push us away," Molly says more to herself than to Hermione, but Molly knows this to be truth, trying to reassure herself with logic.

"How can we know," Hermione whispers as she swallows back a sniff.

"He won't push us away," Molly repeats firmer this time, "If anything it will be them that he will push away," she explains with a soft shake of her head.

As soon as Hermione's mind catches up with what she is hearing, her head snaps up and she looks Molly directly in the eyes. With a gasp Hermione realizes her error. What she should have known long before but was too afraid to think about, now stares her directly in the face making its truth known. Hermione blinks in surprise as she now allows her mind to broach a subject that was previous forbidden. Swallowing against the tears still wanting to be cried Hermione tries

to reason out her thoughts, "Harry knows," she starts slowly hoping against hope what she is thinking is true. "Though they are related," she pauses slightly, "Technically," she adds on then shrugs as she tries to figure out if the genetics of the new world are the same as this world. Shaking her head Hermione continues, "By blood," she says still looking into Molly's eyes. "They are not his parents," she says her eyes widening as realization finally dawns not only in her mind but also in her heart. "His parents are dead," Hermione finishes in an awed whisper, as she finally allows her eyes to close as she realizes that if Harry's parents are alive he is more than likely hurting because of it. At this thought the stinging returns to her eyes once again.

"Right" Molly agrees with what Hermione has said and has not said a soft yet sad smile on her face.

"What about Dissy," Hermione questions as she reopens her eyes, "What if Dissy is there," she re-asks, the thought of losing Harry to someone she has never met before start to ruthlessly tear all hope from her heart.

"What about her," Molly asks in confusion, after covering the topic of Harry's parents she can't understand what can be wrong now. "He's told us many things about her," she continues knowing better than to just laugh this subject off. "And he's told us how he feels towards her," she says with a soft tender smile as she looks into the pain filled orbs of the young woman across from her. "Yes," Molly says with a nod knowing what Hermione is about to ask as Hermione opens her mouth to speak. "He feels she is another sister to him," she carries on with a gentle smile, "That hasn't changed anything about how he feel or acts towards us," she says and then asks, "Has it?"

Hermione shakes her head vigorously in response to this question, "No," she states knowing she needs to say the words aloud so as to be better able to believe them herself.

"Harry has enough room in his heart for more," Molly points out with a wide smile at the way Hermione responded to her question. Molly expected nothing different and would have been disappointed had Hermione reacted that way.

“What if it is the same world that Remus is in,” Hermione questions softly, but Molly can tell the emotions behind this question aren’t the same as previous questions.

“Then he has his honorary Uncle back in his life,” Molly answers with a slight chuckle as Hermione blushes at her own silliness. “As do you and Ron, so I see no harm there,” she pauses slightly, the smile sliding instantly from her face as the name of the next person floats into her mind.

“As with Sirius,” Hermione whispers softly, distantly as her mind returns to the day they went to the Dursleys to tell Harry about Sirius’s death.

“As with Sirius,” Molly agrees with a sad smile, only to find herself on the receiving end of a fierce hug a moment later, which she gladly returns, her smile turning more content.

Hermione reluctantly pulls back from the hug, “He still needs us,” she whispers happily, a huge smile crossing her young features making her appear years younger than she normally looks.

“He always will,” Molly agrees softly, smiling still.

“Thank you Molly, you don’t know how much I have needed to hear those very words,” Hermione says with a grateful smile, her heart feeling lighter than it has in a long time.

Molly smiles knowingly, “Anytime my child,” she says to the young woman before her, “Now off to bed with you,” she orders with a gentle laugh.

“Yes mum,” Hermione laughs out only to quickly give Molly another hug.

“Sleep well dear,” Molly whispers into the embrace. “Now off with you,” she says as they break apart. Hermione smiles in answer and with a soft nod she almost skips back to her room. Molly watches with kind, caring eyes; her heart feeling a little lighter than it had earlier. She no longer fears losing one of her three surrogate children.

Though in her heart she knows Hermione and Harry belong together, it pains her however, how long it will be until all of them are once again reunited. A time she is looking forward too as well, it is hard to have a child missing from the family. It is even harder than when Percy turned on them and led the Death Eaters to the Burrow, destroying their home and nearly killed Arthur and herself in the process.

"Thanks mum," a male voice says softly from directly behind her causing her to jump.

Twisting around in her chair as she places her right hand over her racing heart, "Ron," Molly says almost scolding the teen.

"Sorry," Ron instantly says the truth of his statement is clear in the slight coloring of his ears. Molly watches in question as he sits down in the chair Hermione had just vacated a few moments before. "Thanks for helping Hermione," Ron says as he looks into his mothers eyes, a sadness residing within his blue eyes, his face as serious as she has ever seen. "I knew what she needed," he pauses here for a moment, trying to rephrase his thoughts so they can be better understood. "At least I thought I did," Ron finally admits with a shrug. "It's," he says and shrugs again, unable to get his mouth to work with his mind. "It's just I couldn't word it right," he admits and then smiles. "I would have made a right mess of things," he teases only for his smile and the teasing manor to instantly disappear. "And I..." he starts but drifts off, finding himself unable to continue, unable to utter the next words.

"You also needed to hear the same words," Molly asks knowingly as she smiles kindly at her son. She is pleased her children feel comfortable enough to come and talk with her, even if the subject is something they don't want to deal with.

"Yeah," Ron admits a little sheepishly.

"It's okay dear," Molly says with an understanding nod. "I needed to hear them myself," she admits to her son.

Ron nods in acceptance only to shake his head a moment later, "What is it going to be like going to a different world," he whispers in question to himself as much as to his mother.

"Things there will be very different than here," Molly says with an understanding nod. This too is something she has thought about often. "We will more than likely have to meet ourselves of that world," she says shaking her head as she contemplates what this would mean. "And that will be weird in and of itself," she says with a distant look on her face, her mind trying to envision such an encounter.

"Yeah it will," Ron agrees with a slight chuckle.

"However," Molly says as her eyes come into focus onto her son, "We have to remember how our Harry has changed our lives," she continues after a moment to think about her words, her thoughts.

Ron's eyes widen in surprise, "I never thought of that," he admits after a moment, his voice squeaking slightly giving the depth of his surprise away.

Molly sighs softly, "I think about it all the time," she says sadly as she turns and looks towards the room Hermione and Ginny share. Closing her eyes she turns back around to look at Ron.

Ron takes in the suddenly sad look on his mother's face; he is confused as to what had caused this sudden change. He quickly looks to where she had been looking a moment before, wondering just what it was she had been looking at. "What are you thinking mum," he finally asks knowing he has no chance of figuring it out without help.

"I know Harry still blames himself about the diary," Molly answers as she finally opens her eyes, and Ron and see the intense sadness and pain held within them. Ron nods his head once in agreement, wondering just where this is going. Molly takes a deep breath as a haunted look crosses her eyes, "I also know Lucius would have given it to her anyway had Harry not been there," she explains softly the fear of what might have happened tangible within the large room.

Ron thinks about this for a moment, a contemplative look on his face and his eyes unfocused. Suddenly his eyes widen almost comically as he finally understands what his mother is getting at. "And since our Harry wasn't there in the new world," Ron starts to say thinking aloud, thus missing the somewhat surprised look on Molly's face as she realizes for the first time her little boy has grown into a fine young man. "Ginny mo...more than likely d...d...died in that place," Ron stutters in a whisper a look of horror crossing his face as the meaning of these words settle in.

"I fear so," Molly says softly as she tries to hide the fear and pain Ron's words have set off in her heart. She hasn't ever really come to terms with what almost happened that year and she is grateful for never having to deal with it.

"Poor Harry," Ron mutters interrupting her train of thought and she finds she is grateful.

"What," Molly asks confused by the abrupt change in topics.

Ron looks at his mother and then down to his hands that are currently resting in his lap. "I know Harry mum," he whispers softly, sadly. "I can hear him talking in his sleep," he explains as he quickly takes a look at his stunned mother only to look just as quickly back down at his hands. "I know what he dreams," he pauses here, "For the most part," he says to his mother who is softly placing her wrinkled aged hand on top of his. This one, single act of caring gives Ron the courage he needs to look his mother in the eyes. "I also know Harry still blames himself for what happened all those years ago," he says with a soft sniff and then shakes his head softly. "No matter how much everyone tries to convince him otherwise," he says with a soft smile, "Stubborn prat," he whispers affectionately.

Ron drifts off for a moment as he tries to place his thoughts into words. "Then for Harry to have to go to another world," he says as he swallows roughly. "A world where he isn't who he is here," he pauses as a look of confusion crosses his face. "That doesn't make much sense," he admits and then shrugs dismissively as he sees understanding in his mother's caring eyes. "Anyway Harry goes to this new world, only to see the boy he could have been. To see the Harry,

if you will, of that world,” Ron tries to explain his thoughts on this matter to Molly.

“Only to learn that this new Harry doesn’t have the same values, morals as our Harry does,” Molly says continuing her son’s thoughts.

“Right,” Ron says in relief as he realizes she understands what he is trying to really say. “Then he learns it really wasn’t his fault that Ginny was chosen,” he drifts off here as he struggles to find his next words.

“Yet he learns he wasn’t there to save her,” Molly finishes with a hoarse whisper.

“Yeah,” Ron agrees softly the sadness clear in the slump of his shoulders.

“So he’s trading one type of guilt for another,” Molly states in the form of a question but she knows the answer already and it tears at her heart. “When we get there,” she mutters threateningly but the teasing is clear in her shaking fist and the slight smile appearing on her face.

“We are so going to hug him to death,” Ron laughs knowing what it is that his mother has in mind.

Molly smiles wider at this, this time reaching her eyes, “That we are,” She agrees with a laugh of her own.

“Then we have to figure out how to get these two dolts to fess up,” Ron says with an evil gleam in his eyes, the sad mood of a moment ago forgotten for the moment.

“You do realize we will have to incorporate the help of your brothers,” Molly points out as her mind goes back to her own Hogwarts days, to the days she played the matchmaker for her friends.

Ron smiles even wider at hearing this, “Oh we are already working out the bugs of our plan,” he says causing her to laugh a little harder and shake her head.

"I can help you know," Molly offers with a girlish type of excitement. "I used to be very good at it," she says letting her son know of something he never knew before.

"I think we could use all the help we can," Ron says still chuckling. For the next few minutes the two conversed about their plans to set up Harry and Hermione, that is at least until both figures started to yawn uncontrollably. The two decided it was time to return to bed, so with relieved hearts the two bid each other sweet dreams.

As peace returns to the study once again, the starlit night shines through the ceiling far above. Through this enchanted window to the world without, a shadow of a figure could be seen, only if one knew what to look for. A specter in the night can be found sitting in the center of the enchanted ceiling. A specter who means those within the manor no harm as he watches the last remnants of life within with a sad smile gracing his youthful features. As the darkness within matches the darkness of the night sky, the specter slowly stands up and steps away from the enchanted window, enchanted in so many ways that he is only now starting to fully appreciate. The specter continues to walk away, but pauses slightly to look back at where he once perched, he knows this dream is over for the night but somehow he knows he will return again. He is grateful for the gift he has been given this night, though he did not get to hear their voices, he at least got to see them once again. And for tonight, that is what he needed. With this thought the specter instantly vanishes from this place, returning to where he came.

Chapter Twenty-One

The Sock Hunt

Godric's Hollow

Two Days Later

On the quiet street stands a friendly looking home with two levels. Within this home in the second room from the right of the stairs on the second floor lays things left best unknown to the adult world. For the mind of a child runs the place, which means in simple terms, the room is orderly and yet a disaster at the same time. Something only the person within the room can achieve, for everyone else it is a clean room, but nothing is where it should be. The walls are painted with three colors, blue, soft green, and of course a pale red that lines the floor boards. Some would think this to be a horrid looking room; they would have to see the way it was intricately entwined with each other to understand that this room was perfect for the single habitant of the room. Then again not much can be said about the mind of a woman, even if it is a young woman. The way their minds seem to be wired and arranged has caused many a man to become more than confused. Then again, men aren't much better mind you.

Within in this room there is a single bed, a bed that is neither small nor large, just in between. There are a few things littering the floor, but the green shag carpet is clear to see. The walls have some pictures on them, mostly of the family and some of different collectable pictures, like an enlarged chocolate frog card. There is a dresser drawer to the right of the door, which is next to an open space in the wall where the family pictures are hung. Next to the pictures is a window that is in the center of the wall. Directly across from the window, against the adjacent wall is the bed. There is another window directly at the head of the bed. On either side of the bed is a nightstand; on one resides a Muggle alarm clock. On the other nightstand resides a small personal stereo. The rest of the wall is home to a group of bookcases. Bookcases that are loaded with many different subjects, from Magical and Mythical to Muggle and Real life topics. A trait picked up from her mother and encouraged by someone who shouldn't exist, but does. In front of the books, she has

different types of toys from both the Muggle and Magical world. In the corner, next to the walk in closet, are three layers of a net like object containing all sorts of stuffed animals. All of her collection of stuffed animals, of Magical and Muggle origin, is contained in these three nets, all that is, except for one. A stuffed animal in the shape of a fox, it is small and fuzzy and her most prized possession, which can be found on the bed beside the figure lying under the covers. On the other side of the door, there is a bureau with a mirror on the top and a chair that goes in the center and two drawers on either side of the chair.

As the sun starts to gain height in the morning sky; a single hazel eye opens to look at the light filtering into her room; a smile spreads hugely across her young face as she opens her other eye, eyes similar to her fathers more than her mothers. She throws the covers off of her bed and sits up, brushing her red hair out of her face as she does so. "We're going to Diagon Alley today," she says excitedly to herself, though they do visit Diagon Alley often throughout the year, these trips are always more special. When the family goes to Diagon Alley to purchase supplies for the school year, all the kids get to choose one thing to buy, within reason, and then they get to have ice cream. It has turned into a family tradition of sorts and turns out to be the greatest visit to the Alley. Then as quickly as it had appeared, her smile disappears as she remembers this will be Jacen's first year at Hogwarts. Now that Jacen is leaving, it will leave her all alone. She is afraid, he'll no longer need her in his life once he gets new friends at school, what is a sister compared to friends. In the past it has always been Jacen and herself against the world; then she shakes her head as she corrects her error. It's always been Jacen, her, and Ghost against the world, two siblings and one apparition. Though it seems as though Ghost was always there to protect the two of them, at least he has been there for as long as she can remember. She can't remember a time in her life where she never knew of Ghost. She loves her Ghost and is saddened by the fact Jacen can't see him as well. Though Jacen may not be able to see Ghost, he still believes in him. It was when Jacen finally confessed to believing, he received the surprise of his life the next time Ghost was with them; Jacen could hear him. Since that day, Jacen and herself have claimed Ghost as their brother; he lives up to the title much better than their other brother Harry.

Pushing herself off the bed Destiny slowly stands up wanting to get dressed before her mum comes to wake her up. She looks down at her bed clothes to see her favorite pair, the ones with little froggies all over them. She sighs softly in frustration as she once again has to remove her long hair out of her face. While making her way towards her closet, Destiny glances at her mirror. With that fleeting look her smile returns brighter and stronger than before. For there, propped up on the mirror is a note, a note with handwriting she has come to know very recently, a note written by none other than Ghost. For she knows no one in her living family can have that small or nearly unreadable rushed handwriting, not even her father, her mothers handwriting is perfect and clear, and Jacen is much larger, Harry's is, well lets not go there. As she turns to head towards the note, she can't help but feel giddy with anticipation and lightheartedness as she tries to guess what Ghost might want to tell her.

Hey there Dissy,

I remembered really late last night, or was it this morning, that you were going to Diagon Alley today. I also remembered what else this year means for you and Jacen.

Jacen will be fine and so will you. It will become boring, yes. How do I know you ask? Easy I got this information from Ginny many years ago.

I understand what it's like to be alone, but you need to realize you are not really alone. You have your family. Jacen will always be there for you. No matter what happens, you will always have me. Smile Half-Pint, for if you don't the world will become a much sadder place than it already is.

Remember to smile for me.

Ghost

Destiny smiles as she reads the note, her mind traveling back in time to the first time she had seen this particular handwriting. It wasn't too long ago, a year maybe two at the most.

Begin Flashback

"I don't care Jacen," Destiny says with a sad sigh, "Harry, will always be mean to me it's just something that has always been, you know this."

"I know Destiny," Jacen says with a sigh of his own. "I wonder what Ghost would have to say about this," he says as he drops down in the chair in the front room of the house. The two of them are currently the only ones on the first floor. Their parents are upstairs in the study, and Harry, well; they don't really care where he is as long as he isn't with them.

"I talked with him about this a little while ago, but he had to go. Something in his world wasn't right and he had to help her," Destiny informs her brother with a worried shake of her head. Though she is young she knows enough of the world and the war around her to know of the trouble and pain that comes with being alive. She learned this at a very young age.

"I don't like that Harry puts those stupid things in your room," Jacen sighs out sadly and looks to his sister as he realizes what she had just said. "Ghost is in trouble," he questions softly.

"No, SHE is in trouble," Destiny repeats with a sad shake of her head. Opening her mouth to speak again, she is interrupted by a single piece of paper floating down in front of her and her brother. The paper appeared as though out of nowhere. The two of them stand there looking at the paper with wide eyes. "Jacen, what is that doing here," Destiny questions with a loud swallow.

Jacen shakes his head in confusion, reaching out he snatches the piece of paper from the air. His hazel eyes take in the words on the paper with caution. As he reaches the end of the paper his eyes widen farther only to instantly close as he starts to shake his head, as though trying to make something disappear from his mind. Opening his eyes again he re-reads the paper again, blinking in confusion he looks up at Destiny, "Um... Destiny," he starts only to pause and clear

his throat noisily. "Has Ghost ever written to you before," Jacen finally asks.

Destiny looks at Jacen with a look of confusion, "No, why," she asks unable to understand why he is asking such a thing.

Jacen hands over the letter to his sister, "Because apparently this was written by him to tell you something he couldn't when he had to go," Jacen explains softly, his voice hoarse.

Destiny takes the paper from Jacen and reads it over herself, her eyes widen with mirth as she reads how he suggests taking care of the problem her older brother causes. As she reaches the bottom of the note, she sees something that informs her Ghost really did write this, he really did send this. He just called her Dizzy, something only Jacen and herself know about. "I like that," she says with a giggle.

End Flashback

Shaking her head Destiny returns her thoughts to the present. Looking down at the letter in her hand again, she smiles at the care and concern Ghost has for her. She also knows the amount of energy it takes for him to do something like this, which is why he very rarely does it.

With her smile still firmly in place, Destiny places the note back down on the dresser, where she found it a few short moments before, she returns to her business of getting dressed for the day. Ghost always seems to know what to say to make her feel better and he knows when she needs it the most. She loves the fact he writes to her now she can finally read words and sentences. It may be two years until she can go off to Hogwarts herself, but she still is the smartest Potter child. A fact her oldest brother Harry ridicules her about constantly, Jacen is silent about it, but Ghost, Ghost encourages her to be who she wants to be. He encourages her even if it means she is another bookworm in his life. Oddly enough she is a bookworm because of Ghost.

Destiny pulls out some Muggle clothing; a blue tee-shirt with the word PRINCESS printed across the front in red and has different pictures

from the Disney movies just below the word, a gift from her father as he was visiting the Muggle theme park in the California for an Auror convention a few years back. The pants however, are a different matter all together. They are a red denim pair and they match the shirt. She throws them on her bed and tears off her nightdress; once again she throws them onto the mangled lump that used to be her neatly made bed. She quickly changes into her shirt and pants before starting to look for her socks. She huffs out a breath as she realizes that she once again forgot to get her socks. With a shake of her head she goes to her dresser drawers and pulls open the top drawer, her mind focused on only the drawer rather than anything else in the room. As she looks into the drawer she realizes none of her socks are in there. With a sigh she pushes the drawer closed and then goes to the next one down, knowing she had put them there a few weeks ago. Only to find out, she hadn't put them there this time. Impatiently she pushes that drawer closed as she is finally able to comprehend she should just listen to Ghost and put her socks in the same place each week, thus allowing her to know where they are at all times.

With her top lip between her teeth being kneaded absently as she tries to locate her socks, she hears the door to her room open; she looks up ready to huff at Harry or Jacen for not knocking first, only to see her mother's welcome face smiling at her. A smile crosses her face as she sees the surprise on her mother's face, knowing her mother is surprised to find her up so early in the morning and having got herself up. "Morning mum," she merrily calls out as she closes the next drawer as well, having come up empty yet again.

"Morning dear," Lily Potter greets her youngest child cheerfully, an amused smile crossing her own face as she realizes Destiny has yet to locate her socks. Lily Potter shakes her head as she realizes this, she stands in the open doorway just watching the amusing scene before her. Unlike her daughter, she decided to wear Wizard clothing similar to that of the Hogwarts uniform, but more adult in nature. Leaning against the door frame, Lily decides that today they have time to waste, seeing as she didn't have to wake Destiny this morning, so she has time to watch how her little girl looks for her socks. Something they normally don't have time for, so she usually points them out to Destiny long before now.

With a shake of her head in self-recrimination Destiny Potter mutters exasperatedly under her breath to herself, "I really should listen to Ghost." With snort she bends down and opens the bottom drawer. "He hasn't led me astray before, he wouldn't now," she grunts as she rolls her eyes.

Lily smiles wider at Destiny's mumbled words, knowing that Destiny doesn't realize she had spoken out loud. It took a long time for Lily to accept the fact Destiny had an imaginary friend. Then one day she received a shock she still doesn't know if she has recovered from. She remembers the first time Destiny started talking about someone she liked to call Ghost.

Begin Flashback

Destiny had almost been two years old when she had first started talking clearly, there were words that were clear and understandable; unfortunately one of those words was something she picked up from her father.

It was on one such occasion that Destiny had showed Lily once again what her husband had taught their youngest child. She had been cleaning out the washer when Destiny walked into the room carrying an open container filled with punch. Lily had been weary of what was about to happen, it always seems that whenever she is doing the clothes something happens, no matter what.

And this time was no different.

Destiny toddled over to her happily, only to promptly lose grip of the glass she had in her hand. With a broken heart Destiny looks down at the mess she has just caused on the freshly laundered clothes only to speak words that left Lily wondering and trying with great difficulty not to laugh. "Oh shit, Khos getit," it had taken Lily another year to figure out who she had been telling that to, only to instantly figure it was an imaginary friend.

End Flashback

Even to this day, the memory of the first time the word Ghost slipped from Destiny's mouth causes Lily to smile at the innocent way in which her daughter had cursed. The conversation she had had with James afterwards is also a memorable one, given only to the fact that James had nearly knocked himself out after laughing so hard he hit his head on the table as he fell off of the couch.

No matter how long they knew of the presence known as Ghost, Lily never really believed it to be more than just an imaginary friend in which her daughter had seemingly needed even at such a young age. Even then Harry used to be mean to Destiny and Jacen, if anything it has gotten worse with time. The event that had solidified the truth in her mind that Ghost wasn't imaginary is fresh in her memory just as the day it had happened.

Begin Flashback

Lily reached up with sweaty hands and wiped the sweat from her forehead before releasing a tired sigh, this was one thing she didn't miss while working at Hogwarts. During the school year her husband helps her do the chores around the house. Unfortunately today is a rather hot and sunny August day.

Closing her eyes and leaning her head back as she takes a moment to let the tension release from her overworked muscles, her mind suddenly realizes that she hasn't heard anything for a time from any of her children. Something every mother learns to dread, children always seem to be doing what they shouldn't be doing when they are quiet.

Releasing another sigh, Lily pushes herself up off of the floor, standing on suddenly shaky legs. Making her way around the house to locate each of her children, she quickly learns that Harry is most definitely up to no good; however, Jacen seems to have fallen asleep as he was playing a video game. Something he seems to have made a habit of. Destiny on the other hand, Lily hasn't yet been able to locate.

Deciding to check the backyard, a place Harry had tried to get Destiny to become afraid of after he played a rather cruel joke on her,

something that hadn't worked to Harry's liking. His trick backfired on him and instead of scaring Destiny he ended up making her laugh for nearly an hour straight.

Lily made her way to the back door fully not knowing what to expect, with a soft shrug of her shoulders she pushes the door open and steps out onto the back porch of the house. Upon stepping out of the house Lily becomes instantly fearful as she spies her youngest child on the highest part of the largest tree in the yard. A tree that is as old as the town of Godric's Hollow, if not older. However old the tree is, it is becoming weak in the upper branches, branches that are now supporting her daughter, and not very well at that.

Lily's eyes widen in horror as she hears a loud cracking sound from her position of nearly fifteen meters away from the tree. Her hand instantly goes to where she carries her wand holster, only to realize she doesn't have it on her. Taking off at a dead run, Lily is forced to watch helplessly as the branch beneath her baby girl gives out and her daughter falls to her inevitable death, as she is running, Lily is screaming Destiny's name and mentally praying to all of the Gods she knows and Merlin too, that her little girl will be alright. In her heart, Lily knew there was nothing that could be done; she was going to lose her baby girl.

With a breaking heart, as her feet take her closer to the tree at what seems to be in reverse, she watches as Destiny reaches the last part of her fall. Any moment now and death will be in her life once again. Only to stop in her tracks as Destiny is suddenly floating in mid air as though she were in someone's arms.

As Lily stands there with wide eyes, her mind instantly supplies any possible logical explanations for what it is she is seeing. It has been known in the magical world that children can have unknown spurts of magical emissions which can happen to save their lives. So this isn't something that is completely impossible, it just isn't something that happens everyday, either. What Lily can't explain away is the fact it really seems as though someone else is there.

The way Destiny is still in the air, her legs are titled up and so is her back, just as she is when James carries her off to bed or some other

such thing. The fact that even though death is no longer going to happen, she is still floating in the same place. What is going on here, Lily's mind screams out in confusion. She knows something like this isn't possible, she knows this hasn't ever happened before and there is no explanation for it.

As Lily tries to figure this out, her mouth hanging open in shock, she watches as Destiny turns away from her fully and starts giggling madly, almost out of control. This act confuses Lily more, however, the next thing to come out of Destiny's mouth cemented a great deal of things for Lily, and confusion was one. "Ghost! What are you doing?" she asks between gasping breathes. "Catching me," Destiny seems to be repeating someone's words as her feet get lowered carefully to the ground allowing her to stand on her own two feet.

Lily blinks in stunned shock as she watches this scene unfold, her mind having already come to a complete stop. Therefore when Destiny proceeds to throw herself at the thin air before her and wrapping her arms around something Lily now realizes is real and that she and the others just can't see, her thoughts are interrupted by Destiny as she proclaims with a giggle, "I love you Ghost."

End Flashback

From that day forward, Lily accepted Ghost as being a real friend, albeit an invisible one, and not an imaginary one. With a shake of her head she forces her thoughts back to the present. "What did Ghost tell you this time," she asks with raised eyebrows, the curiosity and mirth clear in her voice as she leans leisurely against the door frame to her daughter's room. Lily knows that Ghost has given her daughter a great deal of advice and that for the most part Destiny seems to listen, but it seems she hasn't this time for whatever reason.

"He said I should put my socks in the same place all the time," Destiny says as she all but slams the bottom drawer thoroughly disgusted that she has not found her socks yet, and heads over to her bed. "He says it'll help me in locating them," she continues as she drops to her knees and then onto her hands when she reaches the edge of the bed.

“Did he now,” Lily questions with a small laugh as she watches her youngest child try and locate her socks as though they were the size of a dime and could hide anywhere. She is also highly amused at how Destiny seems to be in a right huff at being proven wrong by Ghost once again. Ghost seems to be the only one who can cause Destiny such a problem; he can get her in a right mood one moment only to send her to hysterics the next.

It had taken Lily some time to get used to having Destiny talk about Ghost as being, well, a teen age boy. A boy who is as Destiny states “He’s just a boy mum, how am I supposed to describe him better for you to get a picture of how he looks. He’s just a boy,” only to shrug uncomprehendingly at her interested mother who doesn’t have a better picture of the boy, teenager, male that has saved her daughters life. Not only doesn’t Lily know what he looks like, Destiny refuses to tell her Ghost’s real name. Destiny just says, “He’s my Ghost.”

When Destiny started talking about Ghost on a regular basis she decided to talk to Dumbledore about it, wondering if there was a magical reason this could be happening. Lily also knew that Destiny wouldn’t talk to strangers about Ghost, since Dumbledore was well known around the house it was the best source of information. When Dumbledore came over for dinner one night he found it fascinating and talked with Destiny about Ghost. They talked for nearly an hour, but this could be explained away with the fact Albus Dumbledore is a child at heart himself.

After the first time he talked to Destiny, he told Lily and James that it was magical but he couldn’t really tell if it was Destiny or something else. All he could truthfully say was that there was no harm in allowing her to continue to talk to her imaginary friend.

After the tree incident he proclaimed (officially) Ghost means them no harm, even though Dumbledore himself was at a loss as to why Destiny was the only one who could see or hear Ghost, but he said that since the event with the tree he could now feel a presence of someone else in the house, someone very powerful, young, and oddly enough good. Albus admitted that he has never heard of a ‘haunting’ of the likes of Destiny’s Ghost, but not to be afraid of it and

not to discourage Destiny from talking to or about Ghost, he even went so far as to suggest they ask Destiny about Ghost.

Shortly after watching her daughter being saved by some strange entity that she could not hear nor see, Lily wasn't sure she wanted to have this entity hanging around her children. What if he did something to hurt them? Is he trustworthy for her children to be around? So many questions running around in her mind, she just didn't know what to think or to do. So she decided to wait on any decision knowing this entity has been with them for longer than she knows, she decided to see what this 'Ghost' really did to and with her daughter. Lily finally took the time to listen to what her daughter was telling her about her friend. This is another thing that showed her Ghost is real, and she would have known sooner that she did, was the advice he gives to Destiny. Lily remembers one day just after Destiny had come home from the library with an arm full of books she was excited to read, only to have Harry make fun of her for being a Bookworm and a Know-It-All.

Begin Flashback

"You're a know-it-all-bookworm," Harry shouted out with a menacing laugh as he ripped the book away from his little sister. "No one's going to like you, you will be all alone," he taunted the little girl as tears started rolling down her cheeks. "Go on," Harry nearly screamed at Destiny unknowing that his parents had just arrived to see this scene. "Go cry to mummy and tattle on me for speaking the truth you little know-it-all-brat," he threatened in a low and vicious voice. Without waiting for him to say anything else, Destiny took off at a run up the stairs; her sobs could be heard until her door slammed closed. "That was just too easy," Harry laughed victoriously as he started to rub his hands together, pleased with his result. That is until his parents made themselves known, and he was grounded for a month with quite a list of chores to do, none of them pleasant.

Lily had left her eldest son not too long after, hoping to be able to help Destiny understand that it's okay to be who you are, no matter what anyone else thinks or says. Trying to mentally prepare herself for the conversation she knows is about to come, the tears she will have to sooth, the pain of a broken heart that her own brother could

say such cruel things, and things unimaginable to adults. Lily realizes there is no way that she can ever prepare herself for the coming conversation, but she wouldn't hand it off to someone else for the world, she loves her daughter.

As she approached the door to Destiny's room, Lily pauses as she takes a deep breath, only to pause as she hears laughter from the other side of the door. Blinking in surprise she gently knocks on the door, wondering all the while what is going on here. "Come in mum," Destiny calls out further surprising her mother.

Lily opened the door to find Destiny sitting on the top of her bed looking back at her, a smile gracing her young face. "Hello dear," Lily says as she makes her way into the room and sits down on the end of the bed. "How are you," she asks wondering why she doesn't have to hold her daughter as she cries once again about how Harry has treated her.

"Oh, I'm alright mum," little Destiny says with a beaming smile.

"We heard what Harry said," Lily said wondering if her daughter was trying to hide the truth from her, if Destiny was scared what Harry would do to her if she told.

"I know, Ghost saw you before he came up here to talk with me," Destiny says with a dismissing shrug of her shoulders.

"He did," Lily questions in shock, she still isn't used to having Destiny talk so freely about her friend.

"Yeah, he told me people like Harry get off on other people's pain. He also told me it doesn't matter if I read or not, if I like to learn or not, there are people who will love me no matter what I do or become. Ghost told me his best friend is a Bookworm and he has since become one himself, but wouldn't change a thing and he wouldn't want me to change either. Ghost doesn't mind having two know-it-all-bookworms in his life and is in fact honored to know two people who are able to save his sorry butt one day," she explains with a small laugh at the last part. Destiny knows who Ghost is talking about, but

she hasn't ever shared this information with anyone else before. Truthfully she hopes her mother doesn't catch that little slip-up.

Lily sighs in relief as she finds Ghost explanation a good one, one that a child could better understand. Better than anything she could have come up with herself, with such short notice.

End Flashback

"Yes," Destiny says as she pokes her head under her bed looking for her offending socks. "If he were here now he would be smirking at me rather than laughing like you," Destiny says exasperatedly, as she is once again unable to locate her socks once again. Pulling her head out from under the bed Destiny looks over at her mother, her red hair going in all different directions, Lily can see the look of frustration in her daughter's eyes, she knows Destiny is getting tired of not being able to find her socks, something that should normally be easy to do.

"Would he now," Lily say knowing that asking open ended questions is the best way to keep her daughter talking about Ghost, her curiosity about a figure, a person she has never met rising more and more with each passing day.

"Yes," Destiny says as she starts to crawl from the side of the bed she is currently on to the other side.

"Why is that," Lily questions softly not really understanding why this seems important but is curious just the same. Lily continues to watch her daughter from her place by the door as she shifts from one side of the door frame to the other.

"Ghost hardly ever laughs; his life has made it so laughter doesn't come freely to him. He does however try to get everyone else to laugh," Destiny says as she shakes her head as she looks at the shirt she had tossed on the floor last night as she was going to bed. She pauses in her crawling to pick up the shirt and toss it over her shoulder as though that is helping to clean her room. "Ghost says laughter is one of the best things in life," she finishes as she continues to search for her very illusive socks.

“One of,” Lily asks wondering about the comment about how laughter doesn’t come freely to Ghost, her voice sounds almost distant as she tries to place this piece of puzzle with all the others she has picked up about Ghost over the years. As she asks this question Lily fully realizes how much Ghost has influenced her daughter’s life and she finds herself very grateful to him and is saddened once again by the fact she can never express this thanks.

“Love, trust, and family are some of the others he considers to be very important,” Destiny says matter-of-factly from her position on all fours from the floor having finally reached the other side of her mangled bed.

“Smart Ghost,” Lily says honestly with a nod of her head. She has come to understand that though she can never meet this Ghost, she is honored to get to know him through her daughter.

“Very,” Destiny’s muffled voice floats to her from under the bed once again. “Though he hardly ever laughs, I think I remember actually hearing him laugh once,” she pauses in thought, “Maybe twice,” she admits sadly as though only to herself. “And I can’t help but feel as though something’s wrong,” she says deep in thought, trying to figure out why Ghost hasn’t been acting as he’s always does, as she pulls her head out from under the bed and looks over the top of her bed and at her very amused mother. Destiny shakes her head as though trying to dismiss the feeling of wrongness as she stands up and heads back over to the closet to continue her search.

“What do you mean,” Lily asks worriedly. She takes a moment to look around the room to see if she can spot these illusive socks. Only for her eyes to fall onto the chest of drawers, simply to just to shake her head with a slight smile at what she sees there.

“Well normally, Mione helps him with his dreams, but it seems she isn’t able too lately,” Destiny’s worried disembodied voice answers slowly. “Our family isn’t helping him either,” she continues oblivious to her words, her voice sounding odd as she talks from within the closet. “I don’t understand why Mione isn’t helping, she always helps,” Destiny says as she steps out of the closet and looks over at her mother sadly.

Lily, however, takes notice of her daughter's choice of words, "Family," she asks stunned and very confused.

"Family of the heart mum, not of the blood," Destiny corrects her mistake as she realizes how her mother might have taken what she had said. All of her family doesn't know Ghost so how can they be expected to help. She has been listening to Ghost all this time so she doesn't really think about it anymore, family is family no matter how it has come to be.

"Do you know them," Lily asks with utmost curiosity, wondering if her daughter has picked up more ghosts, more friends. And is thoroughly surprised to find she isn't worried. For she knows on some fundamental level, that simply boggles her mind, from the depth of her soul she feels she can trust Ghost and anyone Ghost is friends or even family with can't be too bad either.

Destiny looks away from her mother, "No," she says as she continues her quest to find her socks. "I've never talked with them, never met them or anything," she explains as she continues to look. "Ghost just talks about them, for example I know Mione isn't her real name, but I can't pronounce it so Ghost told me never to never tell her about his nick name for her and ever since I call her Mione," she explains as she makes her way over to her book case, looking on top of the books to see if her socks are there or not.

"But you called them your family," Lily asks quietly not wanting to stop her daughter from giving her more information about her Ghost, as she shifts from one side of the door frame back to the other. She has learned more about Ghost during this single conversation than she has in all the years Ghost has been part of their lives. Destiny doesn't usually like to talk about Ghost because of Harry, she is reluctant to give any information out in fear of that information getting to her oldest brother, who would then turn it around and use it against her. Destiny knows her parents won't tell anyone, but years of dealing with Harry have trained her to be very careful.

"Ghost is my brother, my family, therefore they are too," Destiny states matter-of-factly though a small smile can be seen as she

continues to search for her socks on the floor and the bookcases in her room. "Just as Ghost says I'm part of his family and by extension so are you," she says honestly as she looks at the ceiling of her room as though somehow her socks would be hiding up there, just out of her reach.

"I wish I could meet him," Lily whispers softly, seemingly to one but herself.

"Where are my socks," Destiny questions loudly as though demanding the room to give her their location. Lily watches as Destiny nearly jumps out of her skin in shock, "GHOST!" she yelps as she whips around to look, according to Lily, at nothing. Destiny puts her hands on her hips and glares into the nothingness in front of her. "It isn't nice to scare people like that," Destiny growls out at the new intruder.

Lily watches as her daughter speaks to thin air, yet she feels within her heart her daughter is speaking with someone, someone who it seems is family, she just can't see him. "And just what is it you think you are smirking at," Destiny question as her eyes trace something Lily wishes with all her heart she could see.

Lily watches in amusement as Destiny's eyes pointedly follow someone over to the chest of drawers. "Yes I am looking for my socks," Destiny points out offended, knowing she is about to be teased about misplacing them once again. "I already looked in there," Destiny says as though it was the most obvious thing in the world. Destiny blinks in question, "What do you mean, 'what about on,' why would I...," she starts to ask but stops abruptly when she realizes her socks are in fact on TOP of the chest of drawers which she had looked IN a few minutes ago. Destiny huff out a breath of exasperation as she sees her socks so plainly in clear sight, "I know you told me so," she says with a shake of her head at what she's being told, her hands drop limply to her sides as she has lost this argument once again. Deflated Destiny makes her way over to the chest of drawers.

With a hand covering her mouth to hide her laughter, Lily watches as a smile crosses her daughter's face. When she had first come into

her daughter's room to wake her she had thought she knew what to expect from her daughter. She knows what today means to Destiny, she knows and can understand how Destiny has been feeling about it. She knows Destiny is worried her older brother Jacen will forget about her when he leaves for Hogwarts on September first, something Lily has been trying to sooth her daughter's fears about for awhile now. So to walk into the room to find her daughter not only mostly dressed but also in a good mood was somewhat of a surprise, and she can't help but wonder what Ghost had said to help whereas she, herself, has failed to do so.

"You're impossible Ghost, you know that right," Destiny says exasperatedly as she tries to throw a glare in the direction Lily can only assume is where Ghost is. "Yes I got it," Destiny says as her voice and glare softens considerable. "Do you believe what you wrote," Destiny asks smiling softly, hopefully, and Lily's eyes widen in comprehension at that. Destiny has never said anything about Ghost writing to her.

Destiny's smile widens at the response she received from Ghost, "I know he loves me, but you promise he won't forget me," she asks almost pleadingly, her smile instantly slipping from her face, her eyes start to fill with tears once again at the thought of Jacen forgetting her. A moment of silence follows this statement and Lily's heart goes out to her daughter but she knows that if she were to interfere now Ghost would leave to allow her to try and help, to try and keep from interfering with Destiny's and her relationship.

"No, you would never lie to me," Destiny rushes to say, insisting she would never distrust one of the few people in the world she trusts more than anything. "What do I do," Destiny questions sadly in response to what Ghost had said. "That I can do," she says with a relieved smile.

"What," Lily asks curiously, unable to stop herself.

"Love him," Destiny answers her mother distantly, as she still looks at where Ghost is. Destiny's eyes furrow in concern, "Are you okay," she asks concernedly to the emptiness she is looking at. "Then why don't

you sleep,” Destiny asks in a worried voice. “Well where is Mione, why isn’t she there helping you,” she almost demands.

“What do you mean you are no longer in the same place as her,” Jacen’s voice questions worriedly, causing both Destiny and Lily to jump. Destiny looks over at her brother quickly, throwing a glare his way as he leans on the opposite side of the door frame than his mother, before returning her gaze back to Ghost.

Lily looks down at her son in shock; she hadn’t known he could hear Ghost. She absently notes he is dressed in jeans and a plain t-shirt which enhances eyes that he had gotten from his father. Lily once again remembers with a slight pain that none of her children have inherited her eyes, they are all James’ eyes and except for her daughter, his hair and eyesight as well. Lily shakes her mind out it’s reverie and looks at her son in question only to receive a shrug in response right before Jacen looks at Destiny and then to where she is looking, a sad look crossing his eyes once again at not being able to see Ghost as Destiny can.

“And the dreams,” Destiny inquires worriedly, knowing what the dreams mean for Ghost, as she ignores the happenings between her mother and brother.

“What did you do,” Jacen queries after a moment his brow furrowed in thought as though thinking what he would do in the same circumstances as Ghost.

“The right thing,” Destiny says seeming to be repeating something that has been said, the confusion clear in her voice.

Lily watches as her two children listen to an explanation she wishes she could hear. From what she can see in their eyes and on their faces, Ghost’s words are making a really good impression on her two youngest children. She smiles as she watches them raise their eyebrows in question to something they have been told.

“She didn’t say that,” Jacen says disbelievingly, unable to understand how it is she could have said what she had to Ghost. After a moment

Jacen nods his head in understanding as he listens to a voice only him and his sister can hear.

“So just because it is the hard thing to do, you should still do it?” Destiny questions curiously, trying to clarify what Ghost is telling them.

“Where were you when Harry needed to learn that,” Jacen asks more seriously than Lily has ever seen Jacen ever act before. Yet, she would more than likely agree with whatever it was that Ghost had said.

“Let me get this straight,” Destiny says looking deep in thought, “I should do the right thing at all times,” she says in question.

“Even if it is the hardest thing to do,” Jacen finishes for her, his tone distant as though he is thinking of some deeper meaning than Lily can figure out, having only heard only half of the conversation.

“Ghost,” Destiny says with concern obvious in her tone of voice. “You had better get going,” she states as though she knows something no one else does. “No,” Destiny nearly laughs out, “I’m not trying to throw you out,” she says unable to stop a slight giggle from slipping passed. “Why,” she questions incredulously, “Because you’re starting to fade,” she points out and then all of a sudden both Jacen and Destiny start to giggle causing Lily to become more confused than she had been throughout this entire conversation.

“Bye Ghost,” Jacen calls out trying to contain his chuckling.

With a smile on her young face Destiny giggles out honestly, “Bye Ghost, love you.”

“We will,” Jacen promises.

After a second or two of silence Destiny turns around to face her brother and mother, a smile still lingering on her face, then she looks over at her ‘found’ pile of socks. Snatching a pair she shrugs to herself as she heads back to her closet to grab a pair of shoes, only to sit down on the bed to put them on. Lily turns to Jacen as he watches his little sister make her rounds around the room.

"Why didn't you ever tell me you could hear Ghost," Lily asks softly, not wanting him to think she is upset with him.

Jacen looks up at her and starts to blush in embarrassment, "It was a secret for Destiny and me," he admits truthfully. "Besides I haven't really had a chance to tell you without Harry around," he rushes to add as she was about to comment.

Lily sighs as she hears this, "Can you see him as well," she asks and he shakes his head no in response. "Does he write to the both of you," Lily asks after a moment to think about this revelation.

Jacen smiles at this, "Sometimes he does," he admits. "He tries not to do it very often, it tires him out terribly," he explains to his mother just as Destiny jumps off the bed and makes her way over to the pair.

Darkness

Trust is but a stranger now

From within the darkness calls

An unheard cry for help

The world which surrounds us

Shrinks in on us now

Helplessness is all that is left

Dreams shatter at our feet

Death is prayed for on

Swift, merciful wings

Darkness encloses our hearts

Light has long since been gone

Hate swells up in our hearts

Fear becomes our only friend

Trust is but a stranger now

The unheard cry calls for help once again

A single voice all alone

Lost in the cries of thousands

A cry for help

A cry for hope

An unanswered cry

Darkness closes in on us

Nothing left to live for now

There is no more hope in this world

Darkness encloses our hearts

Trust is but a stranger now

Love is long since forgotten

However forgotten it may be

This single voice seems to remember

To remember better times

This single voice can not

Will not be silenced

Suddenly another voice is heard to cry

A cry similar to the first

A cry joining the first

The darkness shrinks away from our hearts

Just slightly

Hope has lived for another day

Trust is but a stranger now

However hope will find a way

This darkness cannot last forever

An end will come

Eventually

And when it ends

Light will return one day

Even if this day is not soon

The day will come

But for now

Trust is but a stranger now

By Jade Skywalker

A/N: Hello folks, I would like to take this time to thank all of you who has stayed with me and this story, for as long as you have. I know it has been a long time since the last time I posted, and for this I do apologize. Real life hasn't really been kind to me or mine. My lovely and helpful computer decided it was time to take a vacation, and so far it seems to be a permanent one. So, I haven't been able to do anything with a computer at home and this is something that requires a computer. So I have had to get the chapter from an internet site (for my betas) and write it again (by hand). I then had to use the library computer to make it so I could post this.... I'll stop there; I didn't mean to turn this into a life story. I could have just stated, computer died on me, need funeral, still working on story, here's the next chapter hope you like it.

I would like to thank my beta-readers for all their wonderful help and patience; this story wouldn't even be half as good as it is. Though that isn't saying much, now is it?

So thank you all once again and I hope you enjoy this chapter and that it is worth the wait.

Jade Skywalker

Disclaimer: Alas I own nothing; most of these characters are part of the Harry Potter world. Although I do claim Jacen and Destiny as my own (Um... well minus that they are meant to be in the world of Harry Potter and the name Jacen comes from Star Wars). You get the idea, what you recognize I don't own.

Summary: In a world foreign to him Evan Knight must forge his way through what is easy and what is right. The only problem is his conscience, Hermione, is not with him. What should Evan do? After a dream which required him to inform people of this new world of what occurred in said dream, Evan must now decide just how far he will go for a friend who doesn't even know he exists.

Destiny's Ghost

Chapter Twenty-Two

The Return

Next Day

Malfoy Manor

In the grassy planes of some long forgotten place categorized centuries ago as unsafe by Muggles, a seemingly impossible sight can be seen. A single, but extremely large castle resides in the middle of a large section of the otherwise empty planes. This large castle is surrounded by a formidable brick outlying wall. The wall is lined with tall trees blocking a clear view of what lies beyond. The focal wall has a large cast iron gate that swings in or out allowing entrance to the secluded yard within. The gate is encrusted with the crest of the Malfoy lineage.

An aged figure that is easily over a century in age, steps through the currently open gates, gates that have been awaiting his arrival. The aged figure knows that in a moment many possible things may occur and unfortunately not all of them are pleasant. As far as he knows all

could go well, go as planned and nothing out of sorts will happen. Or everything could backfire and all hell will break loose causing him to show his hand when all he wants to do is to remain secret. However the case maybe, he knows this is a gamble, a gamble in the home of a known Deatheater.

Along the graveled pathway that resembles the roads during the Medieval Times, the aged man slowly, yet confidently makes his way towards the over impressive castle before him. A castle he knows to contain more evil and hatred than a Muggle prison full of death row inmates. Releasing a weary sigh he wonders once again how it is that he gets himself into these life endangering messes.

Giving an unconscious shake of his head, he knows there is nothing he could ever do to change his way of life, to change this little trait of his. Even if he could find a way to change his life, his habits, he knows he wouldn't. These traits, these habits has been such a part of his life, part of him, he wouldn't know what to do with himself otherwise.

Upon finally reaching the steps leading into the castle, he pauses his useless and dangerous thoughts on changing the impossible. Forcing himself to focus on the moment, on the here and now, he looks up the stairs to see the main doors. Pushing away the memory of the last time he visited this house of death, he forces himself to think, to remember how to proceed up the steps now before him.

With a visibly shaking aged hand, he grips the railing to his right, knowing his every move is being watched, being cataloged and analyzed. He felt the eyes of his watchers since he apparated to the given coordinates. Slowly, yet with grace only learned by age, he makes his way up the stairs to the entrance of a place he had hoped, prayed to never step foot in again in his life. Upon reaching the top most steps he is not surprised when the doors open gracefully, quietly and a man in uniform steps out from within the darkness of the doorway. "Welcome to Malfoy Manor, are you Mr. Colton," he questions formally, but the displeasure of being in the presence of one who is clearly poor as the man in front of him. Mr. Colton is dressed in an overly aged worn cloak that is securely fastened around his thin frame.

"I haven't heard that name in many, many years young man," the aged man states with practiced ease.

The man in uniform all but openly glares at Mr. Colton, "Master Malfoy is awaiting you," he states instead of responding. "Follow me," he orders as he finally allows Mr. Colton to pass through the doors. Once Mr. Colton is passed he firmly shuts the door behind him causing Mr. Colton to suck a deep breath into his lungs, his mind shouting at him, perfect place for an ambush.

Slowly the pair makes their way deeper into bowels of evil. The hairs on the back of Mr. Colton's neck standing on end, causing him to be more alert and ready to fight at the drop of a hat. When the 'butler', for lack of a better word, closed the doors to the reading room on his way out, Mr. Colton couldn't help but look around. He knows he was brought to this room specifically because there is nothing illegal easily located in this room.

After about three minutes of looking around, knowing better than to touch, Mr. Colton turns at the sound of a door opening. As he watches the figure of a man he had hoped to never see breathing again step into the room, he can't help but inhale a deep breath at the sight of the evil before him. Swallowing his nervousness, his feelings of great dislike, Mr. Colton put on his best smile, "Good day Master Malfoy," he says in greeting hoping his he doesn't lose his breakfast.

"Yes," Lucius says smoothly, his voice cool and collected his stature superior to all around him. Everything about him percolates this essence of power; of being able to get everything he ever wanted, of believing himself to be a god.

Mr. Colton knows this drill well; he was raised by people who felt the same exact way as the man standing before him. He knows he needs to get the information out fast and get not only out of his sight but out of the house faster. "I came about the article in the daily profit," he says knowing this is already known information. Redundancy seems to be the order of the day. "I wish to inspect the offered merchandise," he finishes felling sick just uttering those words.

“Very well,” Lucius says in disappointment, knowing he must do as his Master orders and sale the House-elf. “DOBBY!” he shouts in a demanding, angry voice, his voice echoing off the walls as if the house was completely empty.

Directly behind Lucius a resounding CRACK is heard. “Y...yes M...master,” Dobby stutters as he bows deeply, his ears drooping enough to almost touch the ground. Even though this action was done instantaneously upon arriving, Dobby is still able to take in the presence of the stranger in the room with his Master.

Turning around Lucius sneers at the pathetic creature bowing before him, he has never like this particular House-elf, but at least it worked hard and did its best to please its Master. Lucius returns to looking at Mr. Colton as if presenting an unworthy piece of art to an artist. “This is the creature,” he says with a dismissive wave towards the still bowing House-elf.

Mr. Colton steps forward slightly, his eyes fixed on the shaking figure before him. Once he is closer to Dobby he slowly gets down on one knee, bringing himself to Dobby’s level. “Stand,” Mr. Colton says trying to make it sound like an order rather than a question. Dobby slowly stands up straight and for the first time looks up at the stranger, sadly knowing he is no longer wanted by his family, no longer wanted or considered useful. He also knows there is no more hope for him. No hope for any of them. With this sad knowledge in mind Dobby finally looks into the eyes of the stranger kneeling before him. He is therefore surprised by what he sees, the brown eyes of the elderly man before him holds kindness in their depths. A kindness Dobby has never seen directed at him. The aged man smiles slightly at Dobby, then winks at him leaving Dobby at a loss. With a weary age worn groan the man stands up. “He’s not as you advertised,” he points out returning his attention to Malfoy, trying to keep his flinch from his face at his stupid mistake. “One thousand,” he offers trying to his error at referring to Dobby as anything but a possession.

“Any House-elf is worth ten times that,” Lucius snaps, insulted by the offer.

Mr. Colton raises an aged eyebrow in amusement at these words, his mind working over what he wants to say and how to say it. "Your advertisement has been in the Prophet for over three weeks now," he points out knowingly. Mr. Colton stares at Lucius for a moment and then sighs resignedly. "Two thousand then," he relents. "That is the highest I will go," he says with finality.

It is now Lucius's turn to sigh; he had wanted to gain much more from selling the creature. Admittedly though, the creature doesn't look worth even that much. "He's yours," he finally relents as he glares hatefully at Dobby as though it were Dobby's fault he didn't get as much money as he wanted. Turning back to Mr. Colton, Lucius nods his head once as if to tell himself 'it's done.'

Over the next few minutes Lucius and Mr. Colton exchange monies and legal contract information including a bill of sales. Once the ownership papers finally exchange hands Lucius Malfoy turns to the still sad House-elf, whose ears are hanging down, his eyes fixed completely on his feet, seeming to be waiting for the axe to fall and his life to end. "Dobby, House-elf to the Malfoy family Mr. Colton is now your new Master. You no longer belong to the house of Malfoy," he says completing the sale. "If I ever see you in this house again, I will not hesitate in removing you," he threatens the little elf. Dobby drops his head even further in shame. Dobby knows exactly what his 'now' former Master means when he says remove, if Dobby were to ever be seen around Malfoy Manor again, he would be killed.

Mr. Colton steps forward, almost as if in defense of the little creature, as if trying to protect the shamed House-elf, "Thank you for your business Mr. Malfoy," he says with a formal nod. "However, I am afraid I must be on my way. I have an appointment at St. Mungo's," he says with a resigned sigh, not wanting to go to this appointment.

"It was good doing business with you," Lucius says impatiently, wanting the two vile creatures out of his house.

Mr. Colton nods his head once in response to both his spoken words and the meanings behind them. "Come, Dobby," he says as he starts to head out of the room, wanting to get out of this place probably more so than the owner wants them out.

The two newly acquainted people exit the castle in complete silence, each lost in their own thoughts. Slowly the pair makes it down the steps and up the road a distance, Dobby remaining the required distance behind his new Master, three steps; his head still hung in shame. After about fifteen minutes of walking, when the pair is a surprisingly good distance away Mr. Colton sighs once again, only this time in relief. "I truly dislike coming here," he mutters to himself unknowingly as they continue to walk away from evil behind them.

"Master," Dobby says in question, wondering if he heard correctly or if he was to have heard his first order from his new master.

"Sorry, Dobby," Mr. Colton says realizing he had said that out loud. "I have never cared for the Malfoy family," he explains to the now confused elf. "Though I am forced to admit that Draco isn't as bad as his father," he pauses in thought then shrugs, "At least where I'm from," he adds.

"Sir," Dobby says in confusion before he can stop himself. As he realizes what he has done, realizes he has just disrespected his new master. Realizing his error Dobby starts to hit his hand viciously on head, unable at present to find something better to hit himself with.

Mr. Colton sighs resignedly, as though he has had gone through this many times before. "Dobby, stop," he says. As Dobby hears this he instantly stops, doing as he is told; not wanting to further disrespect his new master. "Once we get passed the wards we can apparate to just outside Hogsmeade, south end, just near the Hogshead," Mr. Colton explains.

"Master," Dobby says respectfully, "Do we live near Hogsmeade," he questions hopefully.

"Are we beyond the Malfoy wards yet Dobby," Mr. Colton asks as he glances over his shoulder to look at the gates as they close behind them. Dobby nods his head stating they are passed the wards, yet wonders why his master has asked. Dobby can feel how powerful the old man is and knows he felt it the moment they stepped out of the wards, but nods once in affirmation.

“Good,” Mr. Colton states, “How about we apparate there, then I will do all I can to explain what is happening. Is that alright Dobby,” he asks shocking the poor elf.

Dobby stops in his tracks, even more surprised to find his new master turning around to face him directly, something that he never happened. “Master is asking Dobby,” he asks tearfully, his eyes glistening.

Mr. Colton is unable to stop the pained look that crosses his face as he hears the word master. Ignoring it for a moment he answers Dobby’s question, “Yes Dobby,” he states softly, “I asked you.”

“Okay Master,” Dobby agrees enthusiastically.

“Are we ready to apparate,” Mr. Colton asks. Dobby continues to nod his head, move strongly now. This causes Mr. Colton to wonder if Dobby’s head is going to fly off. “Very well then, I will see you there,” Mr. Colton informs Dobby.

Mr. Colton smiles at Dobby a second before he silently disappears from sight. Dobby stares at where the aged man had been a moment before, his eyes widening further, he hadn’t thought his new master was that powerful. Shaking this thought from his over crowded mind he lifts his hand and with a snap of his fingers he too disappears from just outside of the grounds to the home he has served all his life. Dobby doesn’t know if this is a good change or a bad one, but for the first time since he learned about being put up for sale, he looks forward to being able to breath.

Hogsmeade

The sound of Dobby’s apparating resounds throughout the small area in front of the currently closed Hogshead Inn. Dobby looks around almost hungrily; looking at a place he hasn’t seen or been near in many years. Three years to be exact. He is saddened by what happened to the young redhead girl, but he didn’t know how to stop it from happening. He didn’t know who to go to that he could trust with the information; that would trust a House-elf. As he remembers this

and the struggle he went through, Dobby comes to a very sad realization, there is no hope in the world anymore. It seems to be a desolate world.

“Not all things are hopeless Dobby,” Mr. Colton whispers as he too takes in the desolate sight before him with a small shake of his head. “Not so long as at least one person can still find and hold hope in their hearts.”

“Yes Master,” Dobby obediently agrees, though in his heart he doesn’t know if he really believes or not. Even though he doesn’t believe or not, he continues to follow as his master starts to walk further south, away from the small magical village.

“If you do not agree Dobby it is alright to say so,” Mr. Colton says as he pauses slightly in his steps. “You are your own person, feel free to express your own views,” he continues after a moment as he looks down at the elf. Turning to resume his walking for a moment, the silence between them is a comfortable one. “This brings up another matter I wish to speak with you about,” Mr. Colton says after walking a ways, the village far behind them now. “Can you,” he drifts off as if wondering if he is doing the right thing or not, shaking his head he figures he has come this far. Looking back at Dobby, Mr. Colton waves his hand in an invitation to walk beside him, as Dobby catches up to him Mr. Colton continues, “Can you promise me that you will not tell if I were to tell you something,” he asks softly.

“I swear to you Dobbys’ loyalty Master,” Dobby instantly vows.

Mr. Colton gives a small sad sigh, “That is not exactly what I am talking about,” he says as he stops walking and turns to face Dobby. Mr. Colton then surprises Dobby by easily kneeling down before him with no difficulty at all.

As Dobby watches he can see an obvious difference between now and when Mr. Colton did this at the Malfoy Manor. As he sees this difference he is unable to stop himself from raising an ear in silent question. Mr. Colton smiles softly at the confusion, the question evident in Dobby’s eyes. “I am not who I appear to be,” Mr. Colton starts to explain. “One of many lessons for you Dobby is to never

trust what you see. The eyes can be deceiving,” he explains as a slight wind starts to pick up, blowing around the two of them.

At the feel of the unexpected wind, Dobby jumps slightly in recollection of a sensation he has not felt in many years. Since the incident with the Chamber of Secrets Dobby has been forbidden to go outside at all, so at this unexpected gratifying feeling he is unable to stop himself from looking around to the surrounding fields needing to see the way the untamed earth responds to the sudden breeze. Only to be astonished to see the wind isn't touching the surrounding fields. As he realizes this he instantly turns his head back to look at his new master, hoping for an explanation for the unexplainable, only to find himself face to face with someone else. Someone who is currently in the same place his master was in a moment ago. As he looks at the face of a young man with grey eyes he finds himself at a loss. What has happened to his aged master and just who exactly is this kid before him.

“It's alright Dobby,” the kind voice of the kid assures Dobby.

Dobby's eyes widen in dumbfounded amazement, “Why,” he asks only to stop. He starts shaking his head realizing his error, ‘never question a human,’

“I did not want Lucius Malfoy to know who I really am,” Evan Knight answers Dobby's unfinished question. Evan pauses slightly, then decides to continue anyway, he has come this far might as well continue. “And Dobby,” he says catching Dobby's complete attention, as the little elf seemed to be trying to see if he could locate Mr. Colton, his confused mind refocuses on the man before him. “You are free,” Evan says as he reaches into an inside pocket of his gray worn robe, pulling out a simple pair of new socks. As he does this Evan can't help but remember the Dobby of his world. “If this is the way you would prefer it to occur, that is fine as well,” he says as he holds out the socks for Dobby to take.

Dobby stares in disbelief at not only the man but the socks as well. “You free Dobby,” he asks timidly, the shock evident in his voice. Dobby doesn't know what to believe anymore, and for a moment he can't help but feel it is all a dream, that he will wake up to his master's

call. This one stranger has confused him more than he has ever been in all his life.

"You are my friend," Evan states to unknowing elf. "I know you do not know me, that I seem to you to be a very bizarre eccentric stranger," he says with a trace of deep sadness in his young voice. "However true this may be, you are still my friend," Evan says with a shrug as Dobby slowly, hesitantly takes the socks offered to him.

"Why," Dobby questions as he looks up from the socks in his still shaking hands to focus on the man's green eyes.

"I am just returning the favor," Evan says shrugging dismissively. "Go have fun Dobby," he says smiling slightly. "If you ever need me Dobby, in this weird world I go by the name of Evan Knight," Evan says finally introducing himself.

Even as he says this Evan knows Dobby doesn't understand, "Y...you d...don't w...wa...want Dobby," Dobby almost cries out, his stunned silence finally cracking.

Evan exhales a deep breath as he sits down on the ground so as to better see the figure before him. "I don't want you to be a slave Dobby," he starts to explain softly, "Even to me." Evan can't help but smile slightly as he continues, his voice still soft, "Hermione would be very displeased with me," he says distantly, his mind and thoughts somewhere else completely. Returning his thoughts to a different time, a different world, he forces himself to focus on Dobby, "I want you to be happy."

As Dobby starts to tear up he continues on hoping to avoid seeing Dobby cry because of him. "Take some time, see the world, but most importantly Dobby, have fun," Evan says. "When you feel you have had enough of the world," he pauses slightly, "or whatever," he shrugs not knowing what Dobby would want to do for fun. "When you are done, I would be honored to be able to hire you to work for me," he says to the open mouthed elf.

"H...hire Dobby," Dobby repeats not believing he has heard correctly.

“With vacation and everything,” Evan says chuckling mentally at the stunned look on Dobby’s face.

“Are you mad with Dobby Master Evan Knight sir,” Dobby asks looking down at the brand new pair of socks in his hands.

“No, not at all,” Evan assures him.

“Y...you s...still want D...Dobby,” he all but begs.

“Only if you still want me,” Evan returns with a smile.

Looking back down at his new socks, a light starts to shine behind the elf’s eyes, a light thought to have been long since lost. “Dobby is free,” he states in wonder. “DOBBY IS FREE,” he finally yells out.

Evan is unable to hold back his laugh as he remembers the Dobby of his world had said the exact same thing in the same way. “Yes Dobby, yes you are,” Evan confirms with an amused shake of his head.

Dobby doesn’t know what to think, what to do, he just doesn’t know. He has never encountered such a being. He also understands the feelings he had had when he first met Evan Knight, Evan Knight is a person to protect, to love with all his soul. “Master Evan Knight sir is a great wizard,” Dobby declares feelingly.

“No,” Evan counters gently, “Dobby is a great friend,” he corrects as he stands up.

“M...master E...Evan K...knight calls Dobby f...friend,” Dobby cries.

“Dobby is my friend,” Evan confirms. “Go have fun my friend and if time and fate permits, I will see you again,” Evan says softly.

“Oh yes, oh yes Master Evan Knight sir,” Dobby cries, “Oh yes,” he cries again as he throws himself at Evan and hugs his legs tightly. Dobby can’t believe something he had thought lost to the world had arrived, had arrived and saved him, him Dobby, from certain death.

“Have fun Dobby,” Evan says again as Dobby finally releases him from the hug.

“Dobby will,” Dobby declares, “Dobby will,” he vows as he raises his right hand. Evan smiles as he remembers seeing Dobby do this many times before. With a simple snap of his fingers Dobby the house-elf is gone, leaving Evan standing alone in the middle of the empty fields.

“Be careful my friend and do remember to have fun,” Evan whispers to the air surrounding him. Releasing a sad sigh he continues slowly along the path before him, alone once again in the empty cruel world.

Potter Manor

Same Time

Different World

The scratching of a quill to aged parchment is all that can be heard in the unusually silent home. A single, lone figure sits at a desk in the far corner of the library. A desk that used to be shared with a specific raven haired young man who is no longer here to share the desk. So deep in thought Hermione Granger is oblivious to the world around her, a state that is not unusual for her to be in. So when a loud CRACK resounds through the manor she jumps in surprise. She knows there is only one person who can apparate in or out of the manor, and that person is Harry. As Harry's name passes her mind's eye her heart quickens almost painfully.

Quickly getting out of her chair, Hermione takes off in the direction of the sound. Though she is not bothered by the sound itself she is rather surprised to see a very angry elf standing before her as she comes to a stop. She knew mentally that it really couldn't have been Harry, but her heart had hoped it to be so. Seeing the anger in Dobby's eyes and not liking being on the receiving end of such a look she swallows roughly wondering just what has happened to make Dobby so mad. “Dobby,” she squeaks out fearfully.

“Mister Harry Potter Sir is missing,” Dobby growls out knowingly.

"Yes Dobby, he is," Hermione whispers as she instantly has to swallow back a sob that tries to emerge from her heart.

As Dobby sees this, sees her pain, his stance relaxes greatly, he is still posed defensively. "So Mister Harry Potter Sirs' Mione misses him too," Dobby asks tentatively.

Unable to stop it, a tear rolls down Hermione's cheek as she thinks about his words, "I do," she agrees softly, knowing if she were to say it louder she would break down into tears. Something she had been able to avoid thus far. Something she is trying to avoid as she prepares to leave this world behind.

"Dobby knows Master Dumbledore's plan," he announces with a tone of question in his voice. As Hermione hears this she nods her head in agreement that she knows of this plan. "Dobby is going," he pronounces clearly, leaving no room for question.

Hermione is unable to stop the smile from forming on her face as she hears this. "I want him here Dobby. I need to see him, I need to," she drifts off and closes her eyes as she chases two more tears out of her sad eyes.

At seeing this Dobby relaxes completely, "Dobby knows Mister Harry Potter Sirs' Mione," he assures her softly. "Is Mister Harry Potter Sirs' Wheezys going," he asks needing to know. Hermione who is unable to find her voice simply nods her head in agreement. Dobby smiles for the first time since he arrived, "Great," he declares. "Dobby must get ready. Dobby will be back to help Mister Harry Potter Sirs' family," he promises energetically. Then with a snap of his fingers Dobby leaves Hermione alone in the study once more.

Hermione shakes her head as she remembers Dobby and all the years she has known him and known of him. She knows he loves Harry and would do anything to protect him, anything for him. She also knows Harry would protect Dobby as well. Hermione smiles at the memories going through her mind, glad of something else to think about for a moment.

With a sigh she turns around to return to her work. She smiles wider as she mentally plays what the others are going to say about their new traveling partner and about how Harry will react when he sees all of them when they finally arrive in his new world, their new world.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Unforeseen

Three Days Later

Hogsmeade

As a cold breeze make its way along the abnormally dark country side lightning flashes in the distance followed almost instantly by the crashing sound of thunder. Even in the presence of lightning, thunder and darkness so uncommon for the noon hour no precipitation occurs. In the middle of this rather desolate weather Evan silently makes his way towards a town he first visited back in his third year...Hogsmeade. The breeze suddenly picks into a steadily gusting wind causing Evan's cloak to stream back behind him making him appear to be at a run rather than a simple stroll. To any onlooker Evan would seem to be in a world of his own, this would be misleading, for his gray eyes are taking in far more than ever thought possible. As he takes in the nearly over powering sense of gloom, sadness, and loneliness never felt before slams into him, seeping into his bones into his very soul. He doesn't know if this is caused by the state of the people in the town, the town itself, or his own heart finally forcing him to feel his isolation from his family. As he steps past the edge of town Evan watches discretely as the town folk seem to almost skitter away from his presence like roaches from a suddenly lit room. It is in this moment he is finally able to realize he is seeing an often visited dream, twisted... yes, but still a version of the dream. He has always wondered 'what would the world, would life be like had I never been born?'

Evan continues steadily on his way, his steps never missing a beat as he heart clinches at the sudden bombardment of suspicion, fear and hate directed towards the new stranger in town...towards him. These feeling are so powerful they are almost tangible, corporeal. Evan feels as though he could reach out with both hands and seize these damning emotions, these emotions that are overrunning his senses. So much so that he can almost taste the instant hatred directed towards him, a most disgusting taste he can assure. He knows in his mind the cause of this overwhelming fear is that he is new and has

abnormal eyes. Though Evan knows this, his heart is unable to separate from the hatred and the fear, his heart grasps these feelings, these emotions as a personal matter. So, in his heart, which he has always followed, he is once again the little freak under the stairs. As a way of protecting itself, Evan's heart shields itself from this spiteful, malicious world, a world that doesn't want him in it by retreating even further into itself and back into his five year old shell, where everybody is out to hurt little Harry Potter.

Finally arriving at his destination Evan wonders once again if he should have come, he would have been better off without feeling all of these negative emotions. Evan pauses as he turns to face the entrance to the Three Broomsticks, trying to decide if it just wouldn't be better to return to the manor. Giving himself a mental shrug, Evan almost cautiously steps into the entrance to the once lively business. A place that housed hordes of Hogwarts Students now seems to have never seen a genuine smile in all of its years of business. The door snaps closed behind him, making him startle at the sound of the suddenly deathly silent room. The fear so powerful it actually has a smell, a scent, a retched smell at that. Evan does his best to keep his mask of being unaffected, but is worried he has failed at his seemingly simple task. With a resigned sigh he allows his eyes a moment to adjust to the overly dark bar. When he feels comfortable with his sight Evan continues further into the bar going about his own business, as though the room isn't filled with the stench of fear and surrender to death.

As Evan continues into the tavern each and every eye turns in his direction and watches his every move, his every inflection, judging him as he continues forward appearing to be oblivious to their instant discrimination, their instant judgment of someone they have never seen before. Upon finally arriving at the bar he patiently waits for the waiter to collect her courage about this new stranger in her world, in a town where strangers only mean Death Eaters and the death that follow them. With a loud gulp the waiter is finally able to speak. "Can I get you something sir," she squeaks as her eyes become fixated on his lightning shaped scar only to be distracted by his gray eyes, as she settles on Evan eyes her own widen with fear, fear of the unknown, fear of the strangeness around this strange person, fear for her life. Evan sighs softly as he finds he is unable to keep from

drawing his cloak securely around his thin frame, as though to buffer against the harshness of the world around him. Knowing it is a futile attempt at best to keep the feelings of the people of this town from tainting his soul. "May I have a butterbeer," he requests kindly, his voice low as he pulls out the money to pay for his order.

Finally having something for her mind to think about other than the stranger, the waiter unknowingly smiles at the odd request. The request for butterbeer all but vanished since the students from Hogwarts are no longer allowed to visit Hogsmeade, "One butterbeer coming right up," she says as she takes his payment and gives him his receipt. As the waiter does her work Evan uses the time to look around the room. Almost instantly he sees an empty table near the back of the room which is out of the way of over zealous ears and eyes, yet the table is in a place allowing the rest of the bar to be seen. A table that, as far as Evan can tell, is the same table Hermione, Ron and he used to sit at whenever they found the time to visit Hogsmeade. Evan turns back to the waiter and politely asks, "I was wondering if you would mind bringing it to me at the table back there," as he points in the direction of the table. She looks at him for a moment as though sizing him up, judging his character as being trustworthy or not; finally she seems to have made her decision, "I believe that can be arranged sir," she answers. Nodding his head Evan softly says, "Thank you," to the waiter who only nods then quickly returns to her work.

Evan turns to make his way around what appears to have become the regular customers of the Three Broomsticks, Evan ignores the glares, the warning looks from the many patrons as he makes his way to the empty table he had seen moments before. Upon finally reaching his destination, Evan slides into the same seat Ron and him always used to save for Hermione whenever they visited here. Closing his eyes, Evan unknowingly rests his left hand on the table, even though he is in another world, another dimension, he can almost feel her presence at this table, he can almost feel her insatiable need for knowledge, he can almost feel her very essence, her. Opening suddenly moist eyes he finds himself expecting to see her normal load of books that he and Ron had just carried through town. Instead of seeing this, all he sees is his left hand resting on the empty table top. Evan is barely able to stop himself from whimpering as a wave of

loneliness washes over him and settle deep into his already bleeding and broken heart.

The waiter slowly steps into his field of view and he slowly looks up from the table to look at her. "Are you alright," she questions, surprising even herself with the question as she sets down his mug. Evan takes in the name on her nametag 'Beverly' and mentally stores the information away for later retrieval, "I'm just remembering is all," he finds himself admitting.

"Good memories I hope," Beverly says softly, she finds herself wondering why she seems more relaxed with this complete stranger than with any of the regulars.

"Very good," Evan responds with a distant, almost smile on his face. Forcing himself away from the memories, Evan hands Beverly a Knut for bringing his drink to him, "Thank you for bringing it," he says. Before Beverly is able to respond to him, the entrance door opens causing everyone within to go instantly onto high alert, at least until they see the identity of the newcomer. Beverly smiles as she sees who just entered, looking back to the young man, "If you need anything more, just wave me down," she offers before returning to the bar to help her new customer. "Thank you," Evan responds not knowing if she heard him or not, but feeling better knowing he had the manners to be polite.

As Evan picks his mug of butterbeer up and takes a small sip he allows his eyes to wander the bar once again taking in those around him without being overly obvious as he was when he first entered, a skill he learned while living with his aunt and uncle a lifetime ago, what he sees he doesn't find very encouraging to the war he knows is going on. Evan watches as some of the patrons take a small tentative drink while their eyes dart about accusingly, expecting someone to attack them in the next second. Some of the others gulp down large amounts of their drinks and all but slam the mug back down on the table startling others, all the while throwing menacing glares about the room. It is these people Evan pauses on in his look around; he instantly knows who is putting on a show, a brave front, and who is not.

Evan then settles his gaze on the newcomer and is unable to stop his knowing sigh, he then forces his eyes to wonder once again hoping the newcomer hasn't noticed him but knowing at the same time it is impossible. Therefore he is unsurprised as the presence makes her way towards him; Evan is unable to keep his body from stiffening as he feels the newcomer come up behind him. He has no clues as to what it is she would wish to speak to him about or why she would come to him on her time off, "Can I help you Professor McGonagall," he questions softly the resignation clear in his voice, Evan knows he will shortly have the answers to his unasked questions

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Same Day

With a weary sigh, Minerva McGonagall places her quill in the ink bottle on the edge of her desk and sits back in her chair as she absently rubs the wrist of her writing hand, "I think that is enough for now," she comments to herself unthinkingly. Pushing her chair a way from her desk and what seems to be an endless amount of paperwork that needs to be done in a timely manor. Standing up she puts her body through a long determined set of stretches.

With a look of complete disdain Minerva looks at the remaining paperwork that needs to be done before the end of the week. Paperwork she knows she needs a break from or she'll start assigning detentions to the ghosts who haunt the halls of the school. Stepping away from the madness she decides a proper break is in order and a walk is just what she needs to get herself back on track and motivated to complete the paperwork. Turning away from her responsibilities for a moment, something she knows she will try and catch up for later on, she steps out into the empty halls of the only home she has left. Without any destination in mind Minerva begins to walk, with each step she takes Minerva can feel her sanity slowly return to her. Therefore it comes as a great surprise when she finds herself on the steps leading away from Hogwarts and towards the nearest town of Hogsmeade. With a mental shrug Minerva decides the work can wait just a bit longer than she had originally planned.

Maintaining this thought in mind, Minerva sets off for a place she hasn't been in a very long time, years even. As she walks she finds her thoughts returning to a boy she is unable to believe she had treated so poorly and so unlike herself. She had mistreated a boy who had just saved their lives from certain death and how do they thank him, herself included...by accusing him of being the enemy by which he had just fought. Not exactly the smartest or best thing to do to a potential ally, who seems to know a few things about everything and a lot more tricks.

It is in this moment that Minerva finally understands what had happened that day not too long ago, here was this young man who new to this part of the world was open and honest with them. They hadn't realized until later, until it was pointed out to them that he had been testing them in his own way, and what they did is equivalent to throwing him out on the street unprepared and alone in the wrong part of town; even though their reactions being as they were young Mr. Knight has continued to help them, unwillingly...yes, but help them he has. Minerva also realizes there is a big possibility Mr. Knight will not go to Hogwarts ever again because of their actions that horrid day.

It is with a heavy heart that Minerva finds herself at the entrance to the once famous (amongst the students) Three Broomsticks, blinking in surprise at arriving at her destination so soon. Minerva enters into what she used to call the hotspot seeing as it used to be one of four places every student said others must go, Honeydukes, Zonko's, the Shrieking Shack and of course, the Three Broomsticks; places the last five generations have never had the chance to go to during their magical time at Hogwarts. Heading towards the bar Minerva smiles softly at the rush of good memories that come to forefront of her mind, but the smile is shortly lived as she sees the state of things. Minerva's eyes track her former student as Beverly all but rushes to greet her, "Hello Ms. Schmidt," she greets kindly.

"Good afternoon Professor McGonagall," Beverly greets happily. "It has been a while since you were here last," she observes but then brushes it off as none of her concern and a testament of the times that have descended upon the wizarding world. "How can I help you

today Professor,” she questions hoping for be of use once again with someone she knows will not harm her.

Removing a few spare coins from within her worn cloak Minerva places them on the counter, “I was wondering if I could talk you into making me a mug of some butterbeer,” she requests knowing it is a drink that is almost forgotten.

“It seems as though it is a popular item today Professor,” Beverly says as she takes the money from her former Professor.

This statement surprises Minerva; she had thought most of the wizarding world had switched to ordering something stronger to sooth their nerves, something more along the lines of firewhiskey, “Someone else has ordered it,” she is unable to stop herself from questioning.

“Yeah,” Beverly says as she turns around to fulfill the professor’s order from the batch she had made for the younger stranger, “A young man did,” she answers absentmindedly. This statement catches Minerva’s attention, could it be, she thought, “What kind of young man,” she asks trying to conceal her hope that it is who she wishes it to be.

Beverly turns around and hands the professor her order and then points behind Minerva to the far corner of the bar, “He’s still here,” she says with a shrug, “He’s just over there,” she informs professor McGonagall.

Minerva turns around to look in the direction Beverly had pointed and finds she can’t really see who it is from this position. “Thank you Ms. Schmidt,” Minerva says sincerely.

“Anytime professor, but don’t stay away so long this time,” Beverly responds almost happily.

“I’ll try,” Minerva promises as she steps away from the bar, curiosity getting the best of her she heads in the direction of the young man Ms. Schmidt said was here, hoping the young man who ordered the butterbeer is the same as who has been occupying her thoughts.

After taking a few more steps further into the bar, Minerva is unable to hide the smile that crosses her aged face as the young man in question comes into view and his identity becomes known to her. Stepping closer to the boy, Minerva finds herself wondering what he is thinking about, what things go through that mind of his. She is shocked to see him stiffen as she approaches, "Can I help you professor McGonagall," Evan Knight asks her even though he never looked in her direction and as far as she knew he didn't even know she was there.

"H...how did you know it was me," Minerva asks unable to hide her surprise at being found out so strangely.

Ignoring her question, Evan points to the empty chair directly across from him, Ron's chair, his mind supplies him, "Would you like to have a seat," he questions softly as he remembers once again the emptiness in the world without those whom he holds dear.

Shaking her head in amazement, Minerva moves to the offered chair and sits down as she places her butterbeer on the table. "Thank you," she says honestly, though when she first came in she hadn't thought about where she would sit, she finds there is nowhere else she would rather be. The other customers in this place give her the frights, which is mostly why she doesn't come here as often as she once did.

"No thanks are needed professor," Evan replies evenly as he continues to survey the room, he has yet to even look at his guest, "Not exactly a cheerful place," Evan observes after a moment of silence.

"I am afraid, very few, if any, place is capable of being cheerful nowadays," Minerva admits reluctantly, but honestly agreeing with the young man across from her. It's not that she doesn't want to agree with him; it's just that she doesn't want to agree to the statement's truth.

"The question then becomes why is it you think that's true," Evan questions curiously as he finally shifts his wandering gaze to look her in the eyes. "There isn't much to be happy about, if there is anything

to be happy about left,” Minerva explains to him with a shrug of her shoulder not knowing what it is he is looking for.

“So, what you are trying to say is, there isn’t much hope left,” Evan corrects her softly still looking in her direction, but Minerva swears though it sounded like a statement, it could have been a question. Minerva pauses a moment to let her mind run over his words and their possible meaning, “It could be that too,” she finally allows. She hadn’t thought about it like that before, but now that she has, she finds that it fits with what the wizarding world is currently undergoing.

Evan nods his head in acknowledgement of her admission and how much that must have cost her to admit. As he thinks about this he lifts his drink to his lips once more, his eyes straying from the professor to take in the world around him, around them, making sure nothing has changed since the last time he looked around the bar.

Minerva is unable to refrain from watching the child before her with interest, she finds herself wondering again what it is he is thinking and how he feels about her being here with him, especially after the last time they had spoken. “Mr. Knight,” she starts to say, her voice cracking on his name as his eyes slowly track back to her. “I...,” she almost squeaks, Minerva pause as she thinks about what it is she wishes to say and realizes though this may be the hardest thing she has ever done in her life, it just may be the most important. “I would like to apologize for my actions,” she finally says in a hoarse voice.

Evan’s is unable to stop himself as he blinks once, his mind not exactly following where hers has apparently gone, “Which actions are those professor,” he questions confusedly trying to pull his mind back to the here and now. Minerva smiles softly at his response, “For what I said the last time we talked,” she reminds him, her smile slipping from her face at the memory.

Lifting an eyebrow at this statement, Evan observes her more closely than a moment before, almost as if checking for her sincerity. Upon finding what he seems to have been looking for, Evan softly nods his head in acceptance of her apology, “No permanent damage has been done professor,” he says as he looks away from her and picks up his mug taking a drink. As she hears this, Minerva lets out a breath she

hadn't realized she'd been holding, "May I ask you a question," she asks taking a drink from her own mug.

Looking around once again, mentally noting the man at the table for lengths away falling asleep, he finally allows his eyes to look at his one time professor once again, "I don't see why not," he finally admits with a shrug. "Why..." Minerva starts but begins to realize this question might lead her on the same path as before, then deciding she has to finish her question now that she has started it. "Why did you come here," she says waving her hand trying to indicate more than just the Three Broomsticks.

Evan looks at his professor oddly; as though wondering why she would ask him that question, as though he has already answered this question before, he knows he has but maybe not in such a direct way. "I made a promise to someone I'd come," he says in answer thinking that would be all there was to it, Harry Potter always keeps his promises or at least die trying. "That doesn't mean you had to keep your promise," Minerva points out taking a sip of her drink.

Evan sits back in his chair as though he's just been hit, "I gave my word," he instantly replies defensive of such an idea even being muttered. Taking a deep breath he tries not to feel insulted by her question, but is unable to not to feel as though she has insulted him. Sitting forward in his chair Evan meets her eyes across the table, a bit of black swirling in his gray orbs, "Are you telling me you break your promises professor," he demands of her in return.

It is now Minerva's turn to be offended by his question as she gapes at the boy before her; she instantly starts to reprimand him for his insolence when it finally dawns on her that it is she who is the one to offend, it is her who is the one being insolent, "No," she whispers softly, apologetically. Evan nod his head once, "Right," he states evenly, "What kind of person would I be if I couldn't keep my word," he questions her in return, his eyebrows rising once again, knowing he has made his point very well, very well indeed.

Minerva finds herself unable to formulate any thoughts for a time but, when she did she questions the man in front of her curiously, "Did you have any idea what the promise entailed when you made it?"

“At the time I had no idea,” Evan honestly replies to her question, not needing any time to think about how to answer it.

At hearing his response, Minerva finds she isn’t surprised by it. Their last conversation more or less told her as much, “Do you wish you could undo your promise,” she finds herself asking after a moment and then realizes the question might be too personal.

Evan sighs softly as he hears this question, a question he has been asking himself since he first arrived here in this alternate world. As Evan thinks about how to answer this question, silence settles over the pair. Finally Evan comes to an answer that he finds is really all that has been bothering him, not if he would undo the promise but just to know one thing, “I just wish I knew why,” he answers softly.

Evan’s response surprises Minerva she had expected he would say that he wanted to have never made the promise he had, that he would want to return to where he is from. Now she learns that instead of changing his promise, changing coming here, he really just wishes to know why he is here at all. Minerva is unable to understand how someone so young could have such a high level of maturity. This thought causes Minerva to think along a different path, a path she has just taken a break from, work, “Why don’t you want to go to Hogwarts,” she finally asks, unable to stop herself.

Evan raises a single eyebrow at her question, amusement clear in his gray eyes, “Are you asking me to return to school Professor,” he returns. Minerva is surprised by Mr. Evan Knight once again; his question has honestly thrown her thought processes off their original mark, “You are young Mr. Knight,” she states reflexively, defensively, unknowingly switching to her Head-of-House voice. Minerva pauses in her admittedly lengthily automated reply as she sees his eyes changing. Swallowing roughly she forces herself to continue, “You need to be around other people, people your own age,” she pauses again as she finally notices that he is much thinner than he was the first time she had ever seen him, “You shouldn’t be alone,” she finally finishes, her voice dropping off softly.

Looking down at his mug Evan sighs softly, "I must admit I have thought about what you have asked Professor," he admits but pauses to take a drink from his mug. As he sets the mug down he looks back up at her, "The thing is..." he drifts off not really sure if he wants to finish his statement or let it be a statement on its own.

Seeing Evan hesitate Minerva realizes that if she pushes too hard she just might pushing away, "What," she questions softly, hopefully; hoping she has just caused him to run away and never be seen again.

Evan looks at her thoughtfully, as if weighing if he wants to continue or not, "I know all of you will be watching me," he finally says as he takes another drink from his mug. Seeing Minerva start to open her mouth to respond to his words he raises his hand to stop her from continuing, "More so than the normal student," he clarifies for her causing her to quickly close her mouth. Pausing to look around, Evan takes this moment to gather him both physically and emotionally, "I am used to Lily," he finally continues only to pause again as he realizes there are now two Lily's in this world making everything that much more confusing. "Lily as in Hogwarts, not Lily as in Lily Potter the person," he corrects. "I am used to her constantly looking after me and my friends," he continues only to halt briefly as a slight blush rushes to his cheeks, "I am even mostly comfortable with the ghosts," he says as his mind returns to the time that Myrtle had seen him naked in the Prefects bathroom in fourth year.

Taking another drink of his butterbeer, Evan tries to put his thoughts in order so he can explain them more exactly and understandably. Fixing his eyes on this world's version of his Head-of-House, "The Headmaster always knows what is going on in Hogwarts, this I know," he finally continues, "The professors watch the students, again this is a given," he concedes as Minerva nods once to indicate that she is following what he has said so far. Evan hesitates not knowing how the woman across from him will take what he is about to say next, deciding that at this point in time it really doesn't seem to matter, "I also know when the professors are assigned to know my every movement. This is something I have never cared for," he explains, "I hate being the center of attention," he mutters to himself, but Minerva is able to hear him still.

Minerva is unable to hinder the smile forming at his muttered confession, unable to help remembering the way he had acted when they had first met this brave, talented young man, "I kind of notice," she observes with amusement.

Evan smiles slightly as he looks down at the remaining butterbeer in his mug, Minerva notices the small smile and can't help but smile broader than a moment before, "It is very unnerving," Evan states and then he looks up with his eyes, his face still tilted down toward the table, to see her through his overly long bangs, a fleetly thought on needing a haircut going through his mind.

Minerva takes a second to look at her own drink as her mind goes over everything Mr. Knight has said, "What if I get a promise from the Headmaster and the other professors are not to watch you," she finally questions wondering if it will change his answer or not.

"As if that would ever happen," Evan instantly responds, not being mean or rude, just simply stating the facts. Taking a drink, Evan thinks about how to justify his last statement, "The truth is I am new," he says honestly, "No one here knows me or anything about me," he finds himself explaining. "We both know what this means to Headmaster Albus Dumbledore," he continues with a slight smirk, his mind returning once again to his own world and all that his Headmaster had done there for him and his friends and just how much he loved a mystery, a riddle.

Minerva is flabbergasted as she finally realizes this boy truly seems to know them well, knows them but they don't know him. Returning his smile she can't help but agree, "That makes you a mystery."

"Just as we both know that a mystery is something that always needs to be solved," Evan comments agreeing with her, at hearing this Minerva is powerless to stop the small undignified snort from bubbling out of her. Evan looks at her, knowing part of what she has wished to ask him, "He will also be overly curious due to me being able to talk the Demons into leaving, this is something I can only imagine has been bothering him terribly since that day," he states evenly, knowingly.

Nodding her head in both understanding and agreement of his words, Minerva finally gives in to something she has been wondering, worrying about for what feels like forever, "What was it you did say to them," she asks curiously, hoping to get an answer but knowing she really doesn't deserve an answer or his kindness, none of them do.

Evan looks at her inquisitively, almost as if he is trying to see if she is really open to his response or just pretending to be, "There is a lot of things that are not known about Demons, practically nothing is known of them," he points out, which is something he can't help but find highly amusing, for he is now the teacher and she is but the student.

Minerva tilts her head in acknowledgment, admitting there is a great deal of things that are unknown about the Demons, so much so they are never even mentioned within the hall of Hogwarts, "True," she agrees more to herself than to Evan.

"Right," Evan concurs, "One thing, probably the most important thing that people and creatures alike don't know is, they love honesty," he says shocking the professor, not only with what he has told her about the Demons but also by his own honesty.

"They love honesty?"

Evan looks across the table at his flabbergasted Professor and finds himself amused by how much his words are astonishing her, "When someone, human or not, lies they emit a scent, a smell the demons can detect; a scent they greatly dislike," he explains further. "I simply pointed out I knew some, not a lot, about their culture," he continues with a small self-deprecating shrug. "More precisely I knew about one of their weaknesses," he expands as he watches his Professor furrow her eyebrows in confusion. "I just explained I would not promise them nothing," unable to stop himself, Evan pauses for dramatics. "Save...the fact we would spare their lives at that moment," he informs her, "Something we both know Voldemort would and will never do," he finishes his explanation.

Minerva blinks as she tries to process this startling information and a visible shiver runs through her at hearing the feared name, but then

she realizes he hasn't exactly answered her question, "So why did they leave then?"

"I was honest where Voldemort lies," Evan answers simply to the suddenly wide-eyed professor. "They respected that enough to not continue on their current path," he pauses, "That day at least," he finishes.

Minerva was silent for a time, taking in what she has been told. She finds herself wondering where on earth he learned all this forbidden information. Forbidden in the sense no one knows it and it can only be learned from someone within the Demon clans. "How did you learn this," she questions unthinkingly.

Taking a drink of his butterbeer, Evan thinks about what he should and shouldn't say. Slowly placing his mug down on the table he looks across the table at Minerva, studying her, almost as if wondering if she is worthy of his answer. "I have had to deal with them rather intensely before," he starts to say, his voice dropping off near the end. "We later were able to reach an agreement which was mutually beneficial," he concludes.

Minerva thinks about this again, "Do you think the same agreement could be made here," she asks hopefully.

Evan sits back in his chair as he hears her question. His own questions, responses, possibilities run through his mind at an alarming rate only to realize he knew the answer at the beginning. Releasing a sigh he finally decided to explain his reasons for not having said anything about this earlier, things he has been thinking about since he first talked with the Demons. "It honestly depends," he finally answers at length.

Minerva blinks at his answer, she hadn't expected that. She had expected a definitive answer, something like yes or no, but not this gray area in between. "It depends on what," she questions almost fearing his response.

"It depends on how deeply they are involved with Voldemort," Evan explains ignoring her glare at hearing the hated name once again.

“Involved with Voldemort,” Minerva repeats in confusion, her voice of total disbelief.

Hearing this Evan finds Hermione’s influence on him showing through, something he still hasn’t told Hermione about. “Demons are not inherently evil,” he defends automatically. Evan watches as Minerva raises an eyebrow in disbelief. “However,” he continues, “Once they seed themselves into a situation they are stuck in that situation...permanently,” Evan says trying to make his point clear. “Luckily, seeding isn’t part of all the species under the classification of Demon,” he continues not even noticing the confusion and shock on the face of the person across from him. “This leaves the possibility some of them might be more persuadable,” he says with a slight shrug. “The fact they retreated is a good sign,” he informs her honestly.

Minerva sits there for a moment, her mind trying to process what she has learned and wondering at the same time when it was that she suddenly became the student again rather than the teacher. As she thinks this, her mind keeps returning to one specific thing he has said, “They aren’t inherently evil,” she repeats in question.

Evan shrugs at her question, not sure how to really explain the truth of the matter. “A known fact of racism,” he states knowing in his heart Hermione would like that he is defending an un-represented species.

“Racism,” Minerva all but squeaks.

“Granted there are Demons who love blood and violence,” Evan relents, “This being said...there are many that just wish to be left alone,” he continues. “Left to be with their kind and away from the rest of the world,” he explains further. “There are many who hate and despise pain, violence, blood and to a greater extent death,” he explains softly.

Minerva sits back almost breathlessly as his words turn her thoughts and beliefs about Demons upside down and inside out. “The actions of the few ruin the opinion of the many,” she states remembering hearing a statement similar but unable to remember when or where.

Evan smiles at her words as he takes another sip of his butterbeer, "Exactly," he agrees knowing he has been able to get his point across for her to, at least partly, understand.

"Why don't you act like most fifteen year olds Mr. Knight," Minerva questions as she watches him closely.

Evan is unable to stop himself from snorting as he hears this, the question genuinely surprising him. Looking up from the depths of his mug to meet her eyes, "I have been forced to grow up early," he says softly knowing others from his home world would say that was an understatement.

Minerva feels as though a fist has reached into her chest and is squeezing her heart as she hears his soft painful voice, "That should be more than enough reason to try and be a kid," she says just as softly as she returns his look.

Evan thinks about her words, "I have met a student of yours," he counters her, unintentionally testing her.

Knowing instantly who Evan means, "Harry Potter," Minerva says knowingly only to instantly wonder why Evan flinched slightly at hearing this name, so slightly in fact she would not have seen it had she not been looking so closely. Evan finally nods in agreement, "That boy is a menace," Minerva admits, ashamed of being able to say that about the son of two very dear friends. "Harry Potter aside," she starts, noticing remotely the flinch isn't as pronounced, "There are some really great kids who come to Hogwarts," she explains. When he doesn't respond and is still just watching her, she realizes he is waiting...waiting for something...something more. She needs to have a more persuasive argument. She thinks about this for a second only to smile as the answer comes to her, "They aren't inherently evil," Minerva says repeating his earlier words.

Evan finds himself smiling at this, he knows then that she has actually been listening to what he has been trying to tell her and she isn't brushing his words aside as they all did the last time, "Very good," he says softly. Minerva is unable to shake the feeling that she has just

passed some sort of test, "Will you come to Hogwarts," she asks again, hopeful he will.

"On one condition, one condition alone, and this condition cannot be debated," Evan offers shocking his Professor once again.

"And this condition is," Minerva asks almost breathlessly as she sits forward in her chair, sitting literally on the edge of her seat for his answer.

Evan looks Minerva in the eyes, telling her he is very serious about what he is about to tell her. "My past and my residence remain unknown and unasked," he says to her in answer, laying down the requirement for him to return to Hogwarts as a student.

Minerva thinks about this for a moment, "If I don't know where you live then how, do I to get the book list to you," she questions wondering how he will get out of giving her his address.

Evan smirks at this question, knowing what she was trying to do and finding himself amused rather than insulted by her attempt, "Fawkes knows where to find me," he counters almost laughing at the disappointment on her face.

"And if Fawkes is busy," Minerva tries again feeling proud of herself for thinking of this as fast as she has.

"Then when you call him, Artoo will come," Evan counters again, highly amused with his Professor.

Minerva sighs at this and then can't help but laugh at the turn this conversation has taken. She pauses a moment as she thinks about what needs to be done to prepare him for the coming school year, "You will have to retake you O.W.L. exams," she explains.

Evan looks down at his mug and shrugs slightly as he takes a drink, "I'd expect nothing less," he says as he looks back up at her, "It is a way for you and the Headmaster to confirm what my file says," he

states knowing the Headmaster and knowing he would want for him to retake the blasted tests.

Minerva waves her hand as if agreeing with him but it isn't worth trying to confirm, "I could try and set the testing at the Ministry as soon as possible, but it might be as late as the week before classes start," she offers.

Evan lifts his mug up, "That's fine," he says and then downs the rest of his remaining drink. "I think I shall be going," he says as he removes a few coins from his left inside pocket and places them on the table for a tip, "The atmosphere in this place is causing havoc on my mind," he informs her as he stands up. Evan pushes his chair under the table and then looks at Professor McGonagall, "It has been interesting talking with you Professor," Evan says with a slight but very respectable bow.

"It has been a pleasure Mr. Knight," Minerva says as she too stands up and pushes her chair under the table. "I will get the book list out to you tomorrow and hopefully I can send along the testing information at that time as well," she promises as they both walk to the door.

The pair steps out into the still gloomy afternoon, Evan turns towards his 'new' professor, "Thank you," he says softly.

Minerva smiles at hearing this, "Thank you Mr. Knight," she says as he starts waling in the opposite direction of Hogwarts. As she watches him disappear into the afternoon fog, she can't help but think about all she has learned today, her smile widens as she realizes this isn't going to be the last time she will see this enigmatic young man. Soon, really soon he will be in her class, he will be with kids his own age, he will be at Hogwarts and she can't help but hope she will end up being his Head-of-House.

The Next Day

Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry

The Great Hall

Inside the seemingly endless hall, a single long table remains sitting in the center most part, the room appearing all but empty...save for the people sitting at this table. The majority of the faculty of Hogwarts are currently having lunch and having pleasant conversations but all in all not really accomplishing much of anything. This seemingly idle conversation is gratefully interrupted as everyone turns towards the doors leading into the Great Hall opens to allow the Head of Gryffindor House to enter, the fact she is also the Deputy Headmistress doesn't change much of anything, she is well respected and liked by those here in the room. Everyone is surprised to notice the Deputy Headmistress is almost bouncing her way into the hall. As the Headmaster sees this, as he sees his friend of many years act as though the world is looking up, as though she would half her age, this causes him some mystery. Albus Dumbledore looks at Minerva McGonagall wondering what could cause such an obvious deviation from her normal strict self, "Minerva," Albus questions knowing she will understand what he is asking without have to actually ask it.

Minerva sits down at the table directly across from Albus, as though not hearing his question. Which given her current state of mind just might actually be the case; she reaches into her robe and removes an envelope from within. Placing the envelope on the table Minerva then pulls out a pre-inked quill as well and begins to write on the outside of the envelope. Once finished writing she replaces the quill back into her robe and then, finally, looks up and is surprised to find the room rather silent and that all eyes seem to be centered on her, "What," she questions in confusion having no idea what their problem is.

In response to this everyone just shakes there heads as though they themselves are confused, Minerva seeing this decides to let it pass and turns to the Headmaster, "Albus, can I borrow Fawkes for a bit," she requests.

Albus looks at her with raised eyebrows, "I would love to," he begins, "But I'm afraid he is out at the moment," he explains.

“Oh,” Minerva comments as though this was an unimportant fact she has just been told, completely unaware that all eyes are on her, she places her food on the plate before her.

“What would you need Fawkes for,” Professor Flitwick asks curiously, knowing that all her official correspondence is done through the school owls.

“To send a letter to a new student,” Minerva answers as she takes a bite of her breakfast.

“Why use Fawkes instead of the usual school owls,” Professor Sprout questions interested in the answer she hopes to receive.

Taking a piece of toast off the floating tray as it passes her by, Minerva shrugs just as the young man the day before seemed so fond of doing, “He would know where to take the letter,” she says as she spreads marmalade on her toast.

“And the school owls wouldn’t,” Lily says with raised eyebrows.

“From what I was told they would be at a loss as to how to find him,” Minerva explains as she pours herself some pumpkin juice. As she says this, the other professors look at her and then at each other, not knowing how it is this could be possible. Taking a bite of her toast Minerva finally looks around the table and realizes once again they are without a Defense professor. After their last interaction with Mr. Knight they were able to locate all of the devices he had warned them about. They had also found everything he had said they would, however, before they could take William into custody he disappeared and they haven’t seen him since. Now they have to find another professor for the position. Something Minerva is not looking forward to doing...again. Sighing at this thought, Minerva takes another bite of her toast, her mind elsewhere thus missing everyone watching her as she fiddles unknowingly with the envelope. Minerva looks down at her left hand, the one with the envelope, and everyone is surprised when they can see her smile slightly, “ARTOO,” she calls out still looking at the envelope that contains the promised information.

Lily blinks in astonishment as she hears her say this, “Artoo,” she questions in almost a squeal, “As in Evan Knight’s Artoo,” she asks almost hopefully.

“One and the same,” Minerva confirms as she finishes her toast, as she says this absolute complete silence engulfs the Great Hall only to jump in the next moment as a burst of floating flames appear to the left of Minerva. Everyone watches fixated as Artoo appears to expertly float down next to Minerva and gently land on the bench next to her. Ignoring everyone, Minerva turns to the Phoenix and holds out the envelope to the bird, thus making the name visible for all to see ‘Mr. E. Knight.’

“Artoo,” Minerva says as the bird takes the envelope into his beak, “Please take this to Mr. Knight,” she asks the bird. Artoo seems to nod his head in agreement and then takes flight, only to burst into flames and disappear into the nothingness he arrived from not even a minute earlier.

After a moment of stunned silence where most eyes are still staring at the last place the Phoenix had been, the remaining eyes are fixed firmly on Minerva, “Minerva,” Albus questions softly.

Minerva looks at the Headmaster and can’t help but smile at the memory, “I seen Mr. Knight at the Three Broomsticks yesterday,” she starts to explain. “We talked a bit,” she continues deciding not to mention the part about the Demons...yet. “I was able to talk him into coming to Hogwarts at the beginning of the term,” she says as she snatches another piece of toast from the floating tray. “I wasn’t able to send his letter yesterday because I had to contact the Ministry for a special testing session, which I was able to set the week before term starts,” she says and then takes a bite of her toast.

“He agreed,” Professor Flitwick exclaims in shock.

Minerva nods once in agreement, “I went to your office Albus,” she says looking back at him, “I wanted to tell you, but you weren’t there,” she informs him.

Albus sighs at the memory of where it was he had been the night before, not a pleasant memory, "I was owed by the Minister for Magic and ended up in a rather long meeting," he confesses as he tries to push the unpleasant memory away.

Minerva shakes her head at this admission of how the Ministry seems to be failing rather severely under the tutelage of Cornelius Fudge, "I figured as much when I didn't see you there," she concludes.

"Wait a second," Lily Potter almost squeaks, "Are you saying Evan agreed to come to Hogwarts," she questions unable to believe what she has heard, unable to believe they could be that lucky.

Minerva turns from the Headmaster to face Lily, "He agreed on one condition," she says finally dropping the other shoe as the saying goes.

"And what is that condition," Professor Sprout asks curiously.

"With the condition that his past and his place of residence are to remain secret," Minerva explains and then turns back to the Headmaster, "He really wanted to add that he didn't want to be watched. It seems however that he knows how much you love a mystery, he knew making that request would be useless," Minerva states with a smirk, knowing how true a statement that is. Everyone smiles at this understatement.

Albus smiles wider as he places his elbow on the table before him, his eyes distant as though trying to piece a mystery together as he raises his fingers steeple like to his chin, "And a mystery our young Mr. Knight certainly is," he says knowingly making an understatement of the obvious once again.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Here I Go Again

Knight/Potter Manor

Outside of Hogsmeade

August 19th

A solitary figure tosses and turns in what was once recognizable as a bed, now however, it resembles nothing of the sort. The figure is tangled within the sweat soaked sheets, stuck in a place no being should be forced to be. "No," the figure moans softly, still caught in the clutches of sleep. "I don't wanna go," Evan pleads with some unseen person, someone who has long since passed on to the next great adventure. "Please," he begs unheeded and then silent for a breaths moment, that is at least until he sits bolt upright whimpering, mindful of the other, "Hermione!" in a pain filled voice that for anyone else would have been a scream to wake the students Hogwarts even now during the summer months. Erratic breathing is all that is able to be heard for a spell, as Evan is once again forced to remember, he is forever alone in a world he doesn't want to be in. There is, there will be, no Hermione to help him ever again, there will be no more family for him anymore; he is really and truly alone. His heart breaking once again Evan fights to control his breathing. Something he doesn't seem able to do at this point in time and he isn't going to analyze if it is because of the dream or that he is trying not to cry.

Looking over at his alarm clock, Evan watches as it flashes 'Way too early to up' then back to the actual time of three o'clock in the morning. Deciding it isn't worth trying to attempt to go back to sleep, Evan untangles himself from the bed and start to get ready for the day ahead of him. Only to remember something in the wee hours of the morning, "Oh goody," he says to himself as he thinks of what is on his list of things to do for this day, "More tests," he grumbles disgustingly.

Ministry of Magic

Special Testing Section 015

August 19th

Evan heaves a sigh as he all but drops tiredly into one of the seats strategically placed in the 'waiting' room. A place he swears is another test in and of itself, a test to, well...to test his patience. Leaning his head back against the wall and closing his eyes, he can't help but replay the tests he has already completed; Ancient Ruins, Arithmancy, Charms, Transfiguration, Care of Magical Creatures, History of Magic (which he figures he failed once again, in his defense, this time he really doesn't know the history of this foreign world), Muggle Studies (honestly), Potions and then Defense Against the Dark Arts. Evan finds himself very disbelieving that the tests he has taken are advanced enough to be O.W.L.'s, most everyone in his world had covered more than that before second year...okay, Ron, Hermione and him had covered more than that before second year and that was with complete idiots for professors. A Mountain Troll, really, how pathetic could they get?

Evan is unable to refrain from snorting as he recalls how the examiner's face looked when he knocked the troll unconscious just after the thing lumbered its way into the room. 'A new record' the examiner had said after a few minutes of only the troll's breathing being the only sound in the room. 'I've never seen the likes,' he then muttered as he walked straight into the wall just to the right of the door, Evan can only figure he meant to walk out the door and not into the wall. "Mr. Knight," a voice calls snapping Evan out of his thoughts.

"Present," Evan replies as he stands up, "Unfortunately," he mutters under his breath.

"Mr. Knight, please follow me," the voice calls out once again, seemingly having not heard Evan or just ignoring the comment. The now sixteen year old almost glaringly looks towards the speaker and very reluctantly makes his way towards the sickeningly cheerful voice; no one has the right to be cheerful about this test. Evan makes his way to the proctor with all the willingness of a man being forced to take a long walk off a short plank. As Evan finally approaches the man he stops three feet from him, "Mr. Knight," the man asks

oblivious to the dislike on the face of the boy before him, or more honestly, just used to it.

“Sir,” Evan says softly, trying to keep his loathing of this particular subject to himself. “Follow me Mr. Knight and we’ll get this over with as soon as possible,” the proctor says with a kind smile, “And please call me Andrew,” he offers hoping to help the kid to relax.

“Thank you sir,” Evan says honestly, pleased to know his version of the man is just as understanding as the one in his world. Together the two of them make their way out of the ‘waiting’ room and after a bit of time and just as many hallways later the two of them finally walk into the same room Evan had been in a little over thirty minutes before. Not many people would know it was the same room, but then again not many of them were from another world. All signs of the potions exam, which he took in this room previously, are gone, leaving no trace of it ever being there. Evan can’t help but think how well and how fast house-elves are able to do their work, only for him in the next instant to have to fight back a groan as he looks around the room and sees how it is currently set up for this exam. Subconsciously Evan rubs his right upper arm, where the band is supposed to be, instantly missing its reassuring presence. Releasing a sigh he makes his way forward as though approaching his death, but he knows he is more afraid of this than death. Evan both silently and vocally (though quietly) once again curses the rules of the ministry of magic as he continues into the room.

Andrew sits down in the chair furthest from the door, thus making Evan face the two-way mirror on the other side of the room. A mirror very few people know about, including those behind the mirror and one Evan Knight. “We will start with palm reading,” Andrew says once Evan is sitting down in the only other chair in the room. Evan continues to look at the man incredulously as Andrew reaches his hand out across the table, palm up. As Evan sees this, he raises an eyebrow, “You do realize I am currently without my Seers gloves or the Blockers Band,” he reluctantly admits wishing he were anywhere but where he is. This comment surprises Andrew as his eyes widen comically, “I was informed you had failed this exam before,” he blurts out in question.

"I did," Evan agrees with a shake of his head, "Miserably if I'm being truthful," he informs the stunned man sitting across from him. "If this is true, then why would you need the gloves or the band," Andrew asks confused by this young man.

"After I had failed the exam I was involved in something rather nasty," Evan informs him but at the same time doesn't. "This something caused some rather odd abilities to surface, if you will; it infused many different abilities so much so that they are now a part of me. Unfortunately it turns out that if they are tampered with, against my will, I'll die," he explains wondering why he is giving away so much information about himself.

"Odd abilities," Andrew repeats in question. "I'm afraid that is classified information," Evan informs the proctor before too many more questions arise. "So are you saying 'Seeing' is a side effect," Andrew asks instead, knowing he is very curious about this young man and the secrets he is withholding.

"If you wish to call it that," Evan says with a shrug, not explaining which part of what was said his is referring to, the accident or the side effect. "I honestly don't believe in Divination," he explains, "Can't stand anything about the subject," he admits.

Andrew blinks in confusion as he hears this, "Yet you can do it," he questions. A shiver runs down Evan's spine as he is forced to think about this question, "When I am most unfortunate," he confesses softly. "What do you mean," Andrew inquires trying to hide his growing excitement. "We don't seem to agree with each other," Evan responds sarcastically. "Because you don't believe," Andrew queries. "Amongst other things," Evan says evasively.

"Shall we see how well you do then," Andrew says unable to hide his excitement of the gift he has been given today. To actually be testing someone with at least a little ability, someone able to 'See' and who knows, who can guess what else? His breathing accelerates with his excitement as his hand all but flies out on the table before him. Andrew knows he is going to be the talk of all the proctors after this event, they are going to be so envious of him and he loves it. Turns out he will be right about one thing.

"I'll be straight with you," Evan says, "I can't read palms," he informs Andrew. "All that is, is generalizations and guesses that is left to the victim to choose if it has meaning somewhere in their experiences. It's all very illogical, almost as bad as feeling a person's head for all of its bumps and whatnot to see what the person's personality is. It is all wishful thinking, with no science and no proof," Evan says shaking his head at the illogical things people do.

Andrew blinks again, his hand still out on the table, "Then what is it you can do," he asks wondering how someone so scientific could have the 'gift'. This is something that no one has ever come up against. Normally, the ones with the 'gift' believe in what they can do, they are open to extreme possibilities. Not someone who strictly believes in the opposite, in science.

With a resigned sigh Evan slowly lifts his left hand from his lap and even slower he extends it outward across the table, only to stop before reaching halfway across the table. "What you are about to see isn't going to be pretty," he tells them, warns them. Andrew nods his head once in agreement, in acceptance of what he has been told; believing he understands what is going to happen. He knows what the textbooks and witness accounts have stated will occur during an occurrence; however, in this case he is way off the marker.

"Thought you ought to know," Evan mutters his mind returning to a time long before now, a lifetime ago: first year. With saying this Evan nods once in return and continues to move his hand until he is about five centimeters from Andrew's hand. With a sharp inhale of shock, Evan finds himself no longer in the testing room, no longer within the confines of the ministry but he is now in a place he has never been before, "Oh, this is so going to hurt."

Location: Unknown

Building: House

Reason: Vision

Evan opens his eyes to look up at a foreign ceiling which causes him alarm, sitting up quickly he tries to almost desperately find out where he is, only to realize he has no clue as to where he is, but knows instinctively he must find out. A soft sound resounds through the once silent room, thus the sound is as loud as a gunshot for Evan. Evan twists his body until he is facing in the direction the noise came from. It is with this turn he realizes he is in a house, a house with stairs and the noise sounds as though it came from the second floor.

Evan stands up, only to find his legs are shaky, something he knows always seems to happen in these types of visions. Reluctantly Evan moves towards the stairs knowing he must see what he is being showed. Making his way up the stairs Evan pauses to listen for the sound to come again, waiting to know which direction he needs to go. Hearing it again he continues to the top of the stairs and turns towards where the sound came from. Walking down the elegant, overly showy hallway, Evan stops in front of the door that is on the far end of the hall on the right hand side.

Evan pauses at the door as he tries to remember which hand he is using at the table in the testing room, his left, "Oh this is so going to hurt," he mutters raising his right hand and placing it on the thick wooden door. He really doesn't like doing this... at all, but hates it more when he is in a place he has never been to before. Familiarity, it seems, helps to reduce the pain, it's almost as though the place is more welcoming of him, if it knows him in 'real life' then to have him visit this way.

Sucking back a gasp of pain as his hand makes contact with the door, Evan finds himself passing through the door and all its properties. That is one of the hardest parts about unfamiliar places; he has to force himself through the entryways and he gets to see so many things he never thought he would. After the disorientation fades Evan quickly looks around the room to see what is obviously what a young boy's room should look like. Shaking this thought from his mind, he tries to locate the source of the noise. His search ends as he sees a body lying on the floor, a boy's body, and there seems to be a pool of red forming in the carpet under his head and it is growing rapidly.

Kneeling next to the young child, instantly knowing his name is Paul, Evan quickly tries to locate the source of the blood. His eyes settle on a gash on Paul's head, most of it hidden from his view. Gently Evan turns Paul's head, taking care not to cause further damage, but knowing if he doesn't move his head Paul would drown on his own blood. As the gash comes into clearer view, Evan can see it is on the Temporal bone, a part of the head that can cause death if hit just right, "Shyte," Evan curses as he takes in not only the gash but the amount of blood being lost. Looking at his wrist Evan sees both the day and the time and he realizes this has yet to happen as he looks at the clock on the nightstand directly in front of him. It becomes obvious to Evan that Paul hit his head on the corner of the nightstand, as he can see blood there. Putting that thought out of his mind he concentrates on the time, it shows there is two minutes before this is to happen. This tells him this accident is meant to happen, but help can come only after it happens.

Evan gently presses his palm on Paul's wound to try and help slow the bleeding, a stop-gag gesture, but in the end it just might be the difference between life and death. "Hold on kid," he says softly as he closes his eyes and concentrates on his 'real' body that is in the ministry testing room and forces his left hand to move away from Andrew's. He sucks in a breath as his body and soul try not to rip themselves a part as they try to rejoin together, a very painful process if he does say so himself.

Ministry of Magic

Special Testing Section 015

Viewing Room to Testing Room 1920

August 19th

Albus Dumbledore stands up stretching in ways no man his age should be able to as Minerva and Lily watch in amusement. Bringing his arms down to rest against his sides Albus turns to look at the other two, "What do you think so far," he questions, already knowing his own thoughts on the subject.

"It seems his records have been rather accurate," Lily Potter says objectively, still not sure how she feels about the young man who has just finished his potions exam.

"How anyone his age is able to what we have seen so far, says he's been through some very difficult lessons," Minerva almost whispers. "What in Merlin's name would cause any school to teach someone so young such things," she questions as her eyes slide over to Albus.

"The Defense exam did surprise me," Albus admits with a slight nod, confirming that he agrees with his Deputy Headmistress.

"Was that before or after he stopped laughing," Lily states more than questions.

Before anyone can respond they hear a knock on the door to the observation room, "Come," Albus calls out, knowing who it is on the other side.

The door opens to allow Kingsley Shacklebolt to enter the room, "I have just been informed that they are bringing Mr. Knight back for his last test sir," he informs the headmaster.

"Thank you Kingsley," Albus says with a small nod of acknowledgement. Kingsley nods his head in an abbreviated bow, confirming the headmaster's words and then he quietly closes the door. "Well, here comes the test we have all been waiting for," he says with obvious excitement.

"I just hope it goes well," Lily wishes, not understanding his sudden fear of the coming test.

"I agree," Minerva concurs watching as the door to the exam room opens to allow Mr. Knight and Mr. Andrew Smith to enter. A small table with a crystal ball sitting atop it is in the center of the white room with two chairs, one on each side, in the otherwise empty room. The three professors sit down at almost the same time as Evan, listening almost hungrily as Evan explains being involved in something 'rather nasty' which has caused him to open up to something he doesn't believe in.

Minerva can't help but smile brightly as Evan says he can't stand Divination. "I think I really like him," she whispers conspiringly to Lily. Lily snorts at this and then laughs as Evan explain he can't read palms and 'victims' of the practice, "He most definitely doesn't like the subject," she agrees with Minerva. All the while Albus is sitting there with a contemplating look in his eyes and an amused grin on his lips.

They watch as Evan slowly raises his hand and start to reach it across the table, they have seen something like this before when he did this with Severus. However, they are surprised when he suddenly stops and informs Andrew, "What you are about to see isn't going to be pretty."

"What does he mean," Lily questions worriedly, "There was nothing wrong when he did it the last time," she says remembering when Evan did this with Severus. "I don't know" Albus admits in a whisper. Albus Dumbledore finds himself shaking his head in wonder as Evan whispers, 'Thought you ought to know.' He finds he amazed with this kid's ability to find something humorous yet it being something that obviously means something much more to him than what it seems in this setting.

The observation room goes silent as the three watch as Evan reluctantly continues to extend his hand. The three spectators jump half a beat after Evan does, none of them expected that to happen. This, what they are watching, didn't happen at Hogwarts. Evan through the wall and their admittedly inadequate hearing charms, they can still hear Evan's deep, sharp inhale of breath. This instantly alerts them to the pain he is currently experiencing during this exam, 'Oh, this is so going to hurt.'

Minerva quickly stands to call a stop to this exam, if she has anything to say about it, none of her students are to be hurt while under her care. Only to find she frozen mid-step as Evan raises his right hand as if to touch something directly in front of him. This time when it comes, Minerva is subconsciously ready for it as Evan once again gasps in pain. Only this time it is Lily's turn to stand up, unable to stop from trying to protect an innocent child. 'Shyte,' Evan's voice whispers sadly, distantly as though he is somewhere else,

somewhere other than here in the testing center, 'Hold on kid,' he murmurs just a breath before he all but throws himself out of the chair and as far from the table and Andrew as possible. His breaths coming in erratic heaving gasps that are painful to hear, forget to feel personally.

It is the other four witnesses to this event turn to gasp as Evan opens his eyes for the first time since he warned Andrew it wasn't going to be pretty. Something they all realize is true, only after the fact. Evan's eyes are no longer the scary gray they have always seen them, but they are now kind of translucent white, something none of them have ever witnessed or heard of before.

Evan's frighteningly clear eyes look directly at them, as though he knows they are there and as if he was aware of them being there the whole time. Evan blinks his eyes and quickly looks down to his right hand as he starts muttering softly to himself, "Back off, back off. I've seen, I've seen; now back off," he repeats over and over until finally his eyes reveal their seemingly normal gray, though there is still visible flakes of translucence floating in his eyes. He quickly rubs his right hand on his pant leg as if trying to clean something off of it. As he does this he looks at the properly stunned proctor, "I believe you need to go now," he says as he continues to hyperventilate.

"I do," Andrew repeats wondering what he has been a witness to.

"Paul has just severely knocked his head on the nightstand in the room on the second floor, last door on the right. If you wait, there won't be a 'Paul' to save," Evan gasps out.

Andrew pales instantly, "P...Paul," he stutters in question.

"Later," Evan almost giving the impression to be shouting but it comes out as a mere whisper. This said Evan places his hands on his knees as he continues to all but drag air into his lungs. "Go now," he says in his most commanding voice, a voice that is more commanding than any there has ever heard before, as he looks directly at Andrew, "Go now before it is too late," Evan says softly and almost against his will Andrew nods his head in agreement and all but

takes off out the door, doing his best to get past the wards on the ministry so he can get to his daughter's house and save his grandson.

Evan watches Andrew leave from his currently bent over position, as the door all but slams behind his former proctor. Evan slowly loses the battle against gravity as he drops to his knees, sitting back on his legs he puts his hands once again on his knees to try and help to stabilize himself. Closing his eyes he tries to struggle against the surge of overwhelming feelings that are trying to literally tear him apart. "I really do not like doing that," he shouts out into the empty room as he continues to hyperventilate. "Remember what Hermione told you to do, regulate your breathing," he whispers to himself knowing he if he doesn't get his breathing under control he'll soon pass out and he doesn't want to do that here in their part of the world.

"Hermione in, Ron out, Ginny in," Evan says slowly, measured and precisely times with each breath he takes as he does as his words instruct. "Neville out, Charlie in, Bill out, Fred in, George out, Molly in, Arthur out, Sirius in, Remus out, Dumbledore in, McGonagall out, Hagrid in, Dissy out, Jace in, Snape out, Flitwick in, Mum out, Dad in, Dobby out, Artoo in, Fawkes out, Hogwarts in, Tom out, Ron in, Hermione out," Evan exhales the last name slowly, reverently, as he allows his chin to drop to his chest in exhaustion as he at last has his breathing under his control. "I really don't like doing that," Evan repeats in a whisper. Inhaling deeply as he lifts his head, Evan opens his eyes once again to see his family isn't there, he is truly alone. With a bone-chilling sigh he forces himself to stand on shaking legs, "I'm sorry Hermione," he says in a shaky, quivering voice. "I am so sorry," he repeats softly, sadly, "I can't do this anymore, I can't take it anymore," he says as he closes his eyes once again. Trying to close out the cruel cold world he is forced to exist in, "I can't let anyone touch me if I can help it," he vows to the emptiness surrounding him, penetrating him, yet it still pales to what his heart is feeling. "I can't do this without you," he breathes out in the quietest voice the three of them have ever heard and they have to wonder how they heard it.

Evan opens his eyes and turns towards the door, just as the door to the exam room opens to allow the secretary to enter, "I apologize, Mr. Knight, but it seems we will have to reschedule this test for another time," she says to the shaking teen before her.

"That's quiet alright ma'am," Evan says with a slight shrug, "Will you please inform the Proctor to fail me on this part of the test," he requests softly.

"You are willing going to fail this test," she questions in an almost squeaky voice.

"I am not going to take it again," Evan informs her firmly yet kindly.

"You can at least try," she offers just as kindly.

Evan smiles as she says this, a saying Hermione started quoting at him in his darkest hours floats across his mind's eye. "Do, or do not, there is no try," he whispers to himself unable to refrain from remembering. Looking at the lady waiting for his response, he honestly informs her, "I already have."

The lady smiles softly at this, "I will inform Andrew when he returns," she offers trying to figure out what exactly happened in this exam room, what could cause Andrew to leave in the middle. "The exam results will be sent to Hogwarts and you should receive your copy in about two to three weeks from now," she explains.

"That is all right," Evan agrees with a slight nod of his head. "Thank you, for all your help," he says to her as he tries to keep his distance from her, missing his 'Blockers Band' now more than ever.

"Take as long as you need," she offers as she watches him shaking. "Let me know when you leave," she requests turning around and walking out the door. She wonders what was so important that Andrew left it the middle of an exam, he has never done anything like this before, and with a shrug of her shoulders she pushes the thought away and continues on her way.

As Evan rubs his forehead hard with the heel of his shaking left hand, he turns to look at the mirror, to where he knows the three professors are to have been 'hidden' from him, Evan decides to get this over with. "I do believe I have just added a lot more questions to your list, Headmaster, with little to no answers. A mystery to you I may be, but

a mystery I assure you I am not. However great a mystery I may seem to be, the answers are not what you would figure them. The answers are not what you would figure possible,” Evan says looking directly at Albus Dumbledore. “Here’s the thing professor, these answers you are looking for, only you, sir, can answer them,” he says looking to the professor who is currently looking quiet stunned as he looks back at his future student.

Evan inhales deeply, his eyes shifting away for the briefest moment only to quickly to return to the headmaster. “When you find these seemingly ‘illusive’ answers, sir; I want like to know why,” he asks as a slight but audible quiver enters his voice. “I want to know why you brought me here,” Evan all but demands. “Why, Headmaster, why did you take me away from the only family I had,” he asks sadly, composedly and somehow demanding. “Why am I here sir,” he asks softly, pleadingly. Suddenly looking all of his sixteen years of age, shaking his head in defeat, Evan turns away and calmly walks out the door and out of the three stunned professors’ sight.

Chapter Twenty-five

Questions Anybody

Ministry of Magic

Special Testing Section 015

Viewing Room to Testing Room 1920

August 19th

The man very few people have ever seen at a loss for words, a man very few people have ever display any emotion besides pleasant, a man called Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. The very few people who have been witness to such unprecedented events are either over a hundred years old themselves, or people who have died. At this moment in time there are now two new people to witness this historic event as Albus Dumbledore stands before the magical view screen with his mouth hanging slightly open, and for the first time in nearly a century, is stunned silent. To be honest, in his defense he isn't the only person in this state of stunned silence. The two unknowing witnesses to this event, his friends are unfortunately unable to understand the scarcity, the historic opportunity, as they too are stunned themselves, if it is possible, they are more stunned than Albus. What they have just been witness to, nay forget witnessed, for what they have just heard is something they could have never been prepared for. Even given their previous encounters with this young man, they still weren't even close to being prepared for what had just taken place not ten feet from them.

Finally breaking an unknowing gawking contest with the view screen, something that doesn't much care either way about such obtuse contests, Albus slowly blinks his eyes for the first in a time period that feels like forever. He slowly exhales a breath he hadn't been aware of holding, before being able to breathe normally once again. Suddenly realizing that even if he has his eyes and breathing back under control, it seems as though his mouth is still on its own for it is still agape, slowly he closes it trying not to allow his teeth to hit each other in the hopes of no one else hearing this. In the next breath of

time he finds himself to be completely amused with his reactions to what he has just witnessed. Granted he is still shocked, highly shocked he is willing to admit, by what he has just been asked, but he hasn't reacted anything near this since he was about forty years old. In his hundred and fifty plus years he has seen and heard almost everything, so much so that he, himself, and the magical world has figured him as, well, unshakable. Yet today a sixteen year old child has just rocked his very foundation... and without even trying to. A sixteen year old who he knows has just helped to save the life of a little boy, yet he still doesn't seem to believe in what it is he is capable of doing, what he is able to do. "Most definitely a mystery," Albus whispers to himself with a gentle chuckle as he is finally able to force himself to look away from the view screen.

Looking away from the view screen herself, Minerva McGonagall turns to her boss, but most importantly her friend. Stating she looks at him is the nicest way to put it, for she all but outright glares at the man as if wondering if she should finally make the call and alert the healers at St. Mungo's that Albus Dumbledore has finally gone completely around the bend. "Is that all you have to say Albus," Minerva questions in her sternest voice, the same voice that has caused many a student to confess to sins they have not committed. Though in truth she knows that there really isn't much that can be said, what they have just witnessed she knows in her heart and in her nightmares she will never be able to forget in this life and maybe even the next one. Minerva also knows she won't be able to forgive herself for placing young Evan Knight into this position and silently vows to do everything she can to try and protect him from having to do anything like this in the future. A hollow promise, she knows, but she can do her best to prevent such a thing from occurring on her watch.

Lily Potter, who is still looking intently at the view screen as if watching it long enough will bring the teen back from wherever it is that he has disappeared to this time. She sighs sadly at the pain they have just witnessed him going through and how he has helped a young child to survive from a deadly accident. Shaking her head she too looks away from the memories now firmly imprinted in her mind, she knows she won't be able to sleep peacefully tonight. "I have seen people have visions before," Lily says softly catching the attention of those with

her in the viewing room. "I have never in my life seen anything remotely like that," she tells them as she catches the Headmaster's eye. "They see what people are going through, they don't feel it... especially that keenly. They see their surroundings, they do not interact with it," she continues to point out trying to wrap her mind around what she has just seen but knowing that with this one viewing it is impossible to do anything. "Some how or another," Lily continues distantly as she continues to catalog what happened. "Evan Knight was there," she states pointing to the screen before them but meaning somewhere else completely. "He touched something and I am more than willing to bet he touched someone," she says grimly as that moment in time ran through her mind. "I even believe he was able to feel what that boy felt," she continues. "I bet if you were able to ask Andrew about his grandson, the gash, wound, or whatever would be on his right side...exactly where Evan was rubbing his forehead," Lily concludes to their horror.

"Lily, are you saying what I think you are saying," Minerva asks in an almost nonexistent voice, a gentle breeze would have been louder than her voice.

"I'm saying that somehow or another Evan was with Paul...he touched him while still sitting in that room," Lily says her voice shaking her hand waving in the direction of the testing room. "How, I am sure you are wondering, did I come up with this seemingly impossible conclusion," she continues knowing what Minerva's next question will be. "Did you perhaps notice his right hand, if you hadn't noticed it had blood on it... blood I honestly don't believe, I don't think it was his," she whispers softly.

"So... what you are saying is somehow or another Evan Knight, a boy sixteen years old was able to transport himself from here to where Andrew's grandson is," Minerva asks almost disbelievingly. "That's impossible; the wards protecting this place do not permit such a thing. The Ministry has wards similar to Hogwarts, granted not as strong but strong enough to make that impossible," she points out.

"I wouldn't necessarily say somewhere else, maybe more like sometime else. Mr. Knight said Paul had just struck his head. He said this as if the event was happening at the exact moment he said it,"

Albus verbalizes softly as his own mind tries to connect the dots, as his mind tries to piece all the strange pieces of this puzzle together but finding in the end that the puzzle is much larger than he had first believed. "If that is so... where exactly did the blood come from," he questions his shocked Deputy Headmistress.

Unable to think about things that should technically be impossible, there is no known way to be in two places at once, yet at two different times and better still be able to physically touch things in both places, it is enough to cause a headache. Lily decides to think on it when the shock has passed. "The question now becomes, what does all this mean?"

"It means Evan Knight was once again correct...he has given us more questions and no answers," Albus informs them, the amusement clear in the twinkling in his eyes.

"That is true," Lily allows as she thinks about the last part of the test, to just before he left the room. "What exactly did he mean by that it was you that brought him here," Lily questions after a moment of thinking about the possible implications of the teens words.

Releasing a sigh, "That I do not know," Albus admits just as, if not more confused then the ladies with him.

Knight/Potter Manor

Outside of Hogsmeade

August 19th

On a hilltop a ways away from the nearest town, rests a place few know about and fewer still can see. A place that is at once a home and at the same time not a home; in another time and place, another universe to be exact, it is a home if only because of who is within the walls. In this place, this universe it is only inhabited by a single person, a person who doesn't feel welcome anywhere in this world, save two places, this house and Hogwarts. He feels welcome in these two places, but he doesn't feel as if they are home. He knows to feel at home his family would have to be with him, the saying

'home is where the heart is' is more true than even he could say. For within these walls a lonely person, known to his family as Harry Potter and to this world as Evan Knight, is currently rather preoccupied with getting things ready for the coming night.

"Okay," Evan says to himself more for the illusionary company than the actual need to talk aloud. "What all do I need for this work as I want it to," he continues as he places down some special black clothing, clothing Hermione always referred to as his 'sneak' clothes. They are inlayed with dragon skin to help with keeping the lesser curses and jinxes from having any true effect on him. He only uses the clothes when he is doing night missions, or when he doesn't want to be seen clearly. Turning around Harry retraces his steps as he continues to prepare for a mission that will start in about seven hours from now, depending on the moon.

He walks across the hall to what Ron lovingly called 'the armory' in the old world as Harry tries to think of it, but he feels that in this world it is grossly unprepared for any type of action let alone for what he plans to do tonight. Though to be honest, the room isn't completely bare, he has been able to get things for it now and again, plus he still has some things from his world. As he steps into the room Harry pauses just inside the doorway, a memory from not too long ago flashes into his mind. Though it wasn't long ago, for him it feels almost an eternity since then, at least two lifetimes have passed since then. Harry, now Evan, closes his eyes as he tries to allow the memory and the feelings of that day wash over him.

~Begin Flashback~

"Now Harry," Mrs. Weasley says softly as she stands in the doorway to 'the armory' watching as him and Ron prepare for the next hunt in this long and seemingly never-ending war. "Do remember to take care, it pains me to see you hurt," she continues to tell only him seeing as she has already had this talk with Ron a few seconds before. The proof of this is in the smug, knowing, 'I already had' this look on Ron's face as he all but grins at Harry.

"I will Mrs. Weasley, I promise to bring everyone home safe," Harry promises, renewing his promise to her to keep her family safe. Harry

stands up and sees a sadness in Mrs. Weasley's eyes as she looks at him and he can't understand why, as he thinks about this he continues to button up the last button on his 'sneak' shirt. Even though this has become a tradition, something she always does before any of them are 'allowed' to go on a mission, even though it is a reaffirming of his promise, it has always made him feel cared for in a way he never has before. Though recently every time he promises to bring everyone home safe she seems to be getting sadder, as if the longer this war continues the more afraid she is that he won't keep his promise. "I promise," he tries to reassure her; he would rather die than lose his family.

~End Flashback~

Blinking his eyes Evan continues into the room knowing in his heart he will never be able to feel that feeling again for as long as he lives, and with this revelation he heart breaks anew. Shaking his head Evan forces himself to return to the task at hand, and grabs a black 'bug-out™' bag and one of the packages of ropes he has just purchased in muggle London. As he tosses the bag over his shoulder he mentally reviews what it is he will need for the complicated and emotional task ahead of him. "I need the sword," he mumbles as he remembers a particularly bad time in his life. Turning to the glass case on the east wall he makes his way over and removes the sword from its place of honor and places it into its scabbard.

With the bag over one shoulder, the rope in one hand and the sword in his other hand he crosses the hall to where the clothes are set out for the night. Setting down his new supplies he runs through his preliminary plan, "Rope, check. Wand and holster..." pausing as he says this Evan moves over to the closet and grabs his specialized wand holster he received from the Weasley's and Hermione last Christmas and returns to his growing supplies, "Check. Mirror," he recites as he touches it in affirmation of it being there, "Check, Sword, check; backpack, check; bag, special ordered and received this morning, check," he says as he looks at each thing in turn. "Special anti-magic case for the book..." he says drifting off as he looks at the book, his mind in his past as he tries to put together all that happened that horrid night. "Artoo," he says turning to the phoenix who is on his stand near the window, "You will help if I need it, won't you," he

questions already knowing the answer, but having, needing to ask anyway. Artoo trills, almost indignantly at this question. "I know my friend but you know I had to ask," Evan reassures his friend, "Thank you all the same."

And so went Evan Knight's afternoon and part of the evening, his planning and preparing used to help take his mind off the exams of the morning and early afternoon. Some of the exams he really has to shake his head at, 'they call that O.W.L. level,' as they seemed to be exceedingly simple. What he really was trying to forget was the final exam and what happened during it and after it as he lost control of himself and gave out more information than he ever wanted them to know.

Godric's Hollow

Home of James and Lily Potter

August 19th

Stepping into the main foyer of the entrance way, Lily Potter places her keys and wand away as she closes the door with a tired sigh. Tired from the long day she has just gone through; weary from the things she has been witness to; Lily admits to herself that when she woke this morning she had no indication of what the day would hold, but realizes now, she should have. In her defense, it is easy to forget the peculiarity or strangeness of Mr. Knight, past history should have warned her, did warn her. Apparently she hasn't learned from past mistakes and luckily she didn't add to that mistake today. Shrugging off her cloak she places it into the coat closet as her mind replays the final exam Evan took. The names he had said, the reason he said them as he tried almost unsuccessfully to control his breathing; continue to run through her mind. The list of names he breathed was so familiar and dear to her on so many different levels and at the same time some where completely foreign to her. Lily knows they were the names of those he calls family or friends, but what she can't seem to understand is why some of the people he has just met are part of that list. People he shouldn't know and yet it seems as though he cares enough about them to include them on a ritual, personal process.

The test continues to run through her mind over and over and she can't help but believe what they witnessed was real and that she was right about him being there, with Paul, but she doesn't know how it would be possible. Lily knows, confirmed by Albus and Minerva, that he never left the room; he just sat there unmoving as if he were a statue. Irregardless, she was able to tell something was wrong the second he closed his eyes, she knew something wasn't normal. Exhaling an explosive breath, Lily knows she may never figure it out and in her heart she knows Evan doesn't want them to. After witnessing that, she can understand why he doesn't want to have contact with anyone and just now realizes what he did, not only for Molly Weasley that day in Diagon Alley, but what he did for Severus. She realizes she truly has no idea of what he has suffered, and some of it was because of her. This thought causes a shooting pain in her heart, "What have we done," she mumbles as she recalls when they first met young Mr. Knight.

Shaking her head as she tries unsuccessfully to empty her mind of all thoughts and memories of her long and tiring day, Lilly turns to head into the main part of the house to check on her wayward children. Stepping into the front room she stops dead in her tracks as what she sees before her finally registers in her overloaded mind. Like a flip of a switch she can feel her temper rising to new unheard of levels, a level she had always hoped to never reach. A hope now well and truly destroyed. "HARRY JAMES POTTER, GET DOWN HERE THIS INSTANT," she all but howls at the roof, the anger clearly evident in her voice and in the way she is standing, her legs spread slightly and her arms akimbo. As the echo starts to fade she glances over what, this morning, was a recognizable room. It was clean and orderly, just the way she likes it. Now, however, she can tell Harry has been up to trying to put together one of his new stunts and has blasted paint everywhere, not one surface is clean.

Somehow or another Harry was able to make his footsteps sound both reluctant and yet defiant at the same time. Lily listened as he made his way to her, to where she can only describe as being ground zero in a nuclear blast. With each passing second Harry makes her wait longer than he should, her temper continues to learn how to reach new levels. He should know better than to dilly dally. Finally the

dark head of her eldest son appears from the hallway, his green eyes doing their best to look innocent, and failing miserably. "Yes, mum," he questions, acting as though there is nothing wrong with the room, as though the room she is standing in is in perfect order, the way she left it this morning.

"What in Merlin's name did you do to this room," Lily grounds out, trying to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"What do you mean mum," Harry asks with wide eyes.

Raising her hand to indicate the area in question, the bomb site, the place once called the front room, "You know very well what I mean young man," Lily growls at him.

"I didn't do anything mum, honest," Harry tries to con his way out this.

"I wasn't born yesterday, I know very well it was you," she roars as she glares at him.

Realizing he has lost this battle, Harry decides to change tactics, "But mum," he whines.

"No 'but mum' me Harry James Potter. Clean this room up this instant," Lily shouts at him. "You have one hour and you are not going to the Weasley's this weekend."

"You can't do that," Harry cries out in anger.

"I just did and you are grounded," Lily whispers in a deadly cold voice, thus ending the argument once and for all. Everyone knows when she talks like that there is no getting around it, you are had. "Now clean this room," she orders as she all but stomps out of the room, needing to put distance between herself and her eldest child before she does something she will regret later. Without really knowing where she is heading, Lily walks up the stairs and finds herself heading for where she knows her other two kids will be. Once again she finds herself wondering what has happened with her eldest, she wonders where they went so wrong with him. They love him as they do their other two, they try to everything equally, but somewhere

along the way Harry just more or less turned against them. He turned against all of them; even Sirius doesn't have much say with him anymore. When Harry first learned of Remus was a werewolf that was the end of any all respect Harry once held for the werewolf. Lily still has nightmares about that day and because of the memories of it she dreads the day the other two will learn this truth.

Lily hopes against hope that Harry won't tell Destiny and Jacen horrible stories about werewolves and scare them from the man the currently love so. She doesn't know if any of them could handle that happening, it was bad the first time when they were half way prepared, but now it would devastate them. She knows the three brothers couldn't handle it and she fears she won't be able to either. The night Harry learned the truth, Lily reflects, she is glad they placed the silencing charm on the room; Harry had shouted horrible, hateful things that still ring in her ears.

Reaching the top of the stairs, Lily can't help but smile as she hears giggling coming from a room near the end of the hallway, the game room. Making her way to the partly opened doorway, Lily leans against the door jam and with a moment of peace she watches as her two youngest play a muggle game, a game called 'Sorry' to be exact. Her smile widens happily as she watches Destiny reach out and push the bubble in the center of the board only to instantly start giggling at the sound it makes and the bouncing of the die within. Jacen smiles kindly at his sister as he shakes his head amusedly at her, "You know sis, it is my turn," he points out to her as he tries not to laugh himself.

"Oops," Destiny says as she quickly removes her hand from the bubble, barely avoiding pushing it again as a deep blush starts showing on her cheeks, "Sorry Jacen."

Jacen reaches out and pushes the bubble, "Not to worry there," he says as he calculates where his piece is to go and instantly sighs at having to return to the beginning...again. "I should have taken what you had," he says causing Destiny to giggle even more.

"Are you two having fun," Lily questions, her smile still in place and her heart lighter than a moment before.

"Yup," Destiny says as she reaches out and pushes the bubble again. Looking at Jacen she questions, "Only once right," and he nods in response to her whispered question. "Loads," she continues telling their mother as she moves her piece the final distance to the finish, thus winning the game.

"The fact you have been cheating helps with why you are having loads of fun," Jacen points out as he tries unsuccessfully not to smile at his little sister.

"I do not cheat," Destiny cries out indignantly, or at least tries to before she bursts into giggles once again.

"Sure! Then why is it exactly that you keep winning," Jacen asks as he starts laughing, having lost the battle to keep his face straight.

Destiny looks down at the board again, "Beginners luck," she says as though that explains everything. "It is just beginners luck," she repeats as she reaches out and pushes the bubble again, unable to refrain from doing it any longer.

"Yeah, yeah," Jacen laughs out, he really enjoys his time with his sister and knows it will be what he misses the most when he goes to Hogwarts this fall.

"Well, how do you explain it then," Destiny questions Jacen as he teasingly swats her hand away from the bubble as he starts to put the game away.

"I have already told you, you're cheating," Jacen repeats as he ignores his sisters' look.

Destiny helps put the pieces into the box, something the two of them have always done together. "Oh really," she says when Jacen puts the lid on the box, she crosses her arms as she glares at her brother as he stands up from his place on the floor. "You think that is so," she snorts unable to keep it going any longer and looks over at her mother, "Hi mum," she finally greets her.

“Hi,” Lily returns with a smile as she steps further into the room and sits down in the chair that she had placed just inside of the door for days like this one. “How long have you two been playing in here,” she questions knowing she already knows the answer to her own question, and he is downstairs right now trying to find a way out of having to clean his mess.

“Awhile,” Jacen says as he reaches up and places the game in its place on the bookcase, “Just since we heard Harry cackling,” he answers her.

“We know that laugh,” Destiny agrees with a nod of her head, “And we decided that it was best to just stay out of they way, less chance of getting hurt in here,” she says as she stands up and with a smile she launches herself at her mother to give her, her hello hug.

Throwing her arms around her daughter, Lily laughs knowing these two children are better than any doctor. They can change her mood and her day with just a look and she loves them all the more for it. “Wise kids,” she laughs out glad to be home.

“Perhaps,” Jacen agrees, “But I bet he’s right pissed now,” he points out.

“That is one way of putting it,” Lily agrees with her son. “However, he is more upset about the fact he can’t go to the Weasley’s more than anything else,” she says with a disappointed shake of her head as her mind returns to her troublesome child downstairs.

“Mum,” Destiny and Jacen cry out. “Are you trying to torture us too,” Jacen asks with mock horror on his face.

Though he is trying to make light of it, Lily knows not all of it is teasing. The weekend, which just moments ago she had been looking forward to, now is more than likely going to be miserable because Harry will cause a lot of grief for him losing out on going to the Weasleys. “I just, I honestly don’t know what to do anymore,” Lily whispers to her son as she continues to hug Destiny.

Destiny lifts her head and looks up at her mother, "You could always trade him for Ghost," she offers honestly.

"We couldn't do that," Lily softly points out, not really knowing how to comment on that.

Jacen shrugs at this, "Well you could always adopt him," he teases.

"I think we already have," Lily answers honestly. "My question now however, is why did Harry figure he could possibly get away with what he did downstairs," she asks herself more than her two kids.

"When does he ever think things through mum," Jacen questions rhetorically.

Time: 23:30

Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry

Entrance to school grounds

One of the main failings of invisibility cloaks is its inability to generate a cohesive, impenetrable shield around its wearer. An experienced Auror, with a well trained eye, could easily spot the 'void' the cloak generates, and then there are the people who can see directly through them, like the Headmaster and Alastor 'Mad-Eye' Moody's magical eye. Yet at the same time it is still a good form of transportation if one didn't want to be seen, for the normal, untrained, witch or wizard would not be able to detect its presence in their surroundings. It is for this reason and many other's that Evan Knight is currently making his way towards Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry covered by an invisibility cloak and underneath that a disillusionment charm to hide himself and going even further than this, he is dressed in his black uniform thus making seeing him that much harder. Evan knows that if he happened upon the Headmaster, his complete disguise may not be enough to hide him; he knows the Albus Dumbledore of his world would have seen right through it, seeing as he was the one to teach him about it. However, he isn't sure about this world's Albus Dumbledore and what abilities he does and does not have that are different from his world.

Evan pauses in his steps as he comes to the gates that are flanked by two weary sentries of the school mascot. "I wish to have free passage to the grounds and the school within," he requests softly, formally, knowing from listening to Hermione all these years that the sentries must give you passage, at least during summer, or you will find yourself in unthinkable pain.

"Who asks this of us," the sentries demand as one, their voice perfectly matched and timed.

"I, Lord Harry James Potter, of the House of Potter, the House of Black, the house of Lupin, and the House of Dumbledore," he identifies himself as if he were in his home world.

It took but a moment, "You may enter with all the freedom you have been granted in your mirror world Master Potter Black Lupin Dumbledore," the sentries say granting him entrance and privileges even Evan, Harry, doesn't know or understand. As they finish saying this, the big Iron Gate suddenly unlocks and swings slightly open to allow him passage to the grounds within and the school beyond.

Evan can feel a slight shift in the wards of the school, he knows it means something and that he will have to think on it later, but also knowing he can't linger here any longer than necessary. "Thank you," he replies as he quickly slips through the gates, listening as they clank closed behind him. As he hurries up the path he swears he can hear the sentries say 'Welcome home Master' but just shakes his head knowing that is impossible.

Rushing his way along the path, Evan is unable to stop memories from his time here with his friends. His eyes drift over to the little cottage Hagrid lived, or does he still live in it in this world, and their many, many trips to see him. Of him and Hermione walking around the lake in Fourth year and after, how he misses their walks. Wounds he has tried hard not to think about come rushing at him with every step he takes, this place is loaded with special meaning to him and his family and pains him deeply to think he will never see them again.

Shaking these despairing thoughts from his head, Evan reaches the steps to the castle, the steps the faculty had been standing on when he had first seen his parents, alive, in this unfriendly world. Making his way slowly up the steps he composes in his mind what it is he wishes, what he is going to ask the school for help with. "I need your help Lily," he says as he places his hand on the bricks to the right of the door unseen under the disillusionment charm. In response he can feel her willingness to help him, just as she always has and he knows in his heart, always will. Just like Hermione. "I need to get to where I am going and do what I need to do without anyone happening upon me," he says aloud more for himself than Lily. She can read his whole plan as he transmits his thoughts to her through his hand, but he also knows Lily likes to be talked to.

Without a word or emotion, the door to the school opens giving Evan his answer, "Thank you Lily," he states as he slips into the place he has called home for so long. He also knows that all the ghosts will be unaware of him during this special trip. So with this in mind, Evan Knight makes his way up to Moaning Myrtles girls' bathroom. Each of the moving staircases held perfectly still and was in the correct position, thus allowing him easy, uninhibited passage to his final goal.

Upon his arrival at the restroom, Evan pauses just slightly as his mind returns to his second year and all the time that was spent within this very room working on an illegal potion that no second year should have been able to do. None of the teachers had ever counted on Hermione walking through those doors and blowing everything they thought they knew about ability out of the water. And she did that, but he knows that very few people will ever know about it. "Their loss," he whispers to himself as he pushes the door open and enters the same room where not too long about Professor Dumbledore, Professor McGonagall, Remus, Sirius and his dad had talked with Moaning Myrtle about someone entering into the Chamber of Secrets and learned about mirrors. Not that Evan knows about this or anything. Closing his eyes, Evan tries to mentally prepare himself for the task he has set for himself. Taking a deep breath and releasing it, he opens his eyes and removes his cloak and quickly folds in and places it into a protected pocket on his uniform pants. Pulling out his 'new' wand, "Finite," he says taping himself on the head.

A moment later, Evan Knight stands in a midnight uniform looking around a restroom he is both comfortably with and at the same time uncomfortable being in. Shrugging off his backpack, he sets to work his plan. Minutes pass by as things are set into motion, things that no one in this world would have dreamed possible without the person who first entered into this room some three years ago. A rope massed on the floor beside his feet with one end in his hand and the other tied to a support structure on the far side of the restroom; his backpack back on and him standing there looking for all the world alone. Evan reaches his right hand over his shoulder, making sure he can feel the handle of his sword. Once satisfied with this, he turns his attention to the sinks, finding the right one and hisses open in a language he still doesn't like knowing.

As the sinks spread apart and the special one, the one with the snake, drops down Evan can't help but think the first time it happened was more dramatic than it is now. With a shrug he reaches into another pocket in his vest and pulls out a chemical light stick and bends it in half, breaking the tube inside, shaking it the room starts to glow an eerie green. "You gotta love modern technology," he says as he looks at the glow stick, glad once again to use muggle things to make life easier and once again thankful to Hermione for allowing him to indulge in muggle technology. With the light stick in one hand and the enlarged rope in the other, Harry James Potter jumps down into the tunnel he and Ron had gone down in their second year only this time it is not to rescue his sister but to collect her and bring her home...finally.

Time: 0:00

Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry

Headmasters Office

To put it nicely, Albus Dumbledore was confused, to put it honestly he was just plain lost. First the testing had gone astray and then everything that occurred afterwards. His mind is still running over the questions Evan Knight posed of him, words he still can't understand.

He never knew of Evan Knight before he arrived here, so how could he have possibly brought him here from wherever it was he came from. Then the thing with Andrew's grandson, he had just received notice that everything Evan said was true and thanks to him Paul was going to be fine. Albus didn't know what to think about that and what Lily had said occurred; only more experiments would be able to prove or disprove what she had said. He knows, however, that future tests are not going to happen, because whether he knows it or not, Evan Knight has two fiercely protective women who would eat him alive just for thinking of testing him.

All of that would be more than enough reasons to be confused and frustrated for any person, but rarely has the Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, the reportedly most powerful wizard in the world, been as confounded as he is at this very moment. For it seems for whatever reasons he cannot fathom he is unable to even leave his office. The door to the stairway simply will not move and for the past ten minutes he has been trying every spell known and some that have been lost to time and still the door will not budge. It seems as if he isn't meant to go to the kitchens for a late night snack, something he normally does. "Alright," he mutters to himself deciding that it must be in his head, "I think I'll just go kip off for a bit," he says turning around and heading to his quarters. There is no way the school would really lock him in his office, so he knows he much more tired than he had first thought if he can't cast spells he has been casting for years correctly.

Time: 0:05

Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry

The Chamber of Secrets

A green light could be seen before the sounds of fabric against cement reached the bottom of the pipes; suddenly a figure could be seen coming down the pipe only to land on its feet with a loud crunching of bones. "Ah rats," Evan muttered to himself privately joking as he looks down at the various pest bones. Raising his glow

stick he looks at a place he hasn't seen since second year. Unlike the last time he seen it, this place looks untouched to the backfire from the spell from Lockhart. Before him there is no rubble blocking the way, there is however, a large snake skin. Very similar to the one he had first looked upon on that night so long ago. "Nothing for it but to do it," he whispers to himself as he reaches down and grasps his wand and brings it to the front, armed and ready as he can ever be when entering this place. "Debacchor Serpens Vestigium," Evan whispers hoping the spell works but knowing it might not. It was something he had found just before his life fell apart, or at least just before his family started dieing. Even though no one thought he did, Harry did in fact study all sorts of things during his time in the Tri-Wizard tournament and this spell was one of the things he picked up but never got the chance to try. One of the things he really liked about this spell, was that it would tell you, relatively, if the trail was new or old. Its half life is three weeks, so the brighter it is the newer the trail and the lighter it is the older.

The spell took a moment to go into effect, and from the looks of things the snake has been fairly dormant in this part of the pipes. Evan takes this as a good sign, a sign that none of the teachers had been in unnecessary danger from something they didn't even know about, but then again it doesn't explain how he heard the Basilisk in the Defense classroom all those years ago. Releasing the breath he hadn't known he'd been holding, Evan finally looks up at the room around him, knowing that for the moment he isn't in imminent danger. Raising his glow stick he finally moves from where he landed not even two minutes ago. Loud crunching and cracking sounds can be heard as he starts to walk across the bones on the floor.

Time: 0:15

Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry

Quarters of the Deputy Headmistress/Gryffindor Head of House

Minerva McGonagall blinks in confusion as she looks at the fire; it was the strangest thing, what just happened. She had been talking

with an old friend of hers, who lives in a different time zone, when the connection had suddenly been terminated mid-sentence. In all her life something like this has only happened when the floo system had been shut down during the first rise of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named when it was feared he would enter Hogwarts. Given that not only hours before she had been talking with Albus, she knows this isn't the case. So the question remains, what in Merlin's name is going on here.

Time: 0:30

Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry

The Chamber of Secrets

Evan pauses slightly in his step as the entrance finally comes into view, "It didn't seem that far before," he whispers as he looks down at his watch seeing thirty minutes have passed since he entered the grounds. He knows, realistically, that the last time he was here his emotions were on overload so everything is all skewed in his mind. With a sick feeling of déjà vu Evan hisses Open as he once did on that night so long ago, only this time he isn't here to save his best friend's sister but to retrieve her remains. It is with this thought in mind that he watches as the snakes move to allow him passage into the abominable world within. Closing his eyes, Evan tries to gather himself for what he is about to see, what he is about to do. Opening his eyes, he steps forward to face yet another part of his history...

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